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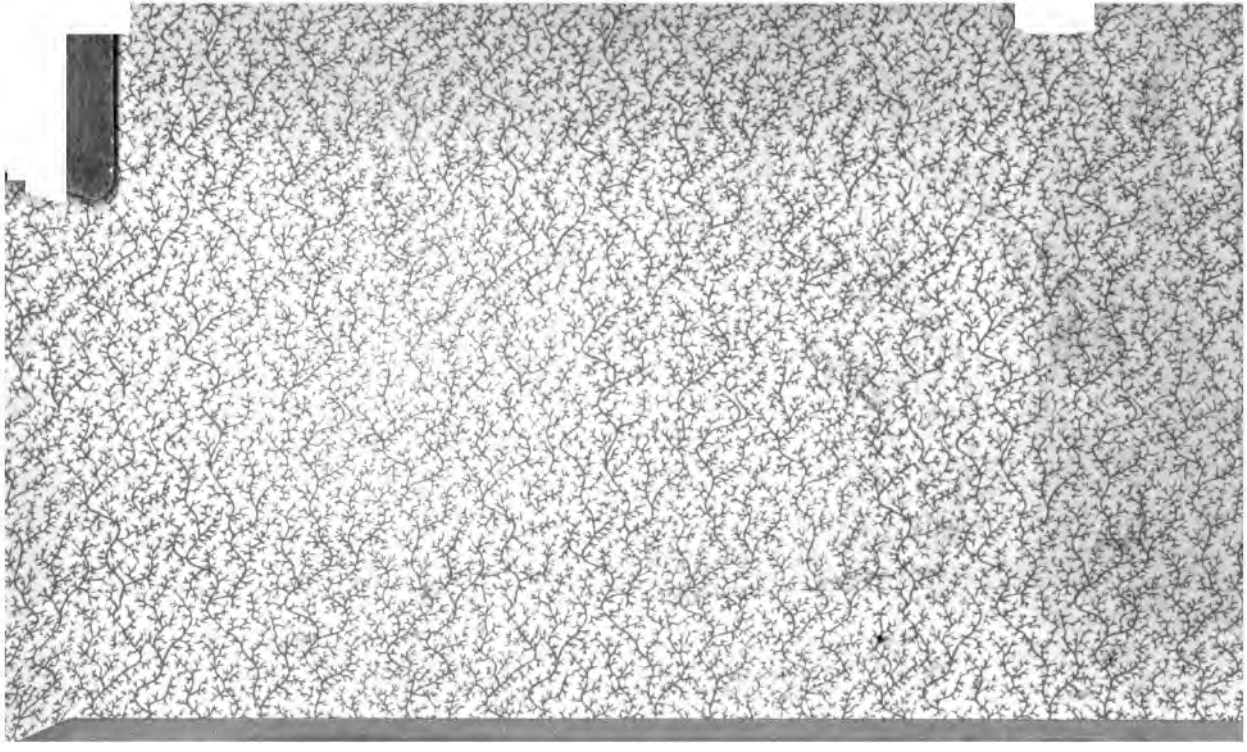

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THE

POETICAL REGISTER,

AND

REPOSITORY

OF

FUGITIVE POETRY,

FOR

1806—1807.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR F. C. AND J. RIVINGTON,

NO. 62, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH YARD;

By Law and Gilbert, St. John's Square, Clerkenwell.

1811.

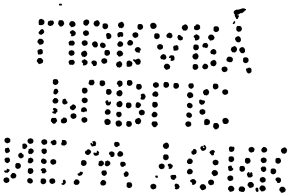
ПЕВЧУВА
ЊИВПС
МЕЛАЛОЊК

ADVERTISEMENT.

CIRCUMSTANCES, which it is not necessary to state, having retarded the publication of the sixth volume of the Poetical Register, the Editor, in order to bring up the work more speedily to its proper period, has been induced to comprize two years in the present volume. He intends, likewise, to do the same with respect to the seventh volume, which he is now preparing for the press.

To his correspondents, for their assistance, and to the public for the patronage which it has so liberally extended to the Poetical Register, the Editor begs leave once more to return his grateful thanks.

As it is the intention of the Editor to publish the seventh volume early in the ensuing spring, he earnestly requests his correspondents to send their contributions as soon as possible, addressed to him, at Messrs. Rivington's, St. Paul's Church-Yard. He requests also that they will mark "Fugitive" on such pieces as have before, in any way, been printed.



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* Since this poem was printed off, the Editor has seen it in the elegant miscellaneous volume of Mr. Hodgson, translator of Juvenal. It was sent to the Editor, with the signature of "T. F." a short time before the publication of the 5th vol. of the P. R.

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Original Poetry.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

ADVICE TO A YOUNG LADY.

BY THE LATE ANNA SEWARD.

Celia, I read thy melting eye,
Thy check'd, yet stealing sighs I hear;
See from thy cheek the roses fly,
Or *doubly* glow, when Damon's near.

Ah, not from that seducing glance
Too rashly drink the nectar'd bane!
Avoid him in the graceful dance,
Nor listen to his warbled strain!

It helps not, it avails not *there*,
Thy beauty's rising power to charm;
That his pleas'd senses own thee fair
Is yet thy too-triumphant *harm*.

Ne'er to the sacred marriage shrine
Thee shall the haughty Damon lead;
O lost, if still that heart of thine
On latent, hopeless wishes feed!

Long shall thy love-lit eyes be dim
If soon thou art not bravely free;
The dart shall *not* be barb'd for *him*
Which surely *shall* be barb'd for *thee.*

Amid the busy scenes of life
Proud Damon shall thy image lose,
Forgotten in Ambition's strife,
Eclips'd by Grandeur's dazzling views.

While thou supine in lonely shades
Shalt pale and sullen willows weave,
Swelling the list of hapless maids
Who sigh disdain'd, neglected grieve.

O! then in time from future woes
A shield in resolution seek!
And twine no more the thorny rose
'Mid chains thy juster pride shou'd break.

Now, while thou may'st, the charm dissolve
That lightens but with transient ray,
Since clouds are gathering to involve
This shining, faithless, APRIL DAY.

SACRIFICE OF PSYCHE.

From Psyche; or, the Legend of Love.

BY MRS. T——.

I.

And now the royal sacrifice prepar'd,
The milk-white bull they to the altar lead,
Whose youth the galling yoke as yet had spar'd,
Now destin'd by the sacred knife to bleed;
When lo! with sudden spring his horns he free'd,
And headlong rush'd amid the frighted throng,
While from the smoke-veil'd shrine such sounds proceed,
As well might strike with awe the soul most strong,
And thus divinely spoke the heav'n-inspir'd tongue:—

II

"On nuptial couch, in nuptial vest array'd,
"On a tall rock's high summit Psyche place;
"Let all depart, and leave the fated maid,
"Who never must a mortal hymen grace.
"A winged monster, of no earthly race,
"Thence soon shall bear his trembling bride away;
"His power extends o'er all the bounds of space,
"And Jove himself has own'd his dreaded sway,
"Whose flaming breath sheds fire, whom earth and heaven obey."

III.

With terror, anguish, and astonishment,
The Oracle her wretched father hears;
Now from his brow the regal honors rent,
And now in frantic sorrow wild appears,
Nor threaten'd plagues, nor punishment he fears,
Refusing long the sentence to obey;
Till Psyche, trembling, with submissive tears,
Bids them the sacrifice no more delay,
Prepare the funeral couch, and leave the destin'd prey.

IV.

Pleas'd by the ambiguous doom the fates promulge,
The angry goddess, and enamour'd boy,
Alike content, their various hopes indulge;
He, still exploring, with an anxious eye,
The future prospect of uncertain joy,
Plans how the tender object of his care
He may protect from threaten'd misery.
Ah, sanguine Love! so oft deceiv'd, forbear
With flattering tints to paint illusive hope so fair.

V

But now what lamentations rend the skies!
In amaracine wreaths the virgin choir,
With Io Hymen mingle funeral cries;
Lost in the sorrows of the Lydian lyre,
The breathing flutes' melodious notes expire.
In sad procession pass the mournful throng,
Extinguishing with tears the torches' fire;
While the mute victim, weeping crowds among,
By unknown fears oppress'd, moves silently along.

VI.

But on such scenes of terror and dismay
The mournful Muse delights not long to dwell;
She quits, well pleas'd, the melancholy lay,
Nor vainly seeks the parents' woes to tell!
But what to wondering Psyche then befell
When thus abandon'd, let her rather say,
Who shuddering looks to see some monster fell
Approach the desert rock to seize his prey,
With cruel fangs devour, or tear her thence away.

VII.

When lo! a gentle breeze began to rise,
Breath'd by obedient Zephyrs round the maid,
Fanning her bosom with its softest sighs.
Awhile among her fluttering robes it stray'd,
And, boldly-sportive, latent charms display'd:
And then, as Cupid will'd, with tenderest care,
From the tall rock, where weeping she was laid,
With gliding motion, through the yielding air,
To Pleasure's blooming Isle their lovely charge they bear.

VIII.

On the green bosom of the turf reclin'd,
They lightly now th' astonish'd virgin lay—
To placid rest they sooth her troubled mind;
Around her still with watchful care they stay,
Around her still with quiet whispers play,
Till lulling slumbers bid her eyelids close,
Veiling with silky fringe each brilliant ray,
While soft tranquillity divinely flows
O'er all her soul serene, in visions of repose.

IX.

Refresh'd she rose, and all-enchanted gazed
On the rare beauties of the pleasant scene;
Conspicuous far a lofty palace blaz'd
Upon a sloping bank of softest green—
A fairer edifice was never seen.
The high-rang'd columns own no mortal hand,
But seem a temple meet for Beauty's queen:
Like polish'd snow the marble pillars stand
In grace-attemper'd majesty sublimely grand!

X.

Gently ascending from a silvery flood,
Above the palace rose a shaded hill,
The lofty eminence was crown'd with wood;
And the rich lawns adorn'd by Nature's skill,
The passing breezes with their odours fill.
Here ever-blooming groves of orange glow,
And here all flowers which from their leaves distill
Ambrosial dew, in sweet succession blow,
And trees of matchless size a fragrant shade bestow.

XI.

The sun looks glorious mid a sky serene,
And bids bright lustre sparkle o'er the tide;
The clear blue ocean at a distance seen,
Bounds the gay landscape on the western side;
While closing round it, with majestic pride,
The lofty rocks 'mid citron groves arise.
"Sure some divinity must here reside,"
As tranc'd in some bright vision, Psyche cries,
And scarce believes the bliss, or trusts her charmed eyes.

XII.

When lo! a voice divinely sweet she hears—
From unseen lips proceeds the heavenly sound,
" Psyche approach, dismiss thy timid fears,
" At length his bride thy longing spouse has found,
" And bids for thee immortal joys abound;
" For thee the palace rose at his command,
" For thee his love a bridal banquet crown'd;
" He bids attendant nymphs around thee stand,
" Prompt every wish to serve—a fond obedient band."

XIII.

Increasing wonder fill'd her ravish'd soul,
For now the pompous portals open'd wide;
There, pausing oft, with timid foot she stole
Through halls high dom'd, enrich'd with sculptur'd pride;
While gay saloons appear'd on either side,
In splendid vista opening to her sight,
And all with precious gems so beautified,
And furnish'd with such exquisite delight,
That scarce the beams of heaven emit such lustre bright.

XIV.

The amethyst was there of violet hue,
And there the topaz shed its golden ray,
The chrysoberyl, and the sapphire, blue
As the clear azure of a sunny day,
Or the mild eyes where amorous glances play;
The snow-white jasper and the opal's flame,
The blushing ruby and the agate grey,
And there the gem which bears his luckless name,
Whose death by Phœbus mourn'd, ensur'd him deathless fame.

XV.

There the green emerald, there cornelians glow,
And rich carbuncles pour eternal light;
With all that India and Peru can shew,
Or Labrador can give so flaming bright,
To the charm'd mariner's half-dazzled sight.
The coral-paved baths with diamonds blaze:
And all that can the female heart delight
Of fair attire, the last recess displays,
And all that Luxury can ask her eye surveys.

XVI.

Now through the hall melodious music stole,
And self-prepar'd the splendid banquet stands,
Self-pour'd the nectar sparkles in the bowl:
The lute and viol, touch'd by unseen hands,
Aid the soft voices of the choral bands.
O'er the full board a brighter lustre beams
Than Persia's monarch at his feasts commands;
For sweet refreshment all inviting seems
To taste celestial food, and pure ambrosial streams.

XVII.

But when meek eve hung out her dewy star,
And gently veil'd with gradual hand the sky,
Lo! the bright folding doors retiring far
Display to Psyche's captivated eye
All that voluptuous ease could e'er supply,
To sooth the spirits in serene repose.
Beneath the velvet's purple canopy,
Divinely form'd, a downy couch arose,
While alabaster lamps a milky light disclose.

H

A TRIO

BY DR. DRENNAN.

I.

HERE sits J—— P——, and could I but find
A pallet well charg'd with the colours of mind,
I should venture to paint, with inadequate plan,
The lights and the shades of this great, little man.
Achilles, 'tis said, had a skin made of steel,
And was callous to all, save the kibe on his heel;
But our friend feels, all over, the sting or the smart,
And wherever you touch, 'tis a pulse from the heart.
With such sense, and such soreness, I can't understand
Why he ne'er feels an itch—in the palm of the hand.

Acute, argumentative, agile, yet strong,
With a heart ever right and a head seldom wrong;
With passions too prompt to sit quiet and still;
In his principles fix'd, with a wandering will;
Perplex'd in his creed, and too apt, so to tell us;
In his friendships a little too lovingly jealous;
Still eager to get or to give satisfaction,
He drives after motives and misses the action.
No axiom so clear, but he'll make it more plain;
No action so fair, but he likes to explain.
Too nice in the right, too sincere for profession,
And with meaning so full that he fails in expression.

For when crowds of ideas all strive to rush out,
Each must elbow his neighbour and shove him about;
But his life and his language have masculine merit,
Both are deeply impress'd with the print of his spirit.
It burns in his eyes, it enlarges his frame,
And it tempers his clay, not with water, but flame.
His words burst asunder the shackling of art,
And the pen that he writes with is dipt in his heart.
'Tis not from a fountain like this you can draw
Any languid harangue of loquacious law;
'Tis clear sense gushing out, unconfined, uncompress'd,
From the pure and perennial spring in the breast.
When all was at sea, all confusion and fear,
Like the seaman's small needle he shew'd how to steer;
Nor ever declin'd from the patriot direction,
'Till the lightning of Grattan once hurt the attraction;
But the transient dip, and the slight deviation,
Prove the needle points true in its *natural* station.

II.

No prancing, curvetting, episcopal poney,
No desk petit-maitre, no church macaroni,
(With his curl carv'd as stiff as the top of the crozier,
And manners more pliant and loose than an osier);
But tall and erect, and with resolute air,
And with head that disdains e'en one hypocrite hair,
Here stands W——m C——ll, the STEM of our table,
A column of prelacy, stately and stable;
The capital, doric—and doric, the base,
It excels more in strength than Corinthian grace.
Without flourish, or freeze, or Parisian plaster,
A pillar for use, not a shewy pilaster.

Such a pillar, when Samson was called out for sport,
Perhaps might have sav'd the whole Philistine court.
SAM might crack all his sinews, and bow with his weight,
But WILL would uphold both the church and the state.
On all who dare shake that *convenient alliance*,
He bends his black brows, and he scowls a defiance.
Yet forgets, while he thunders against reformation,
That what is establishment WAS innovation.
Our patriots, alas! are all dwarfish and weak,
Too puny to make aristocracy quake;
But O! could *thy* principles change to the Whig,
Coulds't thou throw *them* as readily off as thy wig,
That old tyrant, called Custom, in vain would resist
The momentum of such a republican fist:
His strong castle would tumble, like Jericho's wall,
And his talisman broken, the giant must fall.

More solid than shining, more weighty than wordy,
In the right, very stout: in the wrong, very sturdy.
Both sudden and sure, in the grasp of conception,
But too fond of the rule, to admit the exception.
Too tenacious in tenet to sport an opinion,
Each dogma with him has despotic dominion.
Too apt to mistake argumentative strife,
And to lay down a word as he'd lay down his life.
He takes always good aim, but too quick in the timing,
He flushes the bird, and his temper burns priming.
His heart always flames with good fuel, well fed,
But it sends up, at times, a thick smoke to the head;
And 'till that clears away, 'tis not easy to know
The fact or the motive, the friend or the foe.
Then take up this tankard of rough, massy plate,
Not for fashion preferr'd, but for value and weight;

When you lift up the cover, then think of our Vicar,
And take a hard pull at the orthodox liquor,
That keeps hale and hearty in every climate,
And makes the poor Curate as proud as the Primate.

III.

But when *genius* and *judgment* are called to the feast,
Make the trio complete and cement them with *taste*;
And for taste let me call on our courtly COLLECTOR,
Not the king of his company, but the protector;
Who, with easy hilarity, knows how to sit
In a family compact with wisdom and wit;
With the art to know much, without seeming to know it,
Joins the art to have wit, without straining to shew it.
For his mind not case-harden'd by form or profession,
Always yields, with a spring—and impels, by concession.
True politeness, like sense, is begotten, not made,
But all our professions smell strong of a trade.
All vocation is craft, both the black and the scarlet,
The doctor, the pleader, the judge, and the harlot.

No collector of medals, or fossils so fine,
He gathers good fellows around his good wine.
No collector of shells, or of stuff'd alligators,
But of two-leg'd, unfeather'd, erect mutton-eaters,
That join heart in hand to drive round the decanter,
While the bishop hob-nobs with the lowly dissenter.
Here the puddle of party ne'er rises in riot,
But the oil of urbanity keeps the waves quiet.
Neither faction nor feud his good humour espouses,
He's the happy Mercutio who curses both houses.
With a pretty plump place, and a cellar well stor'd,
Makes his bow to the bench, and his bow to the board.

In political faith knows how much to believe,
And when 'tis convenient to laugh in his sleeve.
His sense is well set, not a word out of joint—
Rather too much in epigram, too much for *point*.
With some effort, his ease—with some stiffness, his sense,
His spirit is free, the expression is tense.
His brand on our hogsheads be lawfully puts,
But 'tis harder to brand with his wit all our butts.
'Tis our Irish primum, our raw manufacture,
That keeps well thro' all seasons, not needs an inspector.

Thus in mind and in manners, a man 'comme il faut,'
He glides smoothly thro' life, with a serpentine flow,
That still tends to a point, when it seems to incline;
And the curve gently blends with the rigid right-line.

EPIGRAM.

Would you follow a calling from peril quite free,
Quit the land, and engage in the toils of the sea:
You may laugh while the billows rave round;
Since, trust me, my friend, if old proverbs say true,
The boisterous main has no dangers for you,
As you never were born to be drown'd!

R. A. D.

PROPERTIUS.

BOOK THE FIRST.—ELEGY THE SEVENTH.

To Ponticus, a Poet.

BY THE LATE W. PRESTON, ESQ.

WHILE you, my friend, in lofty epic strain,
Resound the warriors of the *Theban* plain;
And (so may heaven my life in peace prolong)
Cope with the father of heroic song;
May Fate propitious on the labour smile,
Unfading laurels crown the Poet's toil.
It's wonted course my listless being knows,
A fruitless passion, and a song of woes.
Inspired by sorrow, not by wit or taste,
I mourn the prime of manhood, run to waste.
Day chases day, consumed in hopeless flame,
I live to love, and seek not other fame.
I boast to love the fair of lettered mind,
Her pride, her scorn I boast, and words unkind.
Let slighted lovers, in succeeding time,
With fix'd attention read th' impassion'd rhyme.
On Memory's tablet be the lore imprest,
From Love's allurement to preserve the breast.
Thou too—may Heav'n the fatal doom remove!
But, should thy bosom feel the shafts of love;

Then, thy seven chiefs, and War with horror plum'd,
Ah! wretched Bard, shall be to silence doom'd,
And long oblivion; while, with vain desire,
Soft strains you seek, that wake a mutual fire.
Imperfect utterance shall elude the heart,
And wild impatience mock the Poet's art.
Then shall my verse allure, with greater charms,
Than all that noblest Poets sing of arms.
No youth, in silence, round my tomb shall stray,
"Rest to thy shade—Bard of th' enamour'd lay!"
Nor scorn me thou, for Love's delay'd controul
Torments, with usury, th' enamour'd soul.

PROPERTIUS.

BOOK THE FIRST.—ELEGY THE ELEVENTH.

To Cynthia, at Baiæ.

BY THE SAME.

WHILE *Cynthia* ranges *Baiæ*'s tepid shores,
And paths that great *Alcides** trod explores;
Or seeks the regions of the *Grecian*† throng,
Or thee, *Misenum*, not unknown to song,
Do thoughts of me from tardy rest detain?
For absent love, does any place remain?

* When he brought away the oxen of *Geryon*, he past near *Cumæ*.

† Thesprotians, who founded *Cumæ*, near *Baiæ*.

Or would the foe, with feign'd insidious love,
My *Cynthia* from her faithful bard remove?
May varied sports employ the careless hour,
Nor leave thee vacant to the tempter's pow'r.
Now, may thy pinnace cleave the *Lucrine* wave,
And *Teuthras**, now, thy beauteous members lave.
Oft, when her tender guardian is remov'd,
The heedless fair forgets how much she lov'd.
Yet thou art prov'd—I know thy love sincere,
But when was passion free from jealous fear?
O pardon, fairest, should th' injurious strain
Give thy soft heart a momentary pain.
More dear, than she, from whom my being came!
More dear than light, and health, and vital flame!
Thou art my house, my parents thou alone,
Thou only comfort, that my days have known!
Does pleasure gild, does sorrow cloud the hour;
The colour of my life is in thy pow'r.
Fly, then, the guilty shore, th' envenom'd air,
That wafts divorces to the wedded pair.
Ye Heav'ns, from *Baiæ* modest virgins guide,
Lest drowning honour perish in the tide.

OMNIA VINCIT AMOR.

A GLEE.

THOUGH Music's sweet persuasive art,
With tuneful magic melts the heart;
Though Wine may boast its rival skill,
To bid the breast with concord thrill;
Yet Love still more reveals to me
The hidden soul of harmony!

* A River.

To J—— C——.

Who said, "I Care not what the Crowd may think."

BY DR. DRENNAN.

THE crowd, my friend, have common sense,
They feel the pow'r of pounds and pence,
And as they feel, they prize:
For wealth, when rightly understood,
Is the best blessing of the good,
The wisdom of the wise.

What's wealth? Enough, and somewhat over,
Of this I own myself the lover,
And who is not's a ninny:
What signifies the sun-gilt cot
Without a pullet in the pot?
What's life without a guinea?

It is to sneak down from a garret,
To spunge on other's beef and claret,
To get, but not to give.
To feel each rising wish repress'd,
The wish to be by blessing, blest,
But this is—not to *live*.

'Tis not to sit, and con a theme,
Or in a smooth, pellucid stream,
  Thy rueful phiz behold:
And when the lunar light has spread
A yellow radiance o'er thy head,
  To catch poetic gold.

Whate'er the cynic may pretend,
Money, a means, but not an end,
  Is happiness below.
Oh! for a mine of gold to give,
To live, and to make others live,
  And clear the world of woe.

To bless unseen, unseen descend
On with'ring hearts that want a friend,
  Like dew-drops from above.
And oft both seen and felt to pour,
In one abundant Jove-like show'r,
  And fill the lap of love.

For sharper suff'rings than thy own,
'Tis thine, O Penury, to groan,
  Stretch'd on the rack of life.
Thy cradled child unconscious sleeps,
But woe for her who wakes and weeps,
  The mother and the wife.

O fortune come, and crown my fate,
Wafted along in winning state
  Like Egypt's queen of old:
When frequent dash'd the silver oars,
And silken sails perfum'd the shores,
  And Cydnus burn'd with gold.

To youth, and industry, and health,
She comes, the sov'reign good of wealth,
And ev'ry blessing bears:
But to enjoy her golden mean
It must be felt, it must be seen,
And save it—from your heirs.

INSCRIPTION

For an Autumnal Bouquet of Field-Flowers and Corn.

BY T. PARK, ESQ.

To Flora, gay nymph, and to corn-loving Ceres,
This harvest-home tribute we gratefully twine;
On their brows then fast bind it, ye tutelar Lares,
And Winter shall weave a green chaplet for thine.

Here rye lightly mingles with barley grown sere,
And oats that, pale-waving, o'ersilver'd the ground;
While each wheat-sheaf was robb'd of its weightiest ear,
For the wild growing floret that blossom'd around.

Twine blue-bells with poppies, that outblush'd Aurora,
And king-cups fresh gather'd, while pearly with dew:
Then take it, O Ceres! and take it, O Flora!
The garland of Nature may grace even you.

THE WAR-SONG OF PRUSSIA*.

Multa dies variique labor mutabilis ævi
Rettulit in melius—multos alterna revisens
Lusit, & in solido rursus Fortuna locavit.

VIRGIL.

I.

WHERE is now the warrior's breast?
Where is now the heart of flame?
Sleeps it still in torpid rest,
Careless of Prussia's ancient name?
No, soldiers, no! to arms we go,
To bathe our red-right hands in blood;
The dastard slave shall find a grave,
Scorn'd by the generous and the good,
Who basely turns his coward feet to fly,
Nor knows in such a cause to triumph or to die!

II.

Yes, we will still repel the foe,
Still stem the vile Usurper's sway;
The wretch, whom yesterday laid low,
May conquer yet another day!

* Written (alas! too evidently) previous to the fatal battle of Friedland.

Else what remain?—The galling chain,
The scoff of pride and bitter scorn,
A blasted fame, eternal shame,
Our freedom lost, our laurels torn,
And still, ere life its hated load resign,
To tug the tedious oar, or dig the slavish mine!

III.

By our hapless country's call,
By Berlin's insulted King,
By the scornful smiles of Gaul,
Scorn that tortures, smiles that sting!
By all our foes; and, O! by those
Who in their country's cause have shed
In many a flood their dearest blood,
Buried in Glory's crimson bed:
By mighty Frederick's soul-inspiring name,
By all our former worth, and all our present shame!

IV.

Tremble, vile Usurper! hide
Thy guilty head in dunnest night;
Soon shalt thou feel the fall of pride
When slave and freeman meet in fight!
Tho' far and near, in front and rear,
Thy locust ranks enhost thee round,
Some gen'rous dart, thy venom'd heart,
If weary Heav'n permit, shall wound;
War's iron rule, Death's funeral scream shall cease,
And Europe smile secure beneath the plume of peace!

SOBRINO.

TO A TITLED DESTROYER.

"What's property? dear Swift! you see it alter
From me to you, from you to Peter Walter;
Or in a mortgage, prove a lawyer's share;
Or, in a jointure, vanish from the heir;
Or, in pure equity (the case not clear)
The Chancery takes your rents for twenty year.
At best it falls to some ungracious son,
Who cries, "My father's damn'd, and all's my own."
Shades that to BACON could retreat afford,
Become the portion of a booby Lord!"

POPE.

THOU ruthless destroyer, whose impious hand
Has levell'd the bowers so belov'd by the Nine,
For this deed shall thy name lasting infamy brand,
Shall curses how deep, and how bitter, be thine!

When laugh earth and heaven in their glories array'd,
To thy jaundic'd eyes may the landscape still seem
Involv'd in a mournful and menacing shade;
Nor of joy, nor of hope, feel thy bosom a gleam.

In thine ear, clos'd for ever to choirs of the grove,
May the ominous bird croak from evening 'till morn;
In crowds, shunn'd like pestilence, lone may'st thou rove,
Pursued by the laugh and the whisper of scorn.

And when in the grave thy foul carcase shall rot,
May the nettle and nightshade wave rankly around,
And our children, disdainfully spurning the spot,
Cry " the meanest of mortals is laid in this ground!"

O impotent curses! for what is to thee
Fair fame, song harmonious, or nature's gay bloom?
Aught lovely or radiant thy soul loathes to see,
And lives, like a toad, amidst poison and gloom.

But though Mammon, thy sovereign master, thy heart
Has nearly, I know, render'd callous all o'er,
There still is one spot unsecur'd, where the dart
Of Anguish may enter, and pierce to the core.

No prayer do I breathe that thy idoliz'd gold
May be rent from thy grasp; 'twere the prayer of a friend;
For if such a loss thou wert doom'd to behold,
Either madness or death all thy misery would end.

No: polluter of earth! long on earth may'st thou move
A living anatomy! long be thy mind
Condemn'd all the lingering tortures to prove
Which are felt by the beings to avarice resign'd.

Yes: for years, tedious years, of thy riches the slave
May'st thou live; and be fated each hour to repine,
That thy hoard swells less fast than thy wild wishes crave,
That the hoard of another is larger than thine.

In the dead of the night may'st thou shudder and weep
As thou dream'st that thy treasures are melting away;
Then in agony start from thy feverish sleep,
And fancy the robber thou hear'st at his prey.

Ever haunted by doubt, by suspicion, and fear,
May each mortal thou meet'st seem a plundering elf,
And even the kindness of kindred appear
By artifice prompted, and aim'd at thy pelf.

Nor end torment here. When at length from its clay
Thy sullen, thy miscreant spirit retires,
Round the coffers ador'd be it destin'd to stray,
And feel, unimpair'd, all its earthly desires.

Then, O pain worse than death! scatter'd wide may it view
Those hoards scrap'd together with infamous care;
While, carousing in midst of a riotous crew,
Loudly scoffs at thy folly thy prodigal heir.

R. A. D.

Twickenham.

ANSWER

TO AN INDELICATE VALENTINE.

YOUR method of wooing a Nymph so divine
Was indeed, my dear Colin, a coarse one:
And while you set up to be *sweet Valentine*,
You're more like his rough brother *Orson*.

S. W. I.

EPISTLE

From a Scottish Emigrant, settled in America, to his Friend in Scotland.

BY A. BALFOUR, ESQ.

To thee, long lost, but still remember'd friend,
From this lone world, these humble lines I send;
To happier climes, which I no more shall see,
Tho' half my heart still hovers there with thee.
To chase the langours of this dreary clime,
I seek the aid of heart-composing rhyme;
But ah! in vain I court wild Fancy's fires,
No object charms—no sportive muse inspires:
And like the hours, my listless strain must flow,
A tedious tale of sad protracted woe:
For oh my friend! my rash resolve I mourn,
And weep for joys that never can return.
Ah hapless hour! when first in Scotia's vales,
I fondly listen'd to the specious tales
Of Independence, ease, and certain gain,
On fairy fields beyond the western main;
Gay visions rose, and all my soul possest,
'Till calm content forsook my aching breast;
The toils of trade with cold contempt I spurn'd,
With golden hopes my anxious bosom burn'd:

For I had heard of fair Columbia's fields,
Where unassisted Nature plenty yields;
Where choicest fruits and flow'rs spontaneous spring,
And ev'ry settler lives—a rural king;
My easy faith the flatt'ring tale believ'd,
Alas! too late, I find these hopes deceiv'd!
When last my foot press'd Caledonia's strand,
And you, my friend, held my half trembling hand,
Tho' hope delusive play'd around my heart,
Yet still I linger'd, and was loth to part:
I saw the partner of my early joy
Lead on my blooming girl and sportive boy,
Slow from the shore they scal'd the vessel's side,
My little all launch'd on the rolling tide;
From friends and country rudely torn away—
My heart their home—my hand their only stay.
Close by the mast I took my silent stand,
My fix'd eye gazing on the less'ning land:
Till lost in air the last hill's distant blue,
Then to my country bade a long adieu!
Then from my bosom burst the parting sigh,
Again I rais'd my fond inquiring eye,
That o'er the dim horizon rang'd in vain,
A changeless scene, of sky and boundless main.

Bright shone the sun, the faithless ocean smil'd,
And kindling hope my pensive thoughts beguil'd;
'Till the dark tempest and the howling storm,
Gave signs of danger in most direful form.
Too soon confirm'd—alas! one fatal wave
Swept my lov'd William to a wat'ry grave.

No more on deck I mark'd the green wave glide,
Or gently rippling kiss the vessel's side;
Methought the hours on leaden pinions crept,
And drowsy winds in silent chambers slept;

My only wish to leave the treach'rous main,
In daily toil to banish mental pain.
But ah my friend! fix'd to this dreary scene,
New griefs arise, fresh sorrows intervene:
My sanguine hopes like air-blown bubbles spread,
My lands—a forest; and my home—a shed;
To clear the ground and shape the infant farm,
Were ceaseless labour for a giant's arm;
The axe, the spade, unwearied he must wield,
Whose task is, not to *till*, but *make* the field.
The groaning wood must to his strokes resound,
For room to form the mansion's narrow bound;
When strength and toil the scanty spot has clear'd,
Of rugged logs the humble hut is rear'd;
With painful haste, in rudest order thrown,
And architecture's ev'ry grace unknown;
No tow'ring chimney guides the smoke away,
No pendent sash receives the morning ray;
We think not here of kitchen, parlour, hall,
No place is private, and disorder all;
Innum'rous chinks gape round the rustic form,
Whose walls expel not, but invite the storm;
And doubly keen the bitter tempest blows,
From wastes deep buried in eternal snows:
For hoary Winter reigns majestic here,
In stormy grandeur claiming half the year:
And when reluctantly he leaves his throne,
Not less despotic, Summer rules his own:
Impervious woods exclude the gentle gale,
Whose cooling breath would glad the thirsty vale;
Reflected rays with scorching fervour shine,
'Till Nature sicken, and her children pine.
Such are the blessings of this boasted clime,
For ages buried in the womb of time;

And wheresoe'er we turn our anxious gaze,
Each feature still its infancy pourtrays:
If we its wilds and woody desarts scan,
The brutal tribes dispute the right with man;
O'er his dark poison broods the vengeful snake,
And alligators haunt the reedy lake.

But worse than these, and ah! more dreadful far,
The native Indian wages barb'rous war;
Inur'd to hardships, famine, floods and fire,
No dangers frighten, and no toils can tire.
A faithful friend, but a determin'd foe,
Time may retard, but not prevent his blow;
Staunch as the blood-hound to his destin'd prey,
Heart-sick'ning horrors mark his carnag'd way;
His keener optics, on the printless grass
Can trace the footsteps, if a white man pass,
Then lurking patient, 'till the midnight gloom,
The direful war-whoop peals the victim's doom;
At the dread yell deep forests echo round,
Each bosom thrills and shudders at the sound!

Here humid fens and long extended swamps,
Wide o'er the scene diffuse unwholesome damps;
Their baneful dews relax life's active springs,
And chilling ague shakes his fev'rish wings;
Contagion flies, with pestilential breath,
And sallow hue—the harbinger of death.

Ah me! my friend, why do I live to tell,
'Twas thus the partner of my bosom fell?
Fled is the smile that soften'd ev'ry ill,
And cold the tongue that whisper'd comfort still!
Sad was the stroke, and as I mourn'd the blow,
Fate plung'd me deeper in the gulph of woe!
My infant Anna, latest pledge of love,
That round my knees with fond affection strove,

One fatal morn, far in the wild wood stray'd,
All search was vain within its boundless shade—
Death seiz'd the flow'ret, midst the gloomy wild—
And my sad heart of its last hope beguil'd!
Thus o'er my griefs an exile doom'd to sigh,
No prospect brightens to my joyless eye!
The hapless land that gave these griefs to flow
Affords no friend to soothe a stranger's woe.

Perhaps, some breast that pants with Freedom's flame,
And heaves with rapture at her sacred name,
May deem that place a paradise below
Where Independence lifts her dauntless brow.
What is this bliss, so much Columbia's boast?
'Twas hapless Selkirk's on Fernandes' coast!
Tho' bounteous Nature smiling own'd his sway,
No joy was his, to hail the rising day:
So here sequester'd, each man lives alone,
The sweets and social ties of life unknown;
The chords of sympathy are here untied,
By lust of wealth, and independent pride;
No gen'rous feelings here expand the soul,
Self all the care, that self is deem'd the whole;
Each for his wants must on himself rely,
Nor look for friends, but such as wealth can buy.
Ah! how unlike that land I left behind,
Whose sea-girt shores still haunt my restless mind;
Where age was chearful, while the nymphs and swains
With jocund health stray'd lightly o'er the plains:
Oft when the sun sinks in the distant west,
I wistful gaze, with sadd'ning thoughts opprest;
'Till all my soul absorb'd in Fancy's dream,
I waft my blessing on his sinking beam,
That fades from me, to light that happier shore,
Those native vales I shall behold no more!

Ye Scotian swains, still to my bosom dear,
(As now can witness this descending tear,)
Be warn'd by him who rashly dar'd to roam!
And prize the bliss that hovers round your home.
And may the griefs that prompt this plaintive tale,
Be ever far, from ———'s peaceful vale:
Or if a sigh some gentle breast must swell,
Be it for him, who writes—A long Farewell!

VENUS'S WILL.

TO ———.

From the French of Rousseau.

ADVANCED in years, the goddess Venus
Sought in a holy cloister rest,
Bequeathing, dearest maid, between us,
All that her goddessship possess'd.

Of an executor the duty
She trusted to her eldest son:
But he, sad rogue! seduc'd by beauty,
Injustice to my right has done.

Unfairly he the Cyprian treasures
Allotted to his mother's heirs;
To you he gave the smiles and pleasures,
To me he left the tears and cares.

R. A. DAVENPORT.

EPITAPH.

His saltem accumulem donis, et fungar inani
Munere. VIRG.

To the Memory
of
T—— H—— P——,
late of his Majesty's Royal Navy,
who,
After six Years of Difficulty and Danger,
and at the Moment of
aspiring to a more elevated and happier Rank
in his Profession,
fell a Victim to the Ravages of an unrelenting Fever,
August 21, 1807, in the twentieth Year
of his Age.

BORN to excell in every nobler part,
The ardent spirit, and the feeling heart;
This form'd with native candour to engage,
And *that* to give an hero to the age!
Sought by the valiant, by the good approv'd,
In death lamented, as in life belov'd,
Go, Henry, go,—thy storms, thy perils o'er,
Enjoy that calm thy lot forbad before;
Go,—and 'midst scenes of never-fading youth
Reap the rewards of purity and truth.
What tho' thy laurels wither in their bloom,
And Hope despondent sickens o'er thy tomb;
Tho' Fancy cheers no more the opening scene,
But vainly pictures *what thou wouldst have been;*

Yet while Remembrance bids our sorrows flow,
(Eternal source, yet solace of our woe!)
Bright from her stores a gleam of rapture starts
To sooth the ills her chast'ning power imparts.
Yes, honor'd youth! thy merits shall remain
In sweet memorial to relieve our pain;
Thy life unstain'd with falsehood or with crime,
Thy virtues destin'd to an happier clime,
These fondly cherish'd shall remain, and prove
A bliss, no time, no fortune can remove.

W. F.

TO A LADY.

When first I knew thee thou wast kind,
Oh! who so kind could be!
But all thy kindness, now I find,
Was worst of cruelty.

For hadst thou then disdained me—sure
I'd been too proud to love;
And so the griefs I now endure
Had ne'er been doom'd to prove.

Thus who from earliest youth has dwelt
Amidst eternal snows,
The Heavens can brave—no suffering felt,
Though fierce the north wind blows.

Not so who all his hours has past
Beneath soft summer skies;
Expose him to the wintry blast
He shivers, droops, and dies.

S. W. J.

REFLECTIONS ON THE ADAGE,

"'Twill be all one a hundred Years hence."

A HUNDRED years! o'er all the earth
To what a change shall they give birth!
The term, tho' but a little space,
In ancient Time's continuous race;
Yet this contracted narrow span
Includes the destiny of man—
His blooming rise, and riper day,
The prime of manhood, and decay;
His widest plans, and valiant deeds,
And the bright glory that succeeds;
His wishes, fears, and hopes contains,
And all his pleasures, and his pains;
They live, they flourish, and they die,
Within the fleeting *century!*

Ah! what are men, so full of boast?
Another frail ephemeral host,
Of larger size, and longer day,
Than those that sport in every ray:
As flowers, that bloom a longer while,
Whose lengthen'd summer yet must fail;
Like moonbeans dancing on the lake,
'Till flitting rays their place forsake;
Their fate prolonged, tho' not so bright,
And then for ever sink in night.

Unnumber'd years the mountains last,
Unnumber'd years the rocks stand fast,
The rivers run from age to age,
Nor waters, nor their force assuage;
Even works uprear'd by feeble men,
The pyramid, and lofty fane,
Survive their founder's quicken'd fate,
And last illustriously great;
Attest, while time its circuit runs,
The worship of succeeding sons,
And as they drop by turns away,
Intomb within their well-worn clay;
While on the temple's front appears
The grey moss of a thousand years!

A hundred years! within that term,
Destruction, with a giant arm,
Shall ravage wide, from pole to pole,
And sweep off every living soul;
Those countless millions of each clime,
Who snatch, to-day, the joys of time,
And, active, eager, bustle on
Thro' busy life, shall all be gone;
And, ere a *century* pass away,
Changing, or changed to kindred clay,
Beneath their stones, or hillocks green,
Shall be as they had never been!

Shall even our *memory* expire,
Shall thus be quench'd our living fire?
Will not the phœnix *Fame* spring forth,
And give our being second birth;
Our names go down to times to come,
And heal the ravage of the tomb?

No; see, even here, the fiction fail,
And lasting fame a fabulous tale;
The clouds, that gather on the sky,
Thro' that long night, *a century*,
At last so thick a gloom produce,
That lesser stars their light refuse;
And even the moon, that orb so bright,
Labours to pierce thro' tenfold night.

The many dying, die to rot,
And are immediately forgot;
Of all who hoped for fame, alive,
How few survive, or should survive!
A few short years a name may last,
Fame's trump be blown, and loud the blast,
But weaker sounds it every day,
Until at last it die away;
Thus life and fame together fall,
And perish their memorial!

So in a winter's radiant even,
When sparkle in the vault of Heaven
A thousand stars of brilliant hue,
And promise to be lasting too;
Yet, long before the dawn of day,
The feeble beams have stole away,
They swift evanish, one by one,
And leave to shine, and shine alone,
The morning star, that victor bright,
That triumphs in the field of night!

Where is the fair, who charmed so
The youths a hundred years ago?

Who, vainly proud, froze with a frown,
Or smiled to enliven half the town;
'Mid minor beauty shone more bright,
The lovely Venus of the night;
And fondly hoped, that true the tale,
Which told her triumphs ne'er would fail;
That future youths should toast her name,
And beauties envy half her fame,—
Haply she saw her head grow grey,
While others bore the palm away;
She liv'd her time, her fame is gone,
And even her very name unknown.

So hath it fared with valour high,
And bravest deeds of chivalry;
And many a warrior, long laid low,
In courage great as Marlboro',
Now sleeps unnamed, unknown, unbless'd,
In common undistinguish'd rest.

Shall this oblivion of the tomb,
The foresight of a future doom,
The soul's each noble purpose thwart,
And chill the ardour of the heart?
Curb Fancy's wing, aspiring high
To steeps of Immortality?
Shall then we fold our arms, and wait
The coming winter of our fate?

No: let life's summer honours glow,
And let the opening roses blow,
To deck the meads, and scent the air,
And render Nature doubly fair,
While glide the hours that swell our age,
The season of our pilgrimage.

A dearer boon let lull our cares,
Than shouts of fame a thousand years;
The heaving heart and weeping eye,
Sweet proofs of tenderest sympathy;
Be these, thro' life, our easy aim,
More soothing than a deathless name.

The upright soul, by virtue fired,
The honest mind, by all admired;
Mild gentle manners, without art,
That flow spontaneous from the heart,
Like springs from an untroubled source,
That cherish all around their course;
A life led out of public view,
And known but to a chosen few;
A heart that loves that circle small,
But breathes benevolence to all;
Grows old, by all who know approved,
By friends revered, by kindred loved;
This heart,—this man shall smiling die,
And hallowed be his memory!
The tears, that fall upon his clay,
Shall not be quickly wiped away;
But when remembrance gives to view
The picture of a man so true,
The gathering drops, and deep'ning sighs
Shall oft, and sadly pleasing rise;
While breathes a prayer from every breast,
"O that were mine such sainted rest."

A. M.

EDINBURGH, NOVEMBER 21, 1805.

CAT'S PAW.

An Antient Historical Family Ballad, on what once befel a memorable four-footed Matron at H—— Hall, in the famous County of Bucks.

BY THE REV. MOSES BROWNE*.

Puss, the prime princess of her pack,
The loveliest piece of white and black
Of all the purring kind;
Her fur was gloss'd with sable-jet
And Ermine-snow: Disaster yet
May *royal* beauty find!

'Twas on a day, ill-destined sure!
No day is Man or Cat secure—
She left her Guardian's lap;
The rooms wide-wandering unrestrain'd
She came, for so the Fates ordain'd,
Where stood a baited trap.

Of guile-laid cheese to rob the gin,
Too far she taps her paw within,
Up flew the treacherous spring;
Mice that peep'd squinting from their holes
Could not help shouting from their souls
Huzza! boys, save the King!

* Formerly Minister of Olney in Buckinghamshire, and known by some poetical productions.

Humbugg'd, and vex'd, you well may think,
Scoff'd Knaptoe could but sit and blink
In patience as became her;
Her ruminating mind grew sad,
Disgrace so foul might have drove mad
A cat less wise though tamer.

Her face she cunningly compos'd,
Sat still, look'd prim, as if she doz'd,
The more her shame to smother;
Yet whisp'ring, bloodily she swore,
Ye dogs and ev'ry vermin whore,
I'll mark you, son and mother!

Ah! Puss, with cheese no more make free,
My moral *catterwauls* to thee,
And thus in mercy cries out—
Had these scrub pesterers of the house
The heart or courage of a louse,
Zooks! they'd have claw'd thy eyes out.

EPITAPH ON COLBERT,

MINISTER OF LOUIS XIV.

From the French.

Here lies the father of taxation:
May Heaven, his faults forgiving,
Grant him repose; which he, while living,
Would never grant the nation.

R. A. D.

LAKELANDS:

A POEM.

Originally written for Inscription in a Country Residence in the Vicinity of Dublin.

BY WILLIAM WEBB, ESQ.

O Rus, *tandem* ego te aspicio, *tandemque* licebit
Nunc veterum libris, nunc somno et inertibus horis,
Ducere sollicitæ jucunda oblivia vitæ!

HORACE.

The original intention of the writer was confined to a simple translation of the quotation from Horace which is given as the motto, for the purpose of inscription in an octagon building in a favourite recess of his grounds. Failing to satisfy himself in this design, his ideas extended to a short paraphrase; but the result of his change of plan will be found in the present publication. The circumstance is mentioned as accounting for the form of address which the composition assumes, as well as some other peculiarities of manner, which it has not been deemed essential to remove.

BIDST thou me welcome still, glad seat of ease!
And breathe thy shades their hallowed power to please,
As still my fond wish woos their covert blest,
And deeply heart-lov'd feels thy home of rest!

What tho' not thine the boast of wide domain,
Nor gorgeous wonder stablish here her reign;
Tho' not for thee Creation's proud array;
For thee nor Ocean waves expand their sway,
Nor o'er thy head in mad disorder wild
And savage waste the eternal granite pil'd;
For thee no sweep of frowning forest near,
No devious wizard haunt of gloom and fear;
Not thine the giddy heights, the headlong steeps,
Nor chasms that shuddering yawn to midnight deeps;
Fantastic scenes! with living force imprest
Of mystic influence o'er the human breast!
Nor these high honors thine! oh barely free
From City concourse and from rabble glee!
Free from the clouded dust, the clattering noise
Of City parties and their Sunday joys;
The scenes where ceaseless throng, at wealth's loud call,
The brick-red villa and the sad stone wall:
Scap'd too from City taste! whose meddling hand
With cumbrous frippery deforms the land,
Marshals its mimic gauds in dull parade,
Its vamp'd up brick-pool and spruce starv'd cascade;
Bids Chinese bridge or Chinese temple flare,
Or old-new Gothic nick-nack rise in air;
Nor knows the country its primæval green,
While envious masonry usurps the scene!

Yet peace to such! nor heeds thy just disdain
These labour'd whimsies of the sons of gain.
Not here intrudes their sad tumultuous care,
Nor frivolous joys thy bosom'd quiet share.
For has not nature's self here rais'd her shrine?
Breathes not around thee all her calm benign?
Her steps of peace serenest raptures trace,
And thrilling airs her living presence grace.

Wide spread, behold! for thee her various stores
With fond munificence profuse she pours;
O'er thy loved home her emerald mantle throws,
While woods sequestering veil its soft repose;
Or bold contrasting swells the russet train
Of uncouth downs or rudely wild champaign,
Where not a tree o'erlooks the expanse austere,
And not a sound breaks on its peace severe,
Save, simplest sounds! the sheep-bell's tinkling call,
Or insect hum, or streamlet's rippling fall;
A world of solitude! whose large control
To thrill extatic wakes the accordant soul.
No envious fence here checks the excursive range,
As gathering round successive glories change,
Far as yon triple cloud-topt rock * ascends,
Or lengthening mountain range still onward bends,
O'er wastes where erst my loitering youth has strayed
To trace each wild recess, each devious glade,
Each witching charm of Wicklow's fairy reign,
Each thrilling maze of Powerscourt's proud domain,
Each heath-clad steep that Liffey's fountain crowns,
Each fearful cliff whose lowering menace frowns
O'er the wild lake † beneath far shadowed deep,
And guards the horrors of its awful sleep:
Or in fond change, to gaze with searching eyes
Where northern Mourne's bleak forms aspiring rise,
Or thwart the ocean waste, mark Snowdon rear
His hoary mass mid the blue fields of air
Distinct, with mighty nameless summits more,
That watch sublime the British sister shore.
Ye long-lost joys of no inactive ease!
Dreams of romance! your raptures still can please,

* Three-rock Mountain.
† Lough Bray, Luggelaw, Glandelough, &c.

As still at Memory's call your glories rise
And meaning phantasies salute my eyes!
Nor yet unfeeling fate my step bewrays,
Though mers'd in toiling life's distracted maze,
From your charm'd haunts estrang'd, far off to roam,
Or lost to you to fix this favour'd home.
Fond with its scenes your ties of love unite,
As swelling fair your boundaries strike my sight,
And oft allure my willing feet to climb
With unfatiguing toil their heights sublime:
One various rapturous hour those heights can gain,
One changeful hour restores this calm domain,
Mid whose bland shades the eye retraces o'er
Each ample range my footsteps mark'd before,
Or won by present charms, exulting roves
O'er fields of bliss and native pride of groves.

And sure no fields can boast a livelier green,
No bowers can smile with gladness more serene,
No spring-drest sod feed more refreshing airs,
No rural powers be sooth'd with holier prayers,
Than thine, lov'd seat!—Does here some inmate God *
With conscious radiance cheer his pleas'd abode?
Or does this potent calm that broods around,
This thrilling awe that clothes the answering ground,

* Alludes to the Inscription on a bench near a stream in a sequestered part of the grounds—imitated from Gray's Ode † written in the Album of the Chartreuse monastery:

" Et hujus etiam est secreti Religio loci;
" Nativa et hæc quoque fluenta Numen habet."

† Oh Tu, severi religio loci,
Quocunque gaudes nomine (non leve
Nativa nam certe fluenta
Numen habet, veteresque Sylvas—

This burst of throbs that thro' the bosom dart
And with strange rapture agitate the heart,
Proclaim that here some mightiest hero laid
Midst sympathising glories glads his shade?
Some sacred chieftain of the times of old,
Whose fame, whose death, by history unenroll'd,
This high mysterious worship large repays
Beyond the uncertain strains of mortals' praise!
Sure is his meed through gather'd years on years,
Drear boundless wastes, where even Tradition fears
With desperate wing her course forlorn to sweep
Or claim the secrets of the hideous deep:
Still yet she dimly points to yon cold plain *
Where kindred silence now and torpor reign,
Where erst the sons of war fierce contest waged,
Where slaughter madden'd, where fell havoc raged,
Whence awful borne in sorrowing warrior state
Mid these near shades, the victor chief elate
Bless'd their repose with parting hallowed breath,
And with high transport hail'd a hero's death.
Ages uncounted since have worn away,
And whelm'd that fane long lost in black decay,
Memorial rais'd by pious hands in vain
When Heaven sent peace had calm'd each hostile train,
Close where these garden yews uphold their shade,
And clustering bones reproach the intruding spade:

* "Near the four-mile stone is Moreen (or Margaret's), a most "pleasing situation: it is within three miles of the sea, of which "it has a grand view, also of the city and adjoining county for "many miles. This place is remarkable for having a desperate "battle fought in it some centuries ago by two of the neighbour-"ing families, who on their revenge being satiated, mutually "agreed to erect a church *in the valley where the engagement was* "*had*, and from thence called the cross-church of Moreen."
Wilson's Postchaise Companion, p. 391.

With Nature's incense still his sleep is blest,
Creation's reverence watches o'er his rest.

Why else, thou chosen greatly favour'd scene,
Thy secret charm, thy changeless smile serene?
The cheering breath that woos thy conscious bowers,
The nameless witcheries of thy blissful hours?
Why thus assign'd with partial guardian care
Each envied gift thy bounds exclusive share?
Whence the mild soil with living bounties stor'd,
Or bosom'd fossil wealth its veins afford?
Boons which for thee parental earth benign
Rich pours, impregned by genial power divine,
That brooding fond, her sluggish bosom warms
And each dull particle with life informs,
Spreads the gay bloom that wraps thy vivid plain,
And with proud honor clothes thy rural reign.
Awe-struck even untaught hinds revering own
The sacred wonders of its mystic throne,
Whose high pre-eminence still smiles supreme,
While, pressing fervent round, rich splendors stream,
Swell with their willing pomp its ample state,
Nor mix their fortune with its favour'd fate.
Even dungeon'd pleasure-ground of yon demesne
Wakes but the throb of pardoning pity's pain,
While hid from thee its motley fabricks rise,
And tedious boundary walls fatigue the eyes;
Harmful alone its gloom where, thwart those woods,
Howth smiles rejoicing midst his pomp of floods,
Thine only then, while winter's storm bereaves
Yon mean ash branches of their envious leaves;
Discourteous guard of that forbidding line
Where just their acres with thy acres join.
Yet why on cureless ills vain murmurings waste,
Or plaining brood o'er wrongs of lordly taste;

Oh blest in yon horizon's various round,
Bless'd in that mountain's long retiring bound;
Bless'd in the smile of Anville's woodclothed sweep,
And forest crown of haughty Merion's steep,
That o'er its subject regions towering, shields
From city smoke and care thy sacred fields;
And through the seasons' ever-circling train,
Hoar winter's frown and summer's roseate reign,
Bless'd still supreme in each bright joy that knows
The endearing transport of thy home repose;
The proud exuberance of thy glowing lawn,
Its breezy swell, its cherish'd shades withdrawn;
Thy frequent streams that with perennial wave
And lingering reverence the sooth'd meadows lave,
In murmuring peace their genial progress take,
Or smile expansive in their bosoming lake,
Around, above, whose lucid gladness spreads,
And radiant glories o'er the landscape sheds;
Clothes thy mild woodwalk gloom or terrace gay
With each lov'd colouring of the changeful day,
With brighten'd splendor cheers the orient beam,
Or breathes fresh magic o'er eve's parting gleam,
To each calm glade gives animation's mien,
And wakes to glow and life the wondering scene;
That sure to more than thee its joy displays,
While holier inmates greet its jocund blaze:
Full sure, as borne on evening's fragrant breeze
Joins the soft murmuring of the heaving seas,
Such hymn as custom'd forms * erst chaunted clear,
With heaven-lov'd spirits' mingling strains I hear,
While at each sacred swell symphonious flows
The charm'd accordance of earth's pleas'd repose;

* Kilmacud, the Irish appellation of the place generally, means "The Church of the Friars."

That as I hear, bids wake each great desire,
And kindles into glow seraphic fire;
Gives each vain discord of the breast to cease,
And stills each human passion into peace;
Through the thrill'd heart while purest transports roll,
To highest heavenward aim conforms the soul.

Blest seat! from thee diurnal drudge while borne,
And from thy shades of peace regretful torn;
Torn from each joy that glads thy social dome,
Each fond endearing charity of Home;
Torn from the influence of her charm serene
That beams high felt o'er all thy conscious scene,
Her sympathy that spleen's dread power beguiles,
And meed rich priz'd of her approving smiles;
From thy whole hoard of bliss while doom'd to part,
Bind still thy spells around my secret heart,
Nor e'er suspend their soft constraining power
Mid the vext gloom of Care's recurring hour:
Through crowds, through smoke, through fretful cankering toil,
Through all vicissitude of human coil,
Each fever'd throb, each fiercer wish control,
And fix thy empire o'er my willing soul;
Dispel vain fears, all earth-born hope refine,
And raise the mortal to a height divine.

Since such the fervors that thy peace invest,
Such their sure influence o'er thy votary's breast,
Bid thou me welcome still, glad seat of ease,
And breathe thou still thy hallowed power to please!

THE DREAM.

THROUGH many a night, with wakeful sighs
I watch'd the taper's sickly gleam,
'Till Sleep, in pity, closed my eyes,
And brought me such a—such a dream!

Methought, whilst my poor heart was venting
Its griefs, so often breath'd in vain,
I mark'd thy scornful soul relenting,
And saw thee weep—to see my pain.

And when, this pity to improve,
My rising hopes I dared to name;
I heard thee chide my trembling love,
Yet whisper—Ah! I feel the same.

Oh then how fondly I caress'd thee!
How wildly gazed upon thy charms!
How madly to my bosom press'd thee!
And died—aye, died within thine arms!

Thus—thus I triumph'd, haughty fair,
In spite of all thy barbarous pride!
Thus did thy very scorn prepare
The very raptures it denied!

Henceforth my soul shall comfort borrow
From this dear, fleeting, fancied bliss;
Shall patient bear its days of sorrow,
In hopes of one more night like this.

S. W. L.

A FAMILIAR EPISTLE

To F***** L*******, Esq.

SHOULD I resolve in verse to write,
* (In Pallas' and Apollo's spite),
I fear no mortal man would chuse
My homely pages to peruse;
But, with a thousand bitt'rest curses,
Damn both the poét and his verses.
Yet have I often tried your patience
With vague allusions and translations;
And tho' I write as never man did,
Still have I found you cool and candid;
To you then, free from cynic sneer,
I scribble without thought or fear,
Nor (tho' unaided by the Muse)
Tremble at Critical Reviews!
And now, altho' † with nose disjointed,
Au desespoir, quite disappointed,
I, as from hence you'll understand,
Have boldly "*taken pen in hand,*"

* In Pallas spite—invitâ Minervâ.
† With nose disjointed—an allusion to the old saying, "Your nose is out of socket."

To tell you, in a sad narration,
The horrors of my situation:
Hence do not falsely form conjectures
Of some as yet unheard-of lectures;
* Or wish to know what acquisitions
I've lately made—of impositions.

Tho' plagu'd to death with disputations
And *Ciceronian* declamations;
Trust me that ills far worse surround me,
Perplex, tease, vex, distress, confound me:
Worse e'en than those which poets say,
(*Horace*, and others of his day),
† "The thief *Prometheus* once attended,
"When he from Heav'n with fire descended,"
Know then, that *love*'s the sole occasion
Of my desponding situation,
And that the *summit of attraction*
Has well-nigh brought me to distraction:
But since 'tis your's, as all can tell,
The clouds of sorrow to dispel;
A truth, who doubts (if ought there be
Who dare dispute your pleasantry),
Send them to Brazen-nose, to *Towers*,
He'll vindicate your comic powers!
And, should a disbeliever crave it,
Would of this truth make affidavit,
"That tho' o'erwhelm'd with storms of woe,
‡ Or sighs steal out, or tears should flow;

* Or wish to know. Tu ne quæsieris scire.—*Hor.*

† For particulars of that unfortunate gentleman see Hor. Od. 9. or Ovid at large.

‡ Or sighs steal out, &c.

"Now sighs steal out and tears begin to flow."
Pope.—Essay on Criticism.

Yet spite of sorrow, when you're present,
Should he be hang'd he must look pleasant.*

With you then shall my hours be spent
In quips, and cranks, and merriment;
And Care (if e'er he should attack us),
We will resist with potent Bacchus.
But when the spring, all-genial season,
Has budding foliage spread the trees on,
We will nobiscum, aut amicis,
* " Sail ev'ry ev'ning up the Isis;
" Or rather, should it please our taste,
" In phætons to Woodstock haste."

Here as I waste the midnight oil,
And vainly till Parnassian soil,
Wrapt in a melancholy gloom
I mourn my love's untimely doom.
While undisturb'd by festive sound
Here sacred silence reigns around,
Save where some Fellow of the College
Visits the dome of classic knowledge,
Which once fair *Cloacina*'s seat,
Is now the Muse's dun retreat;
Or save, where on the house-top sprawling,
Wrapt in ecstatic caterwawling,
The tabby race, in am'rous play,
Pass many a pleasing hour away.

Oh would Calliope descend,
My humble verses to befriend;
Or would the maid of form divine
Inspire my breast with fire like thine,

* Sail ev'ry ev'ning, &c. Navibus atque
Quadrigis petimus bene vivere.—Hor.

Then would I sing of heroes taken,
Who could not wisely save their bacon.
Of *Harcourt* who, by * aid of Pallas,
Surpris'd great chieftains in his sallies;
Would tell of Sullivan's fam'd island,
Where ships stuck fast upon the dry land;
And, to the squadron's great confusion,
Sir Peter † met with a contusion. ‡
Or would the gracious maid *Urania*
Grant me to sing of fair Titania;
Then would I treat of light-heel'd fairies
Tripping 'twixt *Radcliffe* and *St. Mary's*;
While some with fist and stick belabour,
Aided by mouth and pipe, the tabor;
Some from the acorn sip the dew,
And some at *Corpus* visit you.

But soft, methinks a voice I hear
§ That checks me in my bold career,
Bids me attend to Wisdom's rule,
Nor out of season play the fool.
Yet may I safely tune my string
While trifling themes like these I sing;
But oh! would Fate for once propitious
Grant me th' enjoyment of my wishes,
‖ In humble track, and at a distance,
Devoid of Clio's kind assistance,

* By aid of Pallas. Aut ope Pallados.—Hor.
† Met with a contusion. See, if the reader think it worth while, that *gallant* Commander's Letter.
‡ This Epistle was written during the American war. ED.
§ That checks me, &c. Phœbus volentem prælia me loqui
Increpuit.
‖ At a distance. Longo sed proximus intervallo.

The loftier strains I fain would follow,
Of you, *Bathonia's* *, great Apollo.
Sweet bard of Avon, be my guide,
As down the stream of Fame I glide;
But if, by adverse tempests tost,
My bark, ill-fated, should be lost,
Drop the soft tear o'er my remains,
And mourn my loss—in elegiac strains.

T.

THE DEXTEROUS EVASION.

The Doctor was just on the very last stair
Towards the room of his Son, when of doxies a pair
Escap'd by the opposite door;
Whilst the youth had just time to lay hold of a book,
And in it—assuming a sanctified look—
He began most intently to pore.

When the Doctor beheld him, he cry'd, overjoy'd,
"To see you, dear Richard, thus wisely employ'd
Your affectionate father much pleases.
But what were you reading? Your Blackstone?" "Why, No, Sir,
I was merely beguiling an hour or so, Sir."
"But with what?" "Why some *Fugitive Pieces.*"

S. W. I.

* Great Apollo. Magnus Apollo.

BLINDNESS:

A POEM.

BY THE LATE ANNA SEWARD*.

LONG, for my circling years, the Lord of Day
Illum'd Creation with his glorious ray;
And long, of Youth and Health the rosy hours
Saw liberal Toil, with promisory powers,
Preparing against faded age the peace
Of modest competence, when strength might cease.
Then, as with cheerful hope my earnest sight
Imbib'd the blessings of the sacred light,
Slow on that sight the mists prelusive stole,
Dim, and more dim the gathering shadows roll,
Till, with the last thick drop, the visual boon
Sunk into darkness 'mid the blaze of noon!

How have I lov'd the changeful year to trace,
Each laughing beauty, each terrific grace!
To see gay SPRING her vital influence pour,
Green the bleak field, and gild the balmy shower;
Tint the young foliage with her tenderest hue,
And feed the opening flowers with richest dew.

* This Poem was written in February, 1806, at the request of an ingenious Engraver and Drawing-master, who lost his sight by the gutta serena in his 28th year, and was therefore obliged to change his profession for that of Music, under the patronage of the DUCHESS OF LEEDS.

Charm'd did I mark bright SUMMER climb the sky,
Leave half the river's pebbly channel dry;
On breathing meads the tufted hay-cocks pile,
'Till the ripe YEAR's consummate glories smile.

View'd jocund AUTUMN rear her rival sheaves,
With gold and purple tip the unfaded leaves;
Crown amber mornings with serenest noons
And night's dark zenith with protracted moons;
Shake the rich fruit from every loaded bough,
And with the wheaten wreath adorn her brow;
'Till colder gales the pal'd horizon roam,
And stain, and smear the gold-empurpled bloom;
While sweeping mists, conglobing as they pass,
Bend with their silent drops the long, coarse grass,
And turn, as on screen'd plat it timid blows,
To livid hue the lone and lingering rose;
Bare the rude thorns on all the russet hills,
And crust with ice the borders of the rills.
Pensive I mark'd when, with reverted eyes,
Disorder'd garments and foreboding sighs,
The last *fair* Season left hill, dale, and plain,
The yielded victims of the IRON REIGN.

Saw WINTER rove the desolated heath,
Swol'n floods arresting with petrific breath;
Send round the mountains all his winds to howl,
Pale the slow morn, and bid the long night scowl:
But oft the glowing hearth, the neat repast,
I saw, I felt *deride* his power to blast;
Since, if *without* the furious tempests pass,
Boom thro' the vales, and rattle on the glass,
Within was the gay talk, the flowing bowl,
And Friendship's smile, that *summer* of the soul.

Ah, dear vicissitudes! to *me* ye live
Only on Memory's record; yet ye give

The retrospective pleasure, ne'er to rise
In the sad FEW of *ever*-rayless eyes,
Whose infant orbs, not opening on the light,
From night maternal sprung to ceaseless night;
Lost to their sense each charm boon NATURE shows,
That dawns and spreads, that varies and that glows.

Then grateful let me prove, indulg'd to find
Exemption from those pangs which rack the mind,
Springing from foil'd solicitude to reach
What GENIUS cannot paint, nor WISDOM teach;
Pangs which the fruitless thirst to know inspires
With ever craving, never fed desires.

Comparing thus severer with severe,
Arrested be my groan, exhal'd my tear!
Yet, *yet* Creation stands a blank to *me*,
Her face now cover'd with a sable sea!
Still am I doom'd thro' life's rough paths to stray;
A long, depriv'd, and desolated way!

But, to relieve inevitable woes,
To my internal sight auspicious rose
A beauteous pair; MUSIC, the Maid sublime,
With stores increasing from the morn of Time;
Such melodies as, slowly rising, stole
On Saul's distracted sense with sweet controul,
'Till frantic Rage and fell Despair were flown,
And Hope resum'd her abdicated throne.

So MUSIC it was thine, by high behest,
To sooth and tranquillize the stormy breast,
Ere HARMONY began her mazy rounds,
Blending accordant and discordant sounds,
'Till, thro' the ear, the mingled currents roll,
One sweet, one perfect, one revolving WHOLE!

MARIA;

OR,

THE MOTHER'S DIRGE.

DIRGE THE FIRST.

BY WILLIAM CAREY, ESQ.

FROM bubbling streams, or springs that rise
In mountain grot, or willowy vale,
Bring water, while I close these eyes,
And kiss these lips so cold and pale.
From tufted grove and shadowy glen,
Untrodden by the feet of men,
From sedgy banks and fragrant fields
Bring every flower that Nature yields;
And scatter every breathing sweet
On lov'd MARIA's winding sheet.

Blest Spirit, newly freed from pain,
While o'er thy faded cheek I bend,
Belov'd, and watch'd, and wept, in vain,
A moment more thy flight suspend.
Behold, while hovering on thy wing,
With water from the silver spring
I wash thy limbs, I spread thy bier;
And lay thee down with many a tear,
Clad in thy shroud of spotless white,
To slumber through thy weary night.

Thy tender smile, thy soothing voice,
Thy playful innocence, no more,
Thy fond, fond mother shall rejoice:
Thy little dreams of joy are o'er.
Of all the graces of thy mind,
No token wilt thou leave behind:
No trace of thee will soon remain,
But, in this breast a mother's pain;
A mossy grave, an humble stone,
To tell thy years and name unknown.

MARIA;

OR,

THE MOTHER'S DIRGE.

DIRGE THE SECOND.

BY THE SAME.

How fragrant is the breath of Spring;
The lark and linnet, on the wing,
Their wild-wood carrols sweetly sing:
Oh list, how sweet, my Daughter!

The morning sky is ting'd with gold,
The landscape lovely to behold,
The groves their vivid buds unfold—
Awake, arise, my Daughter!

Art thou so fast in slumber bound?
And is thy chamber so profound?
So barr'd from light and clos'd from sound?
So cold thy bed, my Daughter!

No sun thy narrow house can cheer:
No spring, no summer, there appear,
No change of seasons marks the year,
No voice is heard, my Daughter!

No play-mate can to thee repair;
Thy bed no lov'd companion share;
The worm alone has entrance there,
The silent worm, my Daughter!

Of late, I mark'd on Avon's side,
The bending lilly's silver pride
Reflected in the chrystal tide:
And thought on thee, my Daughter!

Alas, in one revolving hour
A chilling blast, an angry show'r,
Beat down the lovely ruin'd flow'r—
How like thy fate, my Daughter!

Thy spring is past—it swiftly fled—
For pain and sorrow, on thy head,
The vial of affliction shed,
And blighted thee, my Daughter!

But ah, the graces of thy mind,
Thy sense and gentleness combin'd,
Thy looks of love, and voice so kind,
Can I forget, my Daughter?

Since I must quit this fatal place,
Oh could I once more view thy face,
And fold thee in a last embrace,
And press thy hand, my Daughter!

Or, could I ope thy lowly shrine,
And lay my burning cheek to thine,
The world, I think, I could resign,
And sleep with thee, my Daughter!

MARIA;

OR,

THE MOTHER'S DIRGE.

DIRGE THE THIRD.

BY THE SAME.

'Twas at this hour, this heavy hour,
But yesterday 'twas at this hour,
The beams of noon serenely shining,
When, yielding to the fatal Power,
My sweetest Flower
Droop'd low her head, her life resigning.

I watch'd her eye—that beauteous eye,
I watch'd the sun-set of her eye,
'Till Death o'er-shadow'd ev'ry feature.
I caught the long-drawn, struggling sigh,
The plaintive cry,
And last deep moan of parting nature.

Oh lovely May! sweet month of May,
'Twas in the merry month of May,
That Heav'n bestow'd my precious treasure;
I kiss'd her new-born tears away,
And bless'd the day,
With all a mother's pride and pleasure.

How bright my child, my dearest child!
While suckling thee, my dearest child,
The days of joy to joy succeeded!
When Hope upon my Angel smil'd,
The Winter wild
Pass'd howling o'er my roof unheeded.

Three years my breast, my flowing breast,
Three years, I gave to thee my breast;
The fountain of thy sweet nutrition:
My bosom was thy halcyon nest,
Thy nightly rest,
The haven of thy lov'd fruition.

In *Loda*'s bowers, her sunny bowers,
Light wreaths I wove in *Loda*'s bowers,
For thee upon the turf reclining;
Green buds refresh'd by genial showers,
With wild-wood flowers
The rose and hyacinth entwining.

But now, no more, ah never more,
Thy smile shall gladden me no more,
Thy pale remains from me they sever:
To-morrow—sweetest child, adieu!
From mortal view
The grave shall cover thee for ever.

TO A LADY.

SENT WITH HAMMOND'S LOVE ELEGIES.

I.

Let costly presents win the fickle fair,
Let heaps of wealth the sordid bosom move;
To thee, my Marian, no such gifts I bear;
I have no wealth, no treasure—but my love.

II.

Yet take (all I can give) these tender plaints
That breathe from Hammond's sweetly-mournful tongue;
Such as, beyond what Fiction feebly paints,
Nature inspires, and her Tibullus sung.

III.

Oft shalt thou steal to read in secret here,
When from all else but love thy thoughts are free;
Oft shalt thou drop the sympathizing tear,
And while thou pityest Hammond, think of me.

IV.

Oft too' whilst I in sorrow waste my youth
A wretched exile, far from thee and bliss,
Thou'lt kiss, perhaps, these pledges of my truth;
O Heav'n! that I could intercept that kiss!

V.

O! whilst on earth she bends her modest eye,
That I could gaze upon those blushing cheeks!
That I could, fix'd in silent rapture by,
Fondly devour each nectar'd word she speaks!

VI.

O ineffectual vows! O cruel doom!
From all my soul holds dear, so soon to part?
Meantime, perhaps, some lovelier youth may come
And drive me hopeless from my Marian's heart.

VII.

Yet rest, too credulous heart! my Marian swears,
That none, but me, shall in her bosom reign;
Farewell then, now farewell to all my cares!
Farewell to love-lorn Hammond's plaintive strain.

††

EPIGRAM.

TO A DULL STORY-TELLER.

You're proud, because when you relate
Your dull, long-winded stories,
From those who chance to hear you prate
Of laughter loûd the roar is.

But check your pride, egregious calf!
Believe my words are true—
It is not at your tale they laugh,
They only laugh at you.

R. A. D.

RUINS OF ATHENS.

BY THE REV. HENRY BOYD,

TRANSLATOR OF DANTE.

ARGUMENT.

Introduction. General proposition and division of the subject. Situations most favourable to freedom. Origin of Athenian Liberty. Effects of the Republican Spirit. Causes of the corruption of their Orators, Poets, and Philosophers, with its influence on their moral opinions.

OH! for a voyage to th' Antipodes,
Where over day's fair eye her flimsy toils
* The giant spider of Iberia spreads!
To see him trembling for the pendent woof,
And watching anxious, on the waving verge
Of his detested snares, with blood distain'd
Of poor Peruvian flies, lest with bold plume
The British eagle, soaring to the sun,
Should wing too near his long aerial flight
And sweep his meshes to the winds away!
Ye Equinoctial Isles! Taprobanè
And Java! send, Oh send your opiate drugs

* Written in the summer of 1790, at the time of the dispute with the Spaniards, about the trade of Nootka Sound.

Of drowsiest potency, the minds to lull
Of these fallen tribes, lest from their torpid trance
Britannia's thunder wake them! Envious night
Oh! draw your wide Cimmerian curtain round
Tenfold, lest on the optics of the soul
Deep-seal'd, the day star send her glance afar
And trouble their repose! For in the beam
Those phantoms flutter with unwelcome wing,
Which, like the forms that haunt the assassin's dream,
Proud Despotism abhors,—The sense of wrong,
Vindictive zeal and anger, manly scorn
Of adulation, love of equity,
And feeling for th' opprest; for these expand
The mind's infantine powers, and bid them grow
Soon to gigantic size, like the blest touch
Of bright Ithuriel's spear, by Milton sung.

With amorous ditties, such as Hindoo's God
Breathes in sweet magic o'er the softened clime,
Compose their slumbers! Her enervate notes
The Gallic muse will lend, which sooth'd the swains
Of Narbonne and Tolosa's tribes of yore.
* *They* can be spar'd, for now the Gallic muse
Flings by the Lydian flute, and thro' the trump
Breathes the long Eleutherian strain, that wakes
The startled nations round, to royal ears
Discordant, as the screech owl's fatal dirge
Which sung the fall of † DUNCAN. Oh! what change!

* Some warm expressions in favour of the aspect which, in 1790, the Gallic revolution seemed to exhibit will, perhaps, be pardoned by those who contemplated it nineteen years ago.
† Macbeth.

The royal Pedagogue has lost his rod!
His school is all broke loose! the very walls
Long echoing to his pupils' groans, are laid
Flat as the battlements of Jericho!
Ah ill-starr'd tutor, was it then for thee
To let thy train forsake thy rigid lore,
To join the Saturnalia of the West
And catch contagion from that * madding band,
Which claim'd a right of gamboling, unknown
To thee and thine? And now, like swarming bees
They "sport amid the liquid noon." Elate
With most triumphant minstrelsie, they scorn
The DUST abundant by thy minions flung
To check their wild excursions, and allure
The rebels to their hives. The tinkling tones
Redoubling from SEQUANA, and the din
From Liger's banks they scorn! for hark, afar
The Belgian swarm has burst away! no more
They dread the winged harbingers of ill.
Ah! may the rovers find the genuine flowers
That give the rich, mellifluous store, belov'd
By gods and men! for much I fear, the love
Of freedom long deny'd, may lead them on
To taste their bane in those seducing fields
Where grow the venom-breathing flowers, adorn'd
With lovely petals, whose alluring scent
Spread desolation thro' the Attic hives
And laid Hymettus waste! Oh for the muse
Of Maro, to direct your roving flight
Where no gay blossom lures the busy kind,
To vegetable poison, for the sweets
Of the wild-breathing thyme! Had he but liv'd
These wonders to behold, to spy the rise

* The Americans.

Of Freedom in the west, while Tyranny,
Terrific Dog star! rising with the sun,
And blasting half the zones, with lamp revers'd
And half extinguish'd fires, sullen retreats
To set in Indian seas, and shun the breath
Of the sweet balmy Zephyrean morn,
His lyre had then no gentle pæans tun'd
To CÆPIAS*, nor his consecrating spell
Embalm'd a man of blood. Yet still from him
Why may not we his lucid order learn
At least, altho' his raptures be deny'd?
Why may not we, tho' with a rustic hand
Limn a rude sketch of his didactic strain—
His theme must yield to ours, for cultur'd fields
Are less than cultur'd minds. Alas! the want
Of one whose song could dignify the theme!
Yet we may tell beneath what genial star
(As the majestic long Platonic year
Circled her constellations) in the soil
Of the prolific mind, the lib'ral seed
Was sown with sapient hand; how tall it grew
And mantled o'er the Attic Hills; how soon
The kindly germs of intellectual growth
With genial coalescence grafted there,
Acknowledg'd the paternal stock, elate
With Amaranthine blooms; what care produc'd
The legislator and the soldier's breed
Renown'd for patriot valour; how, at last
Fair Freedom's lamp went out; what genial cause
Its splendor best relumes, (as Maro's † swain
By immolated steers the swarms renew'd
Which Nemesis destroy'd;) what cautious skill
The propagation, tendence, nutriment

* Augustus. † Aristæus, see Virg. Geo. 4.

Of this ethereal seminary claim,
Which gives immortal vigour to sustain
The varying seasons, till old tyrant Time
Sooth'd by her charms, his deadly scythe resigns.
Conduct me, Clio! not to vine-clad hills,
Pasture of herbage deep, nor genial mould
That loves the plough, and pays the peasant's toil
'Till his wide granaries refund the store:
It was not there that Freedom first drew breath,
Tho' sometimes there she dwells. Oh may she dwell
Long on the banks of Liger! may she learn
To love the lowings of the lusty droves
And sport amid the vines! But on the verge,
The sea-beat verge, where old * Cecropia's hills
Over th' Ægean look with barren frown,
With † *us* she first saw light. Even now she loves
With light step o'er the lofty range to stray,
From the hill's breezy brow to catch the gale,
And listen to the carols of the lark
Which wakes the toiling train. She loves to brace
The nerves of her laborious band. From toil,
From hard necessity she bids them learn
How, from encroaching despots to defend
Their pittance, dearly earn'd, and firmly hold
With grasp of steel. Tho' in th' ungrateful soil
The vegetable tribes in pigmy files
Scarce colonize the long extended hills,
And clothe their giant limbs with scanty robe,
Let not their naked majesty be scorn'd;
For there, by sharp necessity compress'd,
Like flame by frost, with unoppressive might,
The mental energies ascend the sky,

* Attica, so called from Cecrops.
† Viz. in Europe.

* And oft, like meteors, o'er the cultur'd plain
Terrific hang. But from the lighter hand
Of him, who from the long, luxuriant vale
Her tribute culls with ease, unnerv'd by dread
The cheap-earned blessing falls, as cheaply lost;
Scar'd at the free-man's angry look he flies.
The freeman, in the bounty of the plain
Battens at ease, till slack'ning sloth untwines
Those nerves, that hurl'd the lance, or bent the bow.
Meantime to barren hills exil'd, the slave
From toil new strength obtains, the vig'rous task
Invigorates the mind, and down by hordes
Destructive as the torrent from the heights
Of Appenine, on their degen'rate foes
Once victors, down at once the vanquish'd come,
And vengeance, vengeance fires the cultur'd plain.

'Twas at that season when the pamper'd sons
Of Israel, scorn'd their Theocratic law,
And, drunk with licence, or in love with change,
Clamour'd for monarchy, just as the lamp
Of Liberty, to mortal vision lost,
Extinguish'd seem'd on CARMEL'S lofty brow,
Or in mid ocean setting, far above
The windy contest, and conflicting brine,
An Angel bore it with unruffl'd beam
To fair Cecropia's shore. (A nobler freight
Than his, who wafted o'er the Ægean main
His deities from IDA to the strand
Where the wide TUSCAN roars.) 'Twas then he saw,
He saw, and pitied, from Bœotia's plains,
By a fell band of Thracian pirates driven
Her antient habitants † in flying hordes,

* Frequent invasions of Asia by the Scythians.
† This is an historical fact.—See Pausanias in Atticis.

O'er wide Cecropia's limits, o'er her hills
In wild precipitance, till stretch'd afar
Below, th' interminable waste of waves
(Shipless, or by the solitary sail
Of Corsair only crost) impos'd a pause
On their disastrous flight. Not like the host
Of Israel, when the Red Sea stop'd their course,
Did they long stand aghast, but on their foes
Turn'd head and stood at bay. For mid their bands,
In show like a plebeian militant,
Walk'd their new guardian. " Stop your flight," he cries,
" Turn on your fell pursuers! Yonder pass
" Seize, and prevent the torrent of your foes
" Who to the rocky porch innum'rous pour,
" Which seems to court their entrance. From yon brow
" That glooms above the valley, downward sweep,
" And bid invasion tremble! At yon pass,
" Where, with fraternal frown, the hostile hills
" Menace above their heads, prevent their haste,
" And under rocky ruin thund'ring down,
Their ranks o'erwhelm!" They heard, their swelling hearts
In full concordance to the descant bold,
Danc'd a new measure: Like the rallying storm,
Which midst two mountains eddies on the plain,
They doubled on their foes. Their trembling foes
Over the long vales fled in loose array,
Or left their lives behind. Anon the song,
Of triumph rises, but the Pæan soon
Was dash'd with discontented murmurs, breath'd
From mingled voices round. " Why o'er those hills
" Delightless roam, or with repeated toil,
" Force the delusive glebe to render up

" Her scanty boon, ambiguous, hard to gain,
" And easy lost? Why not, with better hopes
" And better omens, while security
" With night and peace combin'd, have wrapt our foes
" In deep Elysian charm, with close intent
" And stealthy pace fall on them, and expell
" (As late expell'd) the ruffians from our homes,
" And to our homes return?"—But now began
A louder strain, as from no mortal voice,
Deep as the thunder's prelude heard afar,
And solemn as her tones. " Be those bleak hills
" Your home for ever! Here the sweeping storms
" Will bring you health and vigour, high resolves,
" Aspiring thoughts, and mental energy,
" Upon their frory pinions. Court no more
" TANAGRA'S bowers of bliss, the green retreats
" Thro' which ISMENOS wanders to the main
" Enchanted, ling'ring on with sweet delay;
" There live the SYRENS, there the LOTOS grows,
" Of which, whoever tastes, renounces straight
" The glorious image of the gods in man,
" His mem'ry and his worth. Be *that* revenge,
" To see your foes in these Circæan toils
" Entangled more, as each revolving moon
" Marks their embarrassment, till time itself
" Without your toil destroys them, or presents
" An easy prey."—They listen'd and obey'd.

Soon rose their hamlets on the breezy hills,
The Mother city by the toiling main
In rustic pomp ascends, unknown to fame:
For yet the length of the Piræan walls
Slept in the quarry, and the Attic name

No startling panic to the neighb'ring tribes
Brought in the sound. The long Hymettian vales,
Each held her band of harmless villagers,
Whose sole ambition was to turn the glebe,
To prune their olives, or their flocks attend,
Or on a festive morn, in ruſtic glee,
To foot the green sward morrice, or to share
The smoking victim by the simple Fane.
These future arbiters of nations, doom'd
To bear the freighted thunders of the state
From old Pelorus to the Caspian bound,
Nurst by content, with unambitious aim,
Follow'd their task inglorious, nor perceiv'd
That unextinguishable spark within
With horrible displosion doom'd to shake
The thrones of Elam, * to their basis deep.
Oft with mute rapture, on the Ægean wave,
Its fluid mirrour to the purple dawn,
Unfolding wide, they gaz'd, unconscious then
Of their own dawning triumphs, yet involv'd
In Time's prolific womb, o'er these blue waves,
And mid those cloud-cap'd isles, to break away,
In glory like the springing morn. But now
Ægides' † mind, the glowing thought inspires
To raise his people o'er the neighb'ring tribes,
To bid them taste the deep enchanting cup
Of liberty, and feel their powers expand
From the nectareous draught. From woody haunts
The valley's deep recess, the sunny hill
And river's brim, much wondering at the call,
They reach the city; here the mountain tribes
Salute their brethren of the shore, and learn

* Persia. † Theseus.

From them in rustic wonderment, the tale
Of things beyond the deep. The distant bands
Late by the deep morass or rocky mound,
Or swelling river, each from each disjoin'd,
In hostile inroad oft commingling, meet
In amity at last. Love's rosy dawn
Dispels th' unsocial gloom. The rustic bard,
Whose song had charm'd the village, half confus'd
And flush'd with modest diffidence, his lyre
For a more num'rous audience strings anew.
The woodland orator, who pleaded oft
The cause of the wrong'd hamlet, wielding bold
His petty thunders in the rustic ring
Of sun-burnt sages, thunder-struck himself
Mute and benumb'd, a theatre surveys
Whose vastitude appalls him. But when fate
Had clos'd the reign of Codrus, and the laws
Were sanctioned by the people's vote, he learn'd
A bolder key, and taught the ductile crowd
To spurn at kings. O muse, attune thy lyre
To bolder measures! dart thy visual ray
Beyond the limits of a mortal's glance,
To that dark region, where the spirits dwell,
Whose potent breath in this sublunar scene
Swells up th' imperial bubble, till it breaks
Spontaneous, or before a stronger gale
Evanishes to nothing. There, a power
Malignant still to man, averse to worth,
To virtue, and to happiness, beheld
Th' unfolding glories of Cecropia's state,
Then thus, pernicious in his views, addrest
The Denizens of darkness, leagu'd of old
With him, to dash the councils of the just,
With mingled venom. " Haste! inspire the crowd

" With dread of lordly rule! inflate their pride,
" Kindle their claims, till on the brink they stand
" Of wildest Anarchy, thus to defeat
" The views of our great enemy, and turn
" His favour'd purpose from its noblest aim.
" (As always was our use)—cross not his views
" But seem to second them, and fill the sail
" With every breath, till the encreasing storm,
" O'ersets the vessel of the state. Their claims
" Of freedom shall inflate their pride, till earth,
" Sea, air, and even the ample cope of heav'n,
" Seem all too little for their dignity,
" While DUTY is forgot, or only lives,
" Among the sages of the wrangling schools
" Contemn'd, except the few and scanty rules,
" By strict necessity, or fate impos'd;
" Without whose powerful bond, society
" And law, would sink in dissolution lost.
" So shall the name of freedom be revil'd
" And heaven's best blessing for th' abuse despis'd."
Now the dark spell the demagogue inspires,
And wins it passage thro' the kindling crowd;
Beneath the soft adulatory breeze,
In ev'ry breast the genial notion spreads,
Of *his own* consequence, the claims of man,
The thought that scorns dependance, love of truth,
Hate of tyrannic sway, then thirst of pow'r
To curb all tyrants, while the demon's hand,
Ambition's tares, and love of conquest sow'd,
Midst the celestial growth. Another form
The wizard now assum'd; in suppliant guise,
From fair Ionia's flowery verge he came,
With loud complaints of Persian tyranny,
And ill beseeming bonds by Grecians worn.

Then, * wafted on the cool nocturnal breeze,
That ushers in the dawn, ideal pomp
Of oriental triumphs, beauteous slaves,
Barbaric gems and gold, the rustling pride
Of Asian looms, with gaudy interchange
Haunted their dreams. And there the viewless hand
Bade the cool Zephyr thro' the spicy grove
Whisper at will; and all the mingled stores
Of the Assyrian summer, with the pride
Of India's aromatic world, beneath
The burning line, displayed. The gorgeous view
Kindled imagination, woke the flame
Of young ambition, from her slumbers call'd
The dormant fiend, pale avarice, ne'er again
To know a tranquil hour. "To arms! to arms!"
The thronging passions call'd: to arms they flew;
† Niphates trembled, and the horny flood
Of Tigris, shrunk beneath his oozy bed,
To hear the distant din: the distant din
Was not an empty menace. In the flames
Of Sardis the Memnonian towers beheld
Their coming doom: soon levied, but in vain,
From distant Susa to the Hellespont
The congregated East her fury spent,
On martial Europe. That unmanly crowd
Was stubble to the flame which burst abroad
Involving land, and main. And now the pride
Of conquest, and of independance, wak'd
By stern collision, in the mutual shock
Of popular contention, took the lead
And humbled Greece herself, while far above

* Influence of the Invasion of Persia on the Greeks.
† Commencement of the Persian war.

Its former pitch their intellectual powers,
Alike sublim'd in science and in taste
Majestic rose. Religion *yet* preserv'd
Some influence o'er the soul; her lifted hand
Still to the bleeding patriot shew'd the palms,
That shade Elysium, and the wreaths prepar'd
To bind his beamy locks beyond the tomb.
Still in the temple nurst, the tuneful bard,
Paid for his education by his lyre,
To heav'nly themes attun'd, and virtuous lore,
Which warm'd alike the soldier and the sage,
In studious groves inspir'd, or fighting fields,
To win the meed of everlasting fame.
But other poets with their mortal strains
Forgetful of their heav'nly origin,
And privilege, profan'd them both, and fed
The vilest passions with Circæan song,
Bland, or incentive; and the sacred lore,
Which first the savage tribes their duties taught
Forgot, or scorn'd. The heav'n-taught orator
With fulminating power possess'd, to rouse
The bury'd majesty of mind, that scorns
The despot's frown, and from his lion gripe
Reclaims the spoils of man, with magic spell
Oft call'd the wand'ring particles to life,
That frame the rising state: his warmth inspir'd
The moulded form. With Promethean fire
Instinct, the glorious resurrection rose
And shook the world. But far, oh far unlike
His boasted sire, the spurious demagogue,
In periods all mellifluent as the stores
Of antient Hybla, pour'd his varied strain!
He lull'd them with soft topics fram'd to soothe
Their swelling pride; or fir'd with fancy'd wrongs:

He taught, that o'er the fall'n to tyrannize,
Oppress, and plunder, to their stores to bring
* Th' accumulated riches of the isles,
That mourn'd the loss in vain, was what they ow'd
Their own supernal worth, their well earned post,
As guardians of the state. The lesson fell
Not in unheedful ears, Ambition learn'd
Beneath the sacred mask of liberty
To roam at large, and Avarice close behind,
Usurp'd the rev'rend form of public care.
Now moody discontent began to fire
The plunder'd provinces, vindictive rage
Lour'd in the red horizon round, nor less
The sons of Athens with undaunted brow,
Beheld the gathering storm. By far too mean
For Attic pride it seem'd to own a fault,
Or promise retribution. Right and wrong
(Imaginary limits !) were forgot,
Or, if remember'd, scorn'd. The claims of state
The claims of pride, (their sole criterion now,
Of moral arbitration,) urg'd them on
The menace to anticipate, † and dare
(Tho' foremost in offence) the first to wield
The keen vindictive sword. Then roam'd abroad
In all its tyrant majesty the pow'r,
Of savage INDEPENDENCE, unrestrained
By virtue or religion. Ruthless deeds,
Which level humankind beneath the tribes
That roam the moonlight wilds in search of blood,
Disgrac'd the triumphs of the Grecian world.

* During the Persian war, the Athenians were entrusted with the collection, from the different states, of the taxes to carry it on. Their abuse of this power was a principal occasion of the succeeding civil wars of Greece.

† Vide Thucydid. L. i.

Beneath the vizor of their country's love,
Ambition burn'd, with overweening pride,
And keen exterminating rage unquench'd
With less than seas of blood, tho' unincens'd
By any wrongs, but dire necessity
Of war alone. Their clear, enlighten'd heads,
And hearts, with hatred fir'd, a spectacle
Of hideous contrast to the loathing eye
Of heaven presented. In less ample bound,
And still less ample, (in her love to man)
Heaven gave her rage to range. In vain she strove
To subjugate the oriental powers;
When virtue left her shores, her sway had been
No blessing, but a curse. In vain she tryed
Her freedom to preserve, when justice fled
And moderation was no more. What then
Was freedom to a madding multitude
Unprincipled, by every demagogue
That knew the Syren spell, calm'd, or enflam'd
At will?—What was it but the ruffian law
Which Æol gives the winds. When Corus storms,
"Boreas, and Cæcias, and Argestes loud!"

Such was the fam'd Athenian Liberty,
When * the mild sun of Aristides set
And left her dark, at random to direct
The steerage of the state, and such must be
For ever the result, when popular pride
Or popular frenzy by the soothing charm
Of artful demagogue, or bard enflam'd
Soars to a moon-struck height. We still must own
That oft conspicuous, every mental charm
Blooms in the genial soil: fair intellect

* When the influence of his counsels was lost.

And fancy there their golden fruits display
In wild luxuriance to the charmed gaze,
There talents were not lost. No merit pin'd
Unknown. Emerging on the buoyant flood
Of wide fermenting freedom up they soar
And wanton in the tempest; but with them
Ascend the passions too and give the scene
A double tint of horror. There the claims
Of man, in his extravagance of pride
Or drunk with rage, in wildest conflict meet;
And all are heard in turn, and all in turn
Prevail. The milder offices of love
The fruits of social compact, which adorn
And dignify the man, are all contemn'd,
Postpon'd, or quite forgot—Yet heaven forefend
The Muse should taint with blame those heavenly boons,
Given to her parent Freedom, tho' disgrac'd
By wild excess, for oft the noblest things
Degenerate to the worst. Heaven meant, perhaps,
By proud Ambition's splendid scenes, (her claims
Tho' heightened by vindictive rage) to rouse
The dormant thought, the vapid mind to wake
Its fires, to bid the mental engine play,
And give it that unwearied spring, design'd
The grandest movements to support. The Bard
And Demagogue with potent breath combin'd *
Her vital energies preserv'd. But here
Had moderation given her cooling drop
Too soon, to check the process, had the state
Sunk in the dead calm of domestic bliss,
And, listening to the lore of virtue, furl'd
Her banner, and her civic garland flung

* See Postscript to the Poem.

Away, perhaps the disappointed world
Had never heard the animating call
Of eloquence, had ne'er enjoy'd the strain
Of Sophocles, or his, whom * Pella nurst,
Or † his, whose javelin pierced the Tyrant's lines
At Marathon. Fair science and the arts,
Perhaps had languish'd in their favourite clime.
They love to lift their proud heads in the storm,
And wave sublime amid the windy war
Of popular fury and contending states.
From the conflicting clouds that, justling seem
To brew destruction to the subject world,
They drink the nimble lightning, and return
Th' electric bounty with ambrosial fruits,
Beyond whatever bent Hesperia's boughs.
HENCE bright examples to the following times
Hold out their animating lamp, and light
The spark of Emulation. Hence the tribes
Of Thule catch the academic glow,
In viewless wafture, o'er opposing climes.
Yet, what avails each intellectual charm,
The fervid emanations of the soul
Met all in bright assemblage, all sublim'd,
Ay art and nature all intensely bent,
To some grand purpose?—All is vanity—
An idiots breath, that labours to exalt
A bubble in the sun, when virtue fails
To give the grand consolidating charm
On pure RELIGION rais'd, her firmest base.
  Oh Pallas, worshipp'd by Cecropian swains,
Patron of independence, arts and arms,
All hail! the touch of thy celestial spear
Gave to the Attic mind expansion due

* Euripides. † Æschylus.

Thy bright associations to receive,
And in one comprehensive view to blend
Far distant things. No vulgar images
Play'd on their kindling fancies, and enlarg'd,
(Not with a gradual slow ambiguous hand)
Their apprehensions, but with plastic touch
From grandest objects group'd with happiest skill,
Sublim'd their mental faculties, and rais'd
To Demigods, these favourites of the skies.
Caught for a moment in the tyrant's net
They spurn'd th' insidious wile, and broke away,
Like the young lion from the silken snare.
The mighty image of their brethren's wrongs
Came in the visions of the night, unbid,
And troubled their repose. In contrast bright
With them the pictur'd scenes of glory came
Conquest and wide dominion, and the spoils
Of Persia, borne above the swelling surge,
With most triumphant wafture. Thence the glow
Of moral indignation, with the hopes
Of wild ambition mingling in the mind,
Due fermentation gave, the noblest fund
For gen'rous deeds or glories; mix'd indeed
With baser lees. But these terrestrial dregs,
Gave colour and consistence to the whole;
Due byas and direction; else debas'd
Within the nameless verge of savage life,
Or broken down in spirit, they had quak'd
Before some homebred tyrant. Ye who tend
The first disclosures of th' ingenuous mind,
With cautious hand the noble germs unfold!
Warm them with all that opes the mental powers,
Fair prospects, noble claims, examples bright,
Like spring inspiring vegetable life,
Benignant breathing o'er a waste of blooms!

Stern precept, still with unrelenting hand
Apply'd, perhaps would chill the noble growth,
And close the blossoms, like the cutting gale
Which dries the virgin tears of gentle May,
And leaves the soft-ey'd Goddess of the Spring
A spectre of despair. A skilful hand
It needs, to give the infant passions play,
To cherish hope, to bid ambition rise;
The baleful look of envy to illume,
With emulation's ardent glance; to rouse
And keep them in due government, like him
Who curbs the wild winds in their mid career.
By the judicious glimpse of distant claims
The little sage and champion are inspir'd
With hope to generous and heroic deeds;
Their various duties from their various claims,
Are best unfolded. What from them is due
They soonest learn by opening their young minds
To noblest expectations, fairly formed
From their original and destin'd end.
We sung before the noble lessons taught
To the Athenians by their gifted bards,
Till Clio turn'd a Parasite and fir'd
Their minds, by flattery's spell, to proud demands
And ruthless deeds. We sung the demagogue,
The friend of public virtue first, but soon
The minister of vengeance and of pride
Soothing the lawless crowd, for sordid ends
Of self. * Ye bloody and disastrous scenes,
Each day disclos'd, while thro' his annual range
Full thirty times yon star diurnal roll'd,
Ye shew the triumphs of inflated pride
Without the sense of duty! Not the bands

* The Peloponnesian war.

That roam the western wilds, and oft carouse
In kindred gore, a feller picture show'd
Than this illumin'd, haughty race, elate
With freedom, fame and intellectual rank,
Above the Grecian and Barbarie name.
Not a less perilous effect pursu'd
This over-weening spirit, when they chose
To cultivate their reason, and to learn
Minerva's lessons from their sages' voice,
The voice of stern philosophy, no less
Was tun'd to adulation, than the strains
Of temporizing demagogues and bards:
Their taste fastidious long'd for nectar'd sweets,
Fine theories, by artful sophistry
Disguis'd, and florid fictions to allure
Their steps, that scorn'd the bare and beaten road
Of truth. Not yet the heavenly Day-spring rose
That lights the world: And Reason's glimm'ring ray
His substitute was oft abus'd and scorn'd.
Hence (to allure and court the madding crowd)
Not in the search of truth, but in pursuit
Of fame, their sages trim'd the midnight lamp.
Each sophist seem'd ambitious to explore
The sovereign good; all seemed, but were not all
Her votaries sincere. By some the light
Of truth eternal seem'd obscur'd, and lost
* In endless disputation, to allure
The list'ning multitude with endless trains
Of sophistry, till even the mighty power
Of HIM who governs all below, was call'd
In question. † Some to pleasure's flowery path
Their sensual pupillage beguil'd; the rest

* Platonists and Sceptics. † Epicureans.

* By Zeno's lore elated, felt their pride
Expand to wild extravagance; the cause
The same in all; for every sage was bent
To please with gaudy forms, or smooth conceits
The general ear, ambitious, each from each
To gain the palm of eloquence, not truth,
And rise triumphant o'er the rival school.
Thus errour oft was veil'd in specious mask
Of beauty, not her own, and led the mind
By shews of seeming good, and seeming fair,
Far from her destination. Reason hence
Due comprehension gain'd, by exercise
Strengthned, tho' much deprav'd; but the fine sense
Of public honour glow'd no more, by vice,
By sordid interest, or by sensual joy
Debas'd. Oh happier far, when from the bard
Tho' spoil'd by fiction, tho' by flattery
Disguis'd, they learn'd *some* useful truths! at least
The power of providence they *then* confess'd;
In human things they saw the hand of heaven
Reaching to this sublunar scene. The hope
Of palms elysian, or the wholesome dread
Of penal retribution, o'er their minds
Still a faint influence held. But now, their chiefs
Were Atheists; and by private views alone
Directed, let the laws relax, or bound
Their vassalage in stricter bonds, depraved
And by corruption broken to the chain.
Then the sly † Macedonian took his time,
And like the fabled Jove, with showers of gold,
Thro' the proud fort of public honour won
His easy way. For years on years they pin'd

* Stoics. † Philip.

Beneath his yoke and his successors, fallen,
Fallen from their haughty rank, yet haughty still,
Tho' parasites; elate in thought, they scorn'd
The victor whom they flatter'd. Still their schools
Maintained the palm of eloquence, their bards
Unrivall'd trode the comic stage, tho' shorn
Of their first honours—still in stratagems
Of wordy war they gloried, tho' the shield
The dinted shield of Marathon was hung
On high, and mad Bellona's trump was mute.
Thus while that liberal spirit, which oppos'd
Tyrannic power, was nurtur'd, while the range
Of reason was enlarg'd, the lurking pest
Still min'd within, and blasted all their views;
For still the ONE THING NEEDFUL was away,
That over-weening spirit to subdue,
Which oft suggested they were *more* than men
When they were *less;* for still beyond, or short
Of the right mark they aim'd, of that best guide
Which clears the mental eye, bereft.—Tho' far
Their glory spread; tho' high their spirit flam'd;
Tho' intellectual fame, was all their own,
The Muse's charm, and all the various arts
That sweeten or embellish life; the GUIDE
Of life itself was wanting, to restrain
Their passions, and their habitudes to form
To virtuous lore. This failing, down they sunk,
Down, with accelerated force! Even then
When to its highest pitch their glory swell'd,
'Twas but the false reflection of a day;
Or, like th' embroidery of yon western clouds,
Beryl and ruby, when the slanting beam
Of Sol, fast journeying to the nether climes,
The proud pavilion of mild Eve adorns

With fading glories.—Is it then in fate
This gravitation of all human things
From bad to worse, before they re-ascend?
Must they, still varying like the seasons, change
From summer's livery to the faded vest
Of autumn, and the naked majesty
Of winter, ere the sun returning, climbs
The vernal signs again? And must the mind
Lie fallow thus for ages, ere the seeds
Of intellect and sentimental worth
Be sown? And oh! what countless weeds disgrace
The noble crop! A wilderness of tares
Marring the bounteous harvest! Say, is this
The lot of man?—Oh let not thoughtless men
Repine! This constitution, tho' severe
It seems, by sovereign wisdom was bestow'd,
And bears the marks of sovereign goodness still.
We were not fix'd in this sublunar vale,
This twilight of the intellectual world,
To walk by Reason's pure *abstracted* light,
And guide our wand'ring steps by her strict rule;
Where, at the best she deals a clouded beam.
Our progress here, without one devious turn,
At her behest to guide, is not by man
Attainable. The sight of other's harm,
The pungent memory of our own, engraves
The moral lesson deeper in our hearts
Than pure abstracted reason ere could pierce.
The cause is obvious—tho' the intellect
By Reason's rigid precepts be inform'd,
Like bright Arcturus rising, clear, and cold,
It lights, but fails to warm us. Torpid, still,
And deep entranc'd, the slumb'ring mind remains,
Tho' seemingly awake, with eyes unseal'd,

Like * Dante's prisoners in the wintry gulph
Below, beneath the bitter blast reclin'd,
Whose beamless eye-balls glare with frozen tears.
But when *example* wakes our sympathy,
And bids the current of our feelings flow,
Or, for our own, or others' numerous ills,
It mixes kindly with our inmost souls;
Kindles our sensibility, awakes
Our moral feelings, and with prudence join'd,
Cements, and forms, and to consistence brings
Benevolence, else vague, and apt to fleet
Away, like shadows of a morning beam.
Besides, it gives our intellectual powers
More scope for action, with attention deep
To recognize past errors, and to spy
Where first the unalarming speck began,
That ripen'd to disease: the narrow vent
Whose imperceptible small breach let in
The tumbling deluge, ere the flaw was fear'd.
Hence, by analogy we learn to guide,
Or the republic, or our home concerns,
With better caution arm'd, to shun the shelves,
And lurking shoals that wreck'd our hopes before.
The various calls of life, the calls of state
Forbid delay, and scarcely leave us time
For due deliberation. We must act
Often on dubious views: when reason fails
Our best guide is experience. This, tho' late,
Points out the imperfection of our plans,
Bids us unravel all our former work,
And, like Penelope, begin anew.

* Inferno, C. 32.

POSTSCRIPT

TO THE

RUINS OF ATHENS.

THOUGH under a republic, talents may exhibit themselves by much more astonishing exertions than in a monarchy; yet in monarchies, arts and sciences have oftener found their origin than in republics; and in monarchies, their use is more generally extensive, and beneficial. Examples are obvious. Astronomy took its rise in Chaldea, geometry in Egypt. And though poetry and eloquence rose to perfection in Greece and Rome, and though we allow that the bards and orators of later days were only imitators of Homer, and Demosthenes, it is yet to be tried, * whether the splendid exhibitions of Mirabeau are equally beneficial to society, with the humble labours of a *Flechier*, or a *Saurin*.

The common argument for a democracy, from the corruption of courts, may readily be retorted: the cause of corruption is power, diffuse that power among the people, without a necessary constitutional restraint, and partial corruption becomes general. The court of Persia was depraved in many instances, but the manners of the people were much more pure than those of the contemporary Greeks themselves: for particulars see HERODOTUS. It is to be observed also, that where the Persians' religion was established, it admitted of no intercommunity of foreign rites or foreign opinions—the general cause of popular corruption.

* The reader must not forget that this was written at the commencement of the French Revolution. The trial *has* been made, fatally for Europe, which is now suffering under the lamentable consequences. ED.

1809.

TO MRS. F*******

No more from Henrietta's eyes,
From every grace the fair that arms,
Bid me retire with caution wise,
Nor brave her conquering charms.

Yet, ô my Friend! had not my soul
To Beauty's power been clos'd by Fate,
I sure had own'd *her* sweet controul,
And you had warn'd too late.

For I upon her lovely mien
Have gaz'd; her voice my ear retains;
And he who once has heard and seen,
Must wear eternal chains.

But I from thraldom's dread am free,
Not even *her* magic can prevail;
Nor could my heart securer be
If cas'd in ten-fold mail.

The force of Love I well may scorn;
His time to wound my breast is o'er,
For every nerve of feeling torn,
I now can feel no more.

Love, Fame, Ambition, all forgot,
There's nought on earth my wishes crave
But one calm, sacred, narrow spot;
That spot, the silent grave.

R. A. DAVENPORT.

IMITATION

OF THE

FIRST PYTHIAN OF PINDAR.

(FRAGMENT.)

BY LEIGH HUNT, ESQ.

As it is seldom found in English Pindarics, that the Strophe and Antistrophe are without the Epode, I think some reason should be given for the exclusion of the latter stanza from the following Ode. In the original we have the three stanzas, i. e. the Strophe, Antistrophe, and Epode, entire; but Pindar knew not the fetters of rhyme: he could weave such words into one line and such into another without stopping the rapidity of composition: his humble translator found that the alteration of the metre from the Strophe and Antistrophe necessary to form the Epode was a very troublesome bar to the rapidity of *his* composition, and that it was much easier to move forwards in the regular and uniform metre of Strophe and Antistrophe, than by turning out of the way to find a different harmony. West in his translation of this very Ode confines himself to the Decade, as the metre less difficult to him *at that minute* than the varied stanza of the original: for latitude and variation of metre is not always an assistant of composition, unless in an irregular blank poem, like that for instance of Mr. Southey, entitled 'Thalaba', which, by the by, has scarcely a more distinct division of metrical numbers than the effusions of the Son of Fingal, and in my humble opinion, would have an infinitely more extensive number of readers, if it were printed in the manner of prose, like Ossian and Telemachus.—But that the usage of the

Strophe and Antistrophe alone may not seem unprecedented among our English Bards, we have only to produce an Ode of a sublime poet, in which a single Strophe and a single Antistrophe are the only two stanzas; the Ode to Mercy, by Collins: Pindar himself sometimes rejects the Epode, as in the sixth and last Pythian Odes, and the last Olympic, which is Monostrophaic, and consists of two Strophes entirely differing in metre.—After all, when we consider, that Odes are now no longer danced to; (for the profession of a Poet in these days is not quite so joyous) that we have no movements round the altars from left to right, &c. &c. to express the motion of the spheres and planets; and that the Strophe (στρεφω) and Antistrophe (αντι-στρεφω) took their names from and entirely depended on these movements, it would rather be judged proper to expel these stanzas, or rather their titles, from modern lyrics; and indeed I should think it my duty to take my leave of them at once, were it not that I have as sincere a wish as any translator or imitator of Pindar ever indulged, that the *regularity* and *harmony of measure* in his works should be particularly impressed upon the minds of those, who imagine that the Ode on the Passions, St. Cecilia's Day, or any other irregular Ode in the language, is a true and excellent imitation of the Theban's manner, and that the disproportioned, uncertain, and perplexed metre of Cowley is justly dignified with the title of Pindaric. As these gentleman cannot read the Greek of Pindar, (for if they could, they would not have entertained their *irregular* notions so long) let them turn to his animated translator West, or the original Pindarics of Collins and Gray, and they will find, that the feet of one Strophe stand in the exact position of those of the other; that the Strophe and Antistrophe are always of equal length; and that the harmony of the second Epode, whether it's lines vary or no in itself, only repeats the harmony of the first.

Χρυσεα φόρμιγξ, Απόλλωνος καὶ ἰοπλοκάμων
σύνδικον Μουσᾶν κτίαγμα, &c.

STROPHE Ist.

Harp of gold, thou joy divine
Of Music's lord and the Aönian maids,
Whose tresses thro' the beaming glades
Bright with the glossy violet darkly shine;
* Thrill'd with thy strain, the mirthful dance
Bids it's entwining charm advance;
And when deep murm'ring from thy full-swept string
Strong gales the swelling prelude fling,
Thy raptur'd choir the sign obey,
And pour the hosts of sound thro' Heav'ns unfathom'd way.

ANTISTROPHE Ist.

† Quenching it's eternal fire
The light'ning sinks with all it's shafted light;
The lord of the aërial flight
Nods on the sceptre of th' immortal Sire;

* Gray has imitated the original thought of these lines in the Ist Epode of his Progress of Poetry;

Thee the voice, the dance obey
Tempered to thy warbled lay—

is manifestly the

τας αχυτι μεν βασις, &c.

of Pindar.

† Gray has imitated more closely the original of these lines; his Editor thinks, weakly: but I cannot conceive this;—though

And dropping down on either side
His mighty plumes in yielding pride,
O'er his bent visage and his orbs of flame
Dark shadows pour in thrilling dream;
Whelm'd in the' impetuous stream of sound,
He lifts his arching back and drops in sleep profound.

STROPHE II.

Wisdom and the melting Muse
Together mingle a resistless charm;
* The lord of battle drops his arm,
And heav'nly souls their loftier fancies lose.

he has omitted one beautiful phrase, βλεφαρων απο κλαιοντι, which the attentive West has but poorly translated, if I remember right;

While gentle sleep his closing eyelid seals;

besides the entire omission of that majestic description of the posture of the royal bird while dropping to slumber,

ὁ δε κυανοσσων
υγρον νωτον αιωρει, &c.

yet I cannot but think, that Pindar is not a little indebted to his imitator for the translation of his κελαινω πιν δ' επι οι νεφελαν &c. which our Bard has thus rendered;

Quench'd in dark clouds of slumber lie
The terror of his beak and lightnings of his eye.

* Και γαρ βια-
ται Αρης, τραχειαν ανεσθε λιτων
ιγχειων ακμαν, ιαινει καρδιαν
καματι.——

Gray has numbered this also among the powers of harmony;—

On Thracia's hills the lord of War
Has curb'd the fury of his car,
And dropp'd his thirsty lance at thy command.

* But they, from whom immortal Jove
Has turn'd his radiant smiles of love,
Whether in earth or Ocean's dark profound
Hear Discord shriek in ev'ry sound.
Such he †, the Gods' relentless foe,
Fills the Tartarean gulph with howls of madd'ning woe.

ANTISTROPHE II.

Fierce with hundred-handed strength,
And raging with a hundred mouths of pain,
He, loud and irefully insane,
Dashes with chains of fire his mighty length.
To him of old Cilicia's cave
A refuge for existence gave.
Now Cuma, wild with circling Ocean's roar,
And hot Sicilia's angry shore,
And Ætna's column, lord of air,
Weigh on his shaggy breast pond'rous and huge despair.

STROPHE III.

Where the beams of day expire,
From darkling caves big with horrendous shade,
Fierce hissing o'er it's gleaming head
Spout flames of wild intolerable fire.
Mingling the rolling smoke with gold
The blazing sulph'rous sheets unfold;

* Horace seems to ascribe to music a very different effect on wicked minds. Vide Od. II. Lib. 3.

† Typhæus.

And oft the volvent flames sublimely bright,
Breaking the dread repose of night,
Deep in the wave with wildest crash
Torn from th' ardurous rock the fearful splinters dash.

ANTISTROPHE III.

Lifting short his painful head
The huge Vulcanian Monster hurls on high
Tremendous whirlpools to the sky;
When bleeding on the flint's sharp rugged bed,
And howling underneath his woods
An echo to the sulph'rous floods,
He clothes the purple rock with clotted gore.
Deep list'ning to his fearful roar
Th' Etnëan Genius lifts his awful eye,
And shakes the rocky steep, and thunders thro' the sky.

EPIGRAM.

When the Devil engaged with Job's patience in battle,
Tooth and nail strove to weary him out of his life,
He robb'd him of children, slaves, houses, and cattle;
But, mark me—he ne'er thought of taking his wife.

But Heaven, at length, Job's forbearance rewards;
At length double wealth, double honour arrives;
Heaven doubles his children, slaves, houses, and herds—
But we don't hear a word of a *couple of wives*.

S. W. I.

RETROSPECTION,

Movemur, nescio quo pacto, ipsis locis, quibus, quorum admiramur, adsunt vestigia. CICERO.

STROPHE I.

O! that to yonder sphere of light,
That scorns the mountain's crested height,
Where never eagle dipt her plume in gold,
Upborne on wings of rapture I might soar,
The world beneath with tranceful gaze behold,
Then close my eyes in night, and see no more!
So might I from those frozen snows,
Where Norway's son's disdain repose,
To where with blood-shot eye, and tusked mouth,
Laps the fierce boar the billows of the South,
With panting soul, and orbs that mock at space,
Each deedful scene of earth, that Fame has stampt, retrace!

ANTISTROPHE I.

Yet whither, whither shall I turn
The ardour of my longing eyes,
Yonder, where Lybian deserts burn,
Or there, where Alpine ramparts rise,

Or where, of kingly floods supreme,
Nile rolls his many-mouthed stream;
Or Scylla holds, with savage sway,
Its wild, unvoyageable way:
Or where in reason's spite, in pomp of pride,
The angry Persian lashed the rebel tide,
Or Macedonia's haughty conqueror hurl'd
The light'nings of his spear o'er the wide-wond'ring world?

EPODE I.

But where that mighty dome,
That swept the southern sky,
With shadowy frown o'er Tiber's darkling flood?—
Low in the dust its glories lie!—
Is this then all thy boasted grandeur, Rome?
For this was half a globe immerg'd in blood?
For this did Brutus from pollution start,
And Cato sheath the dagger in his heart?
Ah! self-devour'd, self-murther'd, self-betray'd,
Smear'd with the wounds thy own misdeeds have made,
The warning voice has gone in vain—
Thy silken sons, a dastard train,
In Pleasure's lap supinely lie
And quaff the cup of revelry!
Offspring of Scorn, from night to morn,
Your curst carousals madly keep,—
In soft repose your eyelids close,
Hereafter they shall wake to weep:
E'en now, e'en now from yonder Northern shores
The hordes of Carnage rush, and hungry Vengeance roars!

STROPHE II.

Yet tho' dark Ruin's raven sway
Hath swept thy hour of pomp away,
Tho' Superstition's bleak and cowering wing
Thy shadowy throne with gloomy pride o'erspread,
We yet may ask, if chance our footsteps bring,
To mourn thy triumphs lost, thy glories fled,
Where Tully's lips thy senates mov'd,
Where Horace tun'd the lyre he lov'd,
Or Mantua's Swan, in Cæsar's happier day,
Swell'd with unruffled plume its past'ral lay,
Where Julius fell, and chaste Lucretia pour'd
Her agonizing soul on Honour's beamy sword!

ANTISTROPHE II.

But lo! from Asia's hills afar
Descends a long continued train,
Is it the bickering march of war,
That throngs with troops the tented plain?
No thunders rive the withering air,
Nor helm, nor panoply is there,
With pensive pace, a pilgrim band,
To fair Medina's distant strand,
And Mecca's hallow'd fanes devout they pour,
From Carmel's cliff, from Tartan Caspia's shore
Tyre's golden gates, Sabaea's balmy bloom,
And kiss with holy joy the dark Usurper's tomb.

EPODE II.

Lift high the swelling strain,
And loftier notes prepare,
For see, where Albion quits the westering tide:
So leaves the lord of beasts his lair,
So shakes the terrours of his golden mane:
Queen of the Isles! fair Honour's bloomy bride
I know thee now—I know each craggy seat,
Faith's firmest throne, and Freedom's best retreat;
I know the heroes of thy patriot line,
I know each raptur'd bard, each sage divine:
Whether thy Shakespeare's thunders roll,
Or Otway charms the subject soul,
Or Newton kens the milky way,
Or Milton drinks the gales of day.
What tho' around thy native mound
The frowns of Danger widely spread,
Tho' billows scowl, and tempests howl,
And hover o'er thy fearless head:
Still may'st thou urge thine empire o'er the main,
Nor hurl thy vollied fires, nor lift the lance in vain!

SOBRINO.

EPIGRAM.

FROM THE FRENCH OF GOMBAULD.

By showering wealth and titles splendid
On thee! the basest of the bad!
It seems that Fortune sure intended
To drive insulted Virtue mad.

R. A. D.

HYMN,

TO THE 104th PSALM TUNE,

BY T. PARK, ESQ.

My soul praise the Lord, speak good of his name,
His mercies record, his bounties proclaim:
To God, their Creator, let all creatures raise
The song of thanksgiving, the chorus of praise!

Though hid from man's sight, God reigns on his throne,
Yet here by his works their great Author is known:
The world shines a mirror its Maker to show,
And Heaven views its image reflected below.

Those agents of pow'r, fire, water, earth, sky,
Attest the dread might of God the most High:
Who rides on the whirlwind, when clouds veil his form,
Who smiles in the sun-beam, or frowns in the storm.

By knowledge supreme, by wisdom divine,
God governs this earth with gracious design:
O'er beast, bird, and insect, his providence reigns,
Whose will first created, whose love still sustains.

And man, his last work, with reason endued,
Who falling through sin, by grace was renew'd:—
To God, his Creator, let man ever raise
The song of thanksgiving, the chorus of praise!

VERSES,

ADDRESSED TO A LADY OF QUALITY

WITH A DRAWING OF LUNCARTY IN PERTHSHIRE, THE SCENE OF THE WARLIKE ATCHIEVEMENTS OF HER ANCESTORS.

BY R. CARLYLE.

THESE classic margins of the silver Tay
First saw the prowess of the godlike Hay*;
Here with his gallant stripling sons he stood,
While flow'd around him streams of Danish blood.

* The battle of Luncarty was fought in the tenth century between the Scots and Danes, soon after the latter invaded Scotland, in the reign of Kenneth the third King of Scotland. The Scots waited for the Danes after their landing, on the plains of Luncarty four miles above Perth, when a bloody battle ensued, at which the Scots were giving way on all sides. Hay, a peasant, accompanied by two of his sons, saw what was likely to be the issue of the day, and, armed with only such weapons as his occupation furnished him with, by the force of his valour, courage, and heroic behaviour, he was not only instrumental in stemming the tide of the battle, but his prowess so animated the retiring troops of the Scots, that they rallied, repulsed, and effectually obliged the Danes to retire in great disorder to their ships, which lay at anchor at the mouth of the Tay. As soon as Kenneth heard of the gallant atchievement of the heroic peasant, he created

Hail land beloved! thy plains produced a man,
Who " march'd in freedom's cause, and led the van;"
Whose arm uplifted broke th' invading band,
While Independence blessed his native land;
Oh I could kneel and kiss the sacred soil,
Which grew prolific from the Heroe's toil;
Which nerv'd the sinewy giant arm, that broke,
The wretched bondage of a foreign yoke,
And sav'd his country when around her pour'd
The savage legions of a race abhorr'd.
And as amid these wrecks of time I trace,
With pilgrim footsteps, this respected place,
Which saw the splendid actions of your sire,
Actions succeeding ages still admire;
By airy beings spoke methinks I hear,
These sounds celestial, warble in my ear:
" Oh may the noble lineage thus begun,
" Increase in splendor by each virtuous son;
" And may each beauteous daughter still unite,
" An Angel's goodness, with the Hero's might;
" And as old Time advances, may the name
" Still bloom immortal, in the fields of Fame!"

him Earl of Erroll, and gave him as much land as a Falcon flew over before he alighted. The flight of the bird happened to be over the rich plain of Gowrie, commonly called the garden of Scotland.—From an origin so truly noble are descended the families of the Earls of Erroll and Kinnoul and the Marquis of Tweedale; and if true benevolence, exalted dignity, and personal beauty, any way distinguish the human character, the descendants of so noble a progenitor prove themselves not only ennobled by the King of Scotland but by the King of Kings.

R. C.

METRICAL REPORT

Of a Medical Conversation between two Apothecaries, on a wet Day in October, while their Patient was expiring of a Dropsy.

Pulse doubly felt, and stay protracted
To hear from Nurse how draughts had acted;
From the sick sufferer both retire—
And rang'd before the parlour fire,
" Well, Sir," says Æsculapius Drug,
And drew his chair to Galen Smug,
" Well, Sir,—I think—but take this seat,
'Tis warmer."—" Dear Sir."—" I entreat:—
Freely to state the case before us.—
(This black-dyed cloth's so very porous,
And worn withal so very thin,
I'm almost wetted to the skin).
But really, Sir, and much I dread it,
This case will do us little credit,—
(Had I of such a soaking thought,
My large umbrella I'd have brought.)"
" Why, Sir," (says Galen), " I confess
My apprehensions are not less;
For though I've tartar tried, and squills,
Fast as 'tis drain'd, the *venter* fills:
What process, Sir, occurs to you—
Mix the same dose, or try some new?"

" Why, Sir, (I'm getting somewhat dryer;
Some coals here to the parlour fire),
In hydrop cases, *talis qualis*,
Our nostrum is the *digitalis:*
It rummages th' abdomen well,
And aqueous tumors will expel,
Either by peristaltic motion,
Or *ore ab*—almost an ocean."
" True, Sir;—And yet on old Huck Saunders,
When he had dropsy, gout, and jaundice,
About six days before he died,
The drastic you propose, was tried:
And when 'twas done, the Doctor swore,
' Had he as many lives, and more
Than cats entail—*(Judæus credit)*,
To save them all, he'd not repeat it.'
But maugre this—in draught or pill
I'll give it—*desperandum nil.*"
" *Ultimum vale*—that's my notion—
I too will send a potent potion:
At least, it's action will be brief,
And Nature now asks bold relief."

They parted, to meet there no more—
The patient's sufferings soon were o'er!

EPIGRAM.

When Rochester doubted if one of his fry,
By disease or a cord would from life be ejected;
" My Lord," quoth the wag; " that depends whether I
By your mistress or principles first am infected."

O. H. D.

BACCHANALIAN ODE.

TO M. MENARD.

FROM THE FRENCH OF RACAN.

Now that Winter, with gloomy and rigorous sway,
Hurls his tempests, his sleet, and his snow all the day,
And keeps us besieg'd by the fire,
Let us drown in the glass all our cares as we ought,
Nor give taxes, and parties, and statesmen a thought,
Nor who fights and who conquers enquire.

I know, dear Menard, all the works that you write,
Fruits immortal of many a slumberless night,
Will live till the world meets its doom:
But what will it boot you, dear friend, that your name
Shall surely be read in the temple of Fame,
When you feed the worms of the tomb?

Quit, quit then a toil which in vain you bestow!
Of our nectar delicious in torrents shall flow
The ruby-red sparkling stores.
More ruddy and bright will our nectar be found,
Than that which young Ganymede, passing around,
In the cups of the deities pours.

'Tis wine that so swiftly speeds onward the years,
That each scarce a day to our fancy appears:
'Tis wine makes us youthful once more:

'Tis wine that alone from the bosom bids fly
The regret and remembrance of things now gone by,
And the dread of the sorrows in store.

Let us drink, dear Menard, let us fill high our glasses,
For Time, stealing on, imperceptibly passes;
He leads to the close of our course.
'Twere in vain to entreat for a moment of grace,
The years will as little their footsteps retrace,
As rivers run back to their source.

The Spring, cloth'd with light, and with verdure, and bloom,
Shall quickly again chase the frost and the gloom;
The sea has its ebb and its rise;
But when that at length rosy Youth quits the stage,
And his empire resigns to the sceptre of Age,
For ever, for ever he flies!

The laws of stern Death seize resistless on all!
Alike on the sovereign's palace they fall,
And the reed-cover'd hut of the swain.
The Fates, when they please, destine man to the grave,
And the thread of existence, in monarch and slave,
By the same steel they sever in twain.

By their tyrannous power nought on earth is rever'd,
It strikes, and the things that eternal appear'd
Like the visions of slumberers sink:
By that power, dear Menard, we too soon shall be led,
In the regions of darkness and silence to tread,
And the stream of oblivion to drink.

R. A. DAVENPORT.

ODE

TO .....

IN IMITATION OF HORACE, BOOK II. OD. 16.

Otium Divos, &c. &c.

For ease, the wearied Seaman sighs
When cloudy night involves the skies,
  Nor moon, nor stars appear;
While glaring o'er the troubled deep
Pale Fancy sees fresh tempests sweep,
  And heightens every fear.

For ease the hardy sons of war,
The fierce Croatian and Hussar,
  'Mid carnag'd fields implore,
For ease, a blessing never sold,
Beyond the price of gems or gold,
  Those toys the vain adore.

For neither gold nor gems combin'd
Assuage the tumults of the mind
  Which forc'd the wretch to roam,

And, oft, Disease and haggard Care
From lowly poverty repair,
To haunt the regal dome.

How happy he, how truly blest!
Whom of paternal fields possest
No gilded follies lead,
Whom in a state nor low, nor high,
" An elegant sufficiency" *
Protects from worldly need.

Frail tenants of Life's fleeting hour,
Why do we aim beyond our power
At grandeur here below?
Why seek for ease in distant skies,
Then learn (too late!) the boon we prize
'Tis Virtue's to bestow.

The stings of conscience can we fly?
Can wealth, can luxury supply
The loss of innocence?
No; ever present to our view
Remorse must still our steps pursue,
And haunt the dire offence.

The soul, whom Virtue's dictates sway,
Enjoys the sunshine of the day,
Nor pines at distant ill;
Assur'd that sorrows are his share,
That man's best state is mixed with care
By Heaven's unerring will.

Great Russel fell in manhood's bloom,
While——by Fate's mysterious doom,
Yet lingers on the stage,

* Thompson.

And while the boon's denied to Thee,
Perhaps all-bounteous Heaven to me
Extends a peaceful age.

For Thee,—what various joys combine,
Power, rank, and honors all are thine,
Hereditary wealth!
For me,—an humbler lot will please,
An honest name, domestic ease,
Friends, competence and health.—

W. R.

TO THE MEMORY

OF THE

RIGHT HON. CHARLES JAMES FOX.

Non sibi, sed toto genitum se credere Mundo.

With boundless stores of native genius fraught,
By science cherish'd, and by reason taught,
Whose public labours conscious duty steer'd,
Whose social hours Benevolence endear'd;
Sincere of soul, by interest unconfin'd,
Friend of his Country and of all Mankind,
Fox rests at length from earthly cares remov'd,
And tastes that peace his gentle Spirit lov'd.

Long on his frame had wasting sickness prey'd;
His pains encreas'd,—the vital springs decay'd;
But ling'ring Death th' uplifted stroke delay'd:
Th' imperfect accents died upon his tongue,
And all around in silent anguish hung.—
Yet pure Devotion taught his soul to rise
In humble resignation to the skies;
Still Hope immortal brighten'd on his mien,
And sooth'd the terrors of the solemn scene;
Without a *sigh* this being he resign'd,
—Or only *sigh'd* for those he left behind.
Lamented shade! if 'mid the Realms of Joy
A scene so low cœlestial minds employ;
If Britain's woes a kindred pity share,
Be still her orphan Sons thy guardian care.
In some fond breast thy various worth infuse,
Thy manly eloquence, thy patriot views;
Thy pride, that scorn'd *aspiring vice* alone,
Thy love, that made another's wrongs thy own,
Thy matchless soul, from guile, from envy free,
Inspir'd by Truth and sacred Liberty.
Teach us, with Peace and temp'rate Freedom blest,
Secure in native dignity to rest;
Teach us, that war with thoughtless zeal pursued
Mars social bliss,—blasts universal good;
That reason acting on a wider plan
By kindred charities ennobles man,
Bids public weal on private good encrease,
And leads thro' "paths of Pleasantness and Peace."

W. P.

SEPT. 27. 1806.

TO .....

ON HER BIRTH-DAY, JAN. — 1807.

DEPRIVED of all on earth I valued most,
By disappointed hope, and cares deprest,
Each brighter dream of Expectation crost,
Say what shall soothe my wounded soul to rest?

In vain amid the circles of the gay
I seek a short oblivion of despair,
To scenes of solitude in vain I stray,
The form of vanish'd Pleasure haunts me there.

Remembrance still recalls the cherish'd hours,
When not a cloud obscur'd this tranquil breast;
But vain are all her visionary powers,
Which only tell me, that I *once* was *blest*.

Yet tho' impervious clouds deform the skies,
And drooping nature fades before the gloom,
Tho' unexpected storms around me rise,
And not a ray the distant scenes illume,

Tho' Hope no more the opening prospect cheers,
And Fancy's brighter visions all decay,
Yet shall Affection to my latest years,
With cherish'd rapture bless thy *natal* day.

Where'er I roam, whate'er my earthly state,
For thee, my love, the heartfelt prayer shall rise,
For thee invoke a milder, happier fate,
And every bliss which heaven to me denies.

Oh! never may thy gentle bosom know
The pangs which rend the disappointed heart,
But ever as the varying seasons flow
Each opening hour some new-born charm impart.

Be thine each purer joy the world bestows,
An age unvex'd with malady or strife,
Content, alternate pleasure and repose,
And all that graces, all that sweetens life.

These joys (such joys for thee should Heaven ordain,
In pity to the anguish I endure)
May yield a transitory pause from pain,
And *soothe* perhaps the ills they *cannot cure*.

W. P.

TO.....

ON HER BIRTH-DAY, JAN. — 1808.

WHILE Hope half sunk beneath successive fears
Scarce mark'd the colour of approaching years;
While chill Suspense, and varying Cares repress
The dawning visions of this anxious breast;
Amid each pang of absence and delay
Still was I wont to hail thy natal day;
Still for thy peace I pour'd the fervent prayer,
And on that wish suspended half my care—
—And shall I now, when fears no more annoy
Lost in the sweet reality of joy;
When blest beyond the lot of man I see
My every wish at length obtain'd—in thee;
Say, shall I brood indifferent o'er that fate,
From which alone my bliss must take its date?
Behold unmov'd thy natal morn appear,
Nor bless the hour that owns a birth so dear?
No—'till the vital spark shall cease to glow,
For thee th' unvary'd, heartfelt prayer shall flow—
O dearest wish of this unchanging heart,
O more than power or riches could impart,
Source of each pleasure fav'ring heaven can give,
" For whom, and whom alone I ask to live!"

Long, very long, may this auspicious morn
Rich in accumulated joys return;
Rich in the purest joys that life bestows,
That love awakens, or that friendship knows.
May rosy health with cheering hand diffuse
Warm o'er thy cheek her animating hues,
Encreasing years thy sum of bliss encrease,
And crown thy latest age with smiles of hope and peace!
Yet should just Heaven a different lot ordain,
(For life has often some alloys of pain!)
Should hast'ning age, or malady oppress,
And mar our dreams of social happiness:——
—In every worldly ill, in every care,
This breast shall ever feel an equal share;
Shall make its greatest bliss, its highest pride,
Thy joys to heighten, and thy griefs divide.

W. P.

TO MRS. T . . . .

ON READING HER BEAUTIFUL POEM OF PSYCHE OR THE LEGEND OF LOVE.

When feeling, taste, and genius all conspire
To claim the undisputed meed of praise,
In vain, where all must envy or admire,
The feeble tribute of applause we raise.

For who shall paint her worth, whose matchless mind,
Warm with the elegance of classic lore,
By reason strengthen'd, and by love refin'd,
Divides the palm which Spenser own'd before?

Blest page! where, whilst the varied graces shine,
Fair Virtue wears her most attractive hues,
Where glowing Wisdom stamps th' impressive line,
And Truth entwines the flowers which Fancy strews.

'Tis thine to bid incautious virtue fly
The paths, where fell deceits in ambush move,
Ambition's lure, Suspicion's venom'd eye;—
—And prize the calmer sweets of social love.

For thee, sweet muse, whose artless strains display
Each chaste affection of the female heart,
Thine are the joys which never can decay,
The joys which virtue, science, truth impart.

These, while the lighter pleasures of the hour
A sickly gleam of dubious rapture cast,
Shall yield their soft, consolatory power
To bless the future, and endear the past.

W. P.

EPIGRAM.

FROM OWEN. LIB. V. EP. VI.

ORPHEUS, his wife to snatch from Hell,
Its utmost horrors brav'd;
But never yet did Poet tell
Of Man by Woman sav'd.

E * * * * *

EPIGRAM.

To lady Sarah's t'other night
I went an hour to spend;
When, seizing by my button tight,
Thus spoke a country friend.

"Who is that man, round whom appears
Such an admiring crowd,
Who catch his tale with eager ears,
And often laugh aloud?

"How ready every mortal looks
With bows and smiles to greet him!
By all the good and holy books
They seem as if they'd eat him!

"He has some charm! What's his condition?
Come tell me, if you know it.
Say, is he traveller, politician,
Wit, orator, or poet?"

"No, he is more, far more, than these,
For they would vainly try
With all their powers combin'd to please,
If he were standing by!

"His praises many a tongue shall swell,
His merit so abounds!
He is!—" "What is he? quickly tell!"
"—Worth five score thousand pounds!"

R. A. D.

FAITH AND AFFECTION *.

FAST by the shores of England lay
The ship securely moor'd;
Nor fear'd the seamen, night or day,
The loudest winds that roar'd:
Carousing, and from care all free,
For all their native land might see.

But far across the ocean borne,
With seamen from his home,
Ceas'd not the African to mourn
His idle wish to roam;
For well, no friend nor home, he knew,
That he on England's shores might view.

He, thoughtless once of future time,
And woes he ne'er had known,
With strangers for a distant clime—
—A boy—forsook his own;
And in his floating new abode
Over the seas delighted rode.

* The circumstances of these lines were stated in the newspapers and magazines about a year ago. The boy came from the Cape of Good Hope in one of his Majesty's ships the Zealand, then lying at the Nore, as servant to an Officer on board, and was known to be possessed with the faith of his country.

No chains of slavery he wore,
  No tyrant's call obey'd;
The bonds himself he sought he bore;
  And in a garb array'd
That might his willing office tell,
He serv'd a gentle master well.

But change of climate never can
  Drive nature from the mind:
Soon thro' the plains in dreams he ran,
  And woods he left behind:
There with his comrades would rejoice,
And—started at his mother's voice.

Short was the solace then he found
  In his own hills and dales;
And to the melancholy sound
  Of dashing waves and sails,
Arous'd from that delusive sight,
He, list'ning, wore away the night.

So to his shudd'ring dreams awhile,
  And to his hopeless days,
He meekly bent, and with a smile
  Could e'en on England gaze:
For tho' despair was all around,
His heart it's liberty had found.

Not the deep shades of night he chose
  To veil his purpos'd deed;
But the bright morning;—from his woes
  For ever to be freed—
He from the vessel's lofty side
Plung'd far into the foaming tide.

Nor plung'd unseen; nor him the wave
Swept from the aching view
So swiftly but perforce to save
The fearless seamen flew:
But, shunning aid of cord or plank,
With calm complacent mien he sank.

So he again a mother sought
In his own home to view;
For the wild faith he there was taught
Was all of death he knew:
And she, for whom his heart had pin'd,
Altho' a Hottentot—was kind!

I. R.

MARCH 21, 1805.

STANZAS,

WRITTEN IN THE CHAPEL OF ROSLIN.

THROUGH the cold twilight of the haunted aisle
The lunar beam of shadowy Autumn falls,
And the low winds, like whispering voices, steal
Thro' the arch'd casements of the gothic walls.

And ghastly, mid the visionary gloom,
The awful phantoms of forgotten years
Bend o'er the slumbering warrior's ruin'd tomb,
And bathe the marble with unearthly tears.

Hark in the deep pause of the fitful storm
Celestial music warbles to the night;
And tranced Fancy views a lovely form,
On yon proud battlements' * tremendous height!

Her white robes flutter in the eddying air,
Love's holiest lustre lights her humid eye,
The dewy ringlets of her golden hair
Stream in the blast, that thunders thro' the sky.

To catch the first glimpse of the polished helm,
That binds her absent warrior's kingly brow,
Alone she watches, tho' the tempests whelm
The waving woods, and trembling cliffs below.

Ah! little dream'd she the Iberian gales,
That shook the blossoms of the orange grove,
Far far from her and Roslin's fairy vales,
Blew o'er the cold grave of her murdered love †.

And still when falls the pale autumnal even,
The lone Enthusiast lingers in the dell,
To hear soft mingling with the breath of Heaven
The widow'd mourner's aerial vespers swell.

Edinburgh.

ADELINE.

* Roslin Castle.

† In allusion to St. Clair of Roslin who undertook a pilgrimage to the Holy Land with the heart of Robert Bruce, but was driven by contrary winds upon the coast of Spain, and engaging in the service of the Spanish King, was slain in a battle with the Moors.

LINES

TO MISS STEWART

OCCASIONED BY READING AN ODE TO DR. PERCY BISHOP OF DROMORE.

BY THE LATE WILLIAM PRESTON, ESQ.

How sweet the praise that *Percy* gains,
From lips of Truth in tuneful strains!
Such praise, when he from earth retires,
Awaits him in seraphic choirs:
A praise on earth, alas, too rare,
Giv'n by the innocent and fair,
And all unlike the venial meed
Sold to the base or bloody deed:
An incense truly worthy heaven,
By Virtue wreath'd to Virtue giv'n.
A *Percy's* genius well may find
The wreath, by fairy fingers twin'd,
The virtues, that inform his heart,
The applauses coral lips impart.
But sooth to say, respected sage,
These studies well thy cares engage,
Their converse suits thee well, ere long
Ordain'd to join the shadowy throng:
But alien from the youthful ears
The music of departed years.

Why fair enthusiast, art thou led,
To change the living for the dead?
When Fancy's torch would guide thy feet
To Melancholy's chill retreat,
The cloister's damp, the vaulted gloom,
Where sleep the tenants of the tomb;
'Tis like some false Magician's light,
That dames misled, and prowest Knight,
Far from the cheerful ways of men
To brazen tower, or dragon's den.
Thy sex and age are wont to prove
The praise of beauty, lays of love.
Why then do chivalry and arms,
Why boast the dead, for thee such charms?
Go join the sportive and the young
By youths be lov'd, by Bards be sung;
The fair enthusiast shall inspire
The sportive reed, the serious lyre.
The times of old, by Fancy drest,
With admiration fill thy breast.
Yet, trust the muse, our modern days
Deserve, at least, their share of praise.
Not fated were our sires to find
The fairest grace of female mind;
Genius and taste our joys refine,
By polish female virtues shine;
And oft in private life we know
What scarce a realm or age could show.
And northern climes and modern days,
Can emulate the Grecian praise;
Nor hear we Sappho's love-sick song,
But numbers like the *Alcaic* strong,
That scorn the dance and myrtle bower
For solemn themes, and virtue's power.

While tender hearts, with feeling fraught,
Yet more endear each noble thought.
Nor does domestic worth refuse
Alliance with th' elated Muse.
But brings the train, in other times
That seem'd to fly the child of rhymes,
Yet even in these luxurious days,
Are female happiness and praise;
Duty, that soothes a parents life,
The soften'd friendship of the wife,
Firm Patience, Resignation mild,
And Hope, Religion's fairest child.
And these a brighter wreath bestow,
Than Genius wins, or Victors know.

EPIGRAM.

ON A TALL YOUNG LADY.

Oh Nature! Nature! how the world you cheated
When Delia's form majestic you created!
Why thus capricious didst thou spoil the whole,
And give so large a maid, so small a soul!
Thus the fantastic Monarch of the Nile,
Rais'd the fam'd Pyramid's gigantic pile,
(A prouder work the world has never known)
And all to hold *a little chest of stone.*

S. W. L.

FROM THE ITALIAN,

"Amiam ô bella Iola."

To Love, to Love incline thine heart,
For time, alas! my Julia, flies
More swiftly than the feather'd dart
By which thé agile panther dies.

Thy blooming youth is but an hour,
Too quickly gone, returning never!
Thy matchless beauty but a flower,
Which passing minutes soon shall sever.

The Sun may quit th' ethereal plain,
And low in ocean quench his light,
Yet on the morrow shall he reign,
In all his wonted glories bright.

The woods, at Winter's stern command,
Must quickly yield their verdant hue;
But gentle Spring is still at hand,
Their pristine beauties to renew.

But Man no second noon-tide knows,
No second Summer, Man shall chear;
Age his meridian hours must close,
And death for ever end his year.

And there, where low shall lie his head,
In the cold confines of the tomb,
In the dread mansions of the dead,
The voice of love shall never come.

Then let us, Julia, whilst we may,
Devote our hearts to love and joy,
And gather, while they're fresh and gay,
The roses of the amorous boy.

Avaunt each aged, envious site,
Who'd frown upon our harmless bliss;
Not all your wisdom, all your ire—
Shall rob us of a single kiss.

Then, ah! to love incline thine heart,
For time, alas! my Julia flies
More swiftly than the feather'd dart
By which the agile panther dies.

S. W. L.

EPIGRAM.

To ———

Long, long at your feet did I sigh!
But at length I'm indifferent grown.
E'en thus did poor Niobe cry,
'Till she found herself turn'd into stone.

S. W. L.

JUVENAL,

8th SATIRE

IMITATED,

BY DR. DRENNAN.

" Stemmata quid faciunt."

SAY ye who perch on lofty Pedigree,
What fruit is gather'd from the parchment tree?
Broad as it spreads, and tow'ring to the skies,
From root *plebeian* its first glories rise.
What then avails, when rightly understood
The boast of ancestry, the pride of blood?
Through the long gallery's pictur'd walk to tread,
And pompous, ponder on the mighty dead;
Where greatness rattles in some rotten frame,
And the moth feasts on Beauty's fading flame?
O'er the pale picture and the noseless bust,
Oblivion strews a soft sepulchral dust;
The line illustrious seems to stain the wall,
And the sublime of soot envelopes all.
What could the trophy'd lye to * * * * atone
For British honour mortgag'd with his own?
His nightly cares, and watchings to sustain
A bank at Pharoah, and a chess campaign?
While Wolfe on high in pictur'd glory lies,
The cry of vict'ry hails, and smiling dyes.

Dare * * * * * * * r claim the honours of his kind?
The pompous lineage shames the pigmy mind.
His coat armorial chalk'd upon the floor,
Costs what would satiate a thousand poor:
Well pleas'd the Peer one moment to amuse,
Then yields the pageant to the dancer's shoes.
Base-born such men, tho' fill'd with regal blood;
The truly noble are the truly good:
And he whose manners through his morals shine,
May boast himself of the Milesian line.
Let plain Humility precede his *Grace*,
Let modest Virtue walk before the *Mace*.
Office and rank are duties of the mind,
The rights they claim are debts they owe their kind;
And not a voice among the nameless croud,
That may not cry—'Tis I who make them proud.
To rule strong passions with a calm controul,
To spread around a sanctity of soul,
That meets, serene, the foam of public strife,
And perfumes every act of lesser life;
Virtue to feel, and virtue to impart,
That household god who consecrates the heart,
Flies from the fretted roof, the gilded dome,
To rest within an humbler, happier home—
—Behold the gentleman! confess'd and clear,
For Nature's patent never made a Peer,
The mean ennobled, nor adorn'd the base;
Merit alone, with her, creates a race.
Conspicuous stars, in chart of hist'ry plac'd
To chear the dreary, biographic waste,
In their own right, they take their seat sublime,
And break illustrious through the cloud of time.
From nicknam'd curs these titles first began,
A spaniel—Cato: then my lord—a man.

The self-same irony was fram'd to suit
The fawning biped, and the fawning brute.
While Pompey snores upon my lady's lap,
The infant lordling feeds or starves on pap.
Puppies well bred are Cæsar'd into fame,
And T* * * * * * * * * * takes great * * * * * r's Name.
Still as the name grows soil'd and gathers dirt
They shift their title, as they change their shirt:
Some newer honour makes them white and fair;
* * * * * r soaps Tom, and Jack is cleans'd by * * * * *.
But how can wash of Heraldry efface
The name of * * * * *, and dignify disgrace?
Can peerage blazon o'er the pension'd page,
Or give a gloss to ignominious age?
Himself the prime corruptor of his laws,
Himself the grievance that incens'd he draws;
Not to be blam'd, but in a tender tone,
Not to be prais'd but with a heart-felt groan;
He lives a lesson for all future time,
Pathetically great, and painfully sublime.
O why is genius curs'd with length of days!
The head still flourishing, the heart decays;
Protracted life makes virtue less secure,
The death of wits is seldom premature.
Quench'd too by years gigantic J* * * * * * 's zeal,
Th' unwieldy Elephant was taught to kneel;
Bore his strong tow'r to please a servile court,
And wreath'd his lithe proboscis for their sport.
Of * * * * * and * * * * * * * fly th' opprobrious fame,
And if you seek the glory, dread the shame.
The much-prais'd press has made abortive men,
The hand herculean lifts the puny pen;

For clang of armour and for deeds sublime
Much pointed period, much syllabic chime.
Return to him from whom our satire springs,
Rich in the blood of concubines and kings:
With greatness rising from a grandsire's bone,
And bastard honour from a bastard throne.
Each turgid vein the true succession shows,
Th' imperial purple flames upon his nose.
"Avaunt," he cries, "ye vulgar, and ye base,
Learn the prerogatives of royal race;
From York and Lancaster conjoin'd I come,
Sink down, ye dregs! I float at top—the scum."
Live long, great Bye-blow of the royal line,
Long as the coals are tax'd, which make you shine.
Yet grant, that some, the lowest of the throng,
Have known the right, as well as felt the wrong;
That he who rul'd with iron rod the skies,
And at whose feet the broken sceptre lies;
He, too, whose daring democratic pen,
Gives common sense once more to common men,
Who smiles at genius in confusion hurl'd,
And with light lever elevates the world;
Grant, that such men, the Adams of their line,
Spring from the earth, but own a sire divine.
While you, with ancestry around you plac'd
In bronze, or marble, porcelain or paste,
May rise, at death, to alabaster fame,
And gain the smoke of Honor, not the flame.
Thus far for him the proud inflated lord,
With father concubin'd, and mother whor'd!
In all so high in rank, or man, or woman,
No sense so rare as what we call the common.
Scorning that level, they ascend the skies,
Like the puft bag whose lightness makes it rise.

Titles and arms the varnished silk may bear,
Within 'tis nought but pestilential air.
What's honor? virtue to its height refin'd,
The felt aroma of the unseen mind,
That cheats the senses, tho' it cheats the sight,
And spreads abroad its elegant delight.
Turn from the past—and bring thy honors home;
Thyself—the ancestor for times to come.
Not the low parasite, who prowls for bread,
So mean as he who lives upon the dead;
From some dry'd mummy draws his noble claim,
Snuffs up the fœtor and believes it fame.
Be just, be generous, self-dependant, brave;
Think nothing meaner than a titled slave;
Coolly resolve to act the patriot part,
Join Sidney's *pulse*, to Russel's zealous heart:
With proud complacence stand, like Palmer pure,
Or with mild dignity of honest Muir,
Before the brazen bulls of law, and hear
The savage sentence with a smile severe;
A smile that deems it mercy to be hurl'd
Where one may tread against the present world.
What is life *here*? its zest and spirit gone,
The flower faded and the essence flown!
What precious balm, what aromatic art,
Can cleanse pollution from the public heart?
Better to make the farthest earth our home,
With nature's commoners at large to roam;
Than join this social war of clan to clan,
Where civil life has barbariz'd the man.
Behold yon isle, the glory of the West,
By nature's hand in lively verdure drest,
How to the world it spreads its harbour'd side,
And proudly swells above th' Atlantic tide,

Where to the Ocean Shannon yields his store
And scorns the channel of a subject shore;
Green meadows spread—resplendent rivers run—
A healthy climate and a temp'rate sun.
There Misery sits and eats her lazy root,
There, man is proud to dog his brother brute:
In sloth the Genius of the isle decays,
Lost in his own, reverts to former days;
Yet still, like Lear, would in his hovel rule,
Mock'd by the madman, jested by the fool—.
There, meet th' extremes of rank—there social art
Has levell'd mankind by their selfish heart.
There, no contented middle rank we trace,
The sole ambition to be rich and base.
Some, o'er their native element elate
Like ice-form'd islands tower in frozen state;
Repel all nature with their gelid breath,
And what seems harbour is the jaw of death.
The wretched mass beat down the struggling mind,
Nor see, nor feel their country, or their kind,
But bow the back and bend the eye to earth,
And strangle feeling in its infant birth.
Through all, extends one sterile swamp of soul,
And fogs of apathy invest the whole.
Thrice blest in fate, had Strongbow never bore
His band of robbers to green Erin's shore!
In savage times the seat of learning known,
In times refin'd, itself the savage grown.
Left to herself, she of herself had join'd
Surrounding nations in the race of mind;
With them, work'd off the rough barbarian soul,
With them, progressive to a common goal.
Her petty chieftains conquer'd by the throne,
For *common* interest, while it meant its own;

By law, at length, the King to People chain'd,
His duties modell'd and their rights maintain'd;
From strong collision of internal strife
Had sprung an energy of public life;
(For pain and travail that precede the birth
Endear sweet Freedom to the mother earth)
Then man had rais'd his spacious forehead high,
Lord of himself, the sea, the soil, the sky,
Twin'd round his sword the wreath of civic art,
And prov'd the wisdom of a fearless heart;
No penal code had then impal'd the land;
No stranger Court—no King at second-hand.

* * * * * *

TO MISS E. M. WITH SOME GUITAR MUSIC,

Not in the trifling tinkling lyre
Is Music sought or found:
The voice must with the note conspire,
And mingle sense with sound.

Far, far beyond the finger's art
One thrilling weeping tone,
That makes the strings of ev'ry heart
Responsive to thy own.

Yet vain the voice and tinkling strings,
With all their arts combin'd,
But to their aid Eliza brings,
The music of the mind.

Still may that living lyre impart,
More bliss than meets the ear,
And gladden still a mother's heart,
And be to one—more dear.

DR. DRENNAN.

STANZAS,

WRITTEN IN A VOLUME OF MEMORIALS SACRED TO FRIENDSHIP, BELONGING TO ROBERT BOURNE ESQ. OF DUBLIN.

Oh ye who mock Affection's sacred name,
Her angel nature and her balmy tear,
Who never triumph'd in a brother's fame,
Nor deem'd it sweet to hold another dear;

Whose names with bigot Ignorance are found,
Beyond her abject sphere afraid to move;
Who never breath'd on Fancy's fairy ground,
Unwarm'd by Science and unknown to love;

Turn from these tablets, to remembrance dear;
For know the natives of a generous breast
Stampt their fair semblance in a vision here,
And Genius guards what holier Friendship blest.

But ye, whose souls a proud alliance claim
With those baptiz'd the family of Heav'n,
Trace on these leaves your consecrated name,
The name that Virtue to her sons hath giv'n.

Memorials, sacred to the conscious heart!
Ye glow, the pledge of happier days to come,
When health's warm colour shall no more desert
The cheek that crimsons at the thought of home.

Ah! when the emerald billows of the west,
Shall bear thee back to Erin's beauteous isle,
The vivid pictures on these leaves imprest
Shall wake no more a stranger's mournful smile.

No more shall wake with cabalistic power
The native scenes to filial duty dear,
Nor troubl'd Fancy in her feverish hour,
Chill the warm heart with many an anxious fear.

These simple lines may then the spell possess,
Lodged in the reliques parted friends revere,
And memory still the *manly worth* shall bless *,
That made thee feel thou wast no Exile here.

TO ——

Yes, yes, I own it was a tear:
A tear too shed for thee,
But chide me not, thou tyrant dear,
No more such tears thou'lt see.

For though it lent some little ease,
Midst griefs I dar'd not speak,
Yet ere another shall displease
My full, fond heart shall break.

S. W. I.

* Alluding to Mr. Bourne's residence in the family of the Author's friend, Dr. Anderson, for the recovery of his health.

LINES TO S. S.

WITH KOTZEBUE'S PLAYS.

BY DR. DRENNAN,

A Muse that pleases, without rule or art,
The child of nature and an honest heart,
That fears on Fancy's wings too far to roam,
Rapt in the sweet concentred bliss of home;
A foreign muse (—tho' nothing said or sung,
To me seems foreign, save the heartless tongue)
Thy Drennan sends—his zest for reading flown;
Ev'n tears seem selfish when they're shed alone.
No voice to praise—no darling Sarah near,
No lip of love to catch the falling tear,
No neck inclining to the soft caress,
No eye to glisten, and no hand to press,
No mouth to meditate the matron kiss,
While the heart palpitates for nameless bliss,
No sigh for something future, unpossess'd,
No smile, that says—Be with the present bless'd.
If sorrows double, when we feel alone,
And pleasure palls, when only felt by one;
If sympathy still makes the suff'ring less,
And, by dividing, adds to happiness;
If earth meets heav'n but by partaken bliss,
And heav'n grows brighter heav'n when angels kiss;
Oh, then, sweet Sarah, hasten to his arms,
Who shares thy joys, will sooth thy soft alarms,

On whom thy trembling confidence may rest,
That fluttering bird which beats within thy breast,
And fears, yet longs, to leave the parent nest.
Oh! come to Him, who in the husband's name,
Has father's, mother's, sister's, brother's claim;
And if 'tis duty that alone can move,
The first of duties is the law of love.
The law that circumscribes both earth and skies,
Forms but a wedding ring of ampler size,
Where emerald stars, and diamond suns combine
To grace a finger of the hand divine:
That law, that ring, my Sarah, makes thee mine.
Oh! may our little ring, within this larger found
Share the same fate, the same immortal round;
And if attachment e'er should lose its force,
Then Nature—break thy ring, and keep the long divorce.

THE SOLITAIRE.

While bending o'er the letter'd page,
I muse on Science, Wisdom, Truth;
I seek the tranquil mind of age,
But feel the glowing soul of youth.

And while with wits deceas'd I live,
Still from the converse rising, ever
I sigh, and wish that heaven would give
One active talker—half as clever.

And though the stoics' colder rules,
Might change my beating heart to stone,
I fly from stoics, wits, and schools,
When love asserts me for his own.

MODERATE WISHES.

Let Alexander's discontented soul
Sigh for another world's encreased controul,
Ill-weaved Ambition has no joys for me,
Nor sordid Avarice am I slave to thee.
I only ask twelve thousand pounds a year,
And Curwen's country-house on Windermere;
A mistress kind, and sensible, and fair,
And many a friend, and not a single care!
I am no glutton,—no,—I never wish
A Sturgeon floating in a golden dish;
At the Piazza satisfied to pay
A guinea for my dinner every day.
What tho' shrewd Erskine at the bar we view,
As famed as Crœsus and as wealthy too?
I only ask the eloquence of Fox,
To leap like Ireland and like Belcher box;
To act as Garrick did, or any how
Unlike the heroes of the Buskin now;
To soar like Garnerin, thro' fields of air,
To win, like Villiers, England's richest fair;
Thy age, Methusalem, or, if not thine,
An immortality of love and wine.

T. F.

LINCOLN'S INN
FEB. 1807.

EMILY,

IMITATED FROM AN IRISH SONNET

BY FRANCIS SKURRAY A. M.

T'was near the white thorn on the brow of the vale,
I spy'd the first breaking of day;
The morn kiss'd the rose, as she blushingly smil'd,
To welcome the season of May.

Dear joy of my heart, my Emily rise;
More fair than the bright-beaming morn,
More chaste than the rose-bud when weeping with dew,
More sweet than the blossoming thorn.

Thy looks are serene, as when clear'd by the sun
Shines bright the blue face of the skies;
The sweets of the honeycomb dwell on thy lips,
Thy breath with the apple-bloom vies.

Thy hair, as the Raven's smooth pinions, is black;
Thy cheeks, like the ruby, are bright;
Thy neck is as fair as the Swan's silver plumes;
Thy breast seems to heave with delight.

My Emily rise, the sun's sprightly beams
Descend thy sweet face to salute;
The heath all its blossoms to greet thee reserves;
The vallies present their ripe fruit.

Thy lover, tho' timid, will snatch from the crag
The berries which creep on its side;
And pluck from the hazel the clustering nut,
When shining in Autumn's rich pride.
As red as thy lips the berries shall prove
The nuts shall be ripe as thy bosom of love.

My queen sweetly-smiling, oh! when shall we meet
On the banks of the murmuring flood?
Or sit in the cave that is covered with moss,
Or prattle of love in the wood?

How long wilt thou leave me, my Emily, say,
Thy absence so cruel to mourn?
I sorrowing sit the lone son of the rock
Unhappy till thou shalt return.
Thy beauties I tell to the rude passing gale
And mutter my grief to the flint of the vale.

Whenever thou comest, thou welcome wilt come,
As summer preceded by frost:
My Emily's image will gladden my eyes,
As light cheers the traveller lost.

STANZAS,

To the Memory
of
Robert Bourne, Esq.
Fourth Son of the Rev. Richard Bourne, of Dublin,
who died on the 8th of June, 1809,
at Kildress,
in the County of Tyrone,
in the twenty-fourth year of his age.*

BY MR. DAVID CAREY,
AUTHOR OF "THE PLEASURES OF NATURE." &c.

When the Warrior expires on his path of renown
The tears of a nation embalm his repose,
Tho' Mercy ne'er hallowed and Pity disown,
The breast that ne'er felt her compassionate throes.

But when Worth, modest Worth, like a star beam that fell,
Is withdrawn to his own empyrean of light,
How few, ah, how few! round his cold earthly cell
Heave the deep sigh of sorrow, and weep for his flight!

* He possessed a mind richly imbued with sound learning and christian principles, joined to great and active benevolence, which could only be exceeded by that of his estimable friend Dr. Robert Anderson, of Edinburgh, author of "the Lives of the British Poets," in whose house he had resided for some time, and who accompanied him on his visit to Ireland.

Yet bosoms there are, O! the dearest, the best,
(And may Heaven on their path shed its loveliest beam!)
Who soothe the lone wanderer's pulses to rest,
And weep with a dear and a lasting esteem.

And such o'er thy doom, lov'd, unfortunate BOURKE!
On sad sister shores, breathe the sigh of regret;
For thy virtues the good and the virtuous mourn,
Ah! memorials sweet! they shall never forget.

As some bark that has glean'd, as she travers'd the deep,
The gems of the Orient, the pride of the wave,
Hails, joyfully hails, lovely Albion's green steep,—
When loud roars the tempest, and deep yawns the grave;

So gaily we saw thee on life's summer sea
The regions of Science and Fancy explore,
Then seek each fond scene dear to friendship and thee,
And breathe thy last sigh on thy lov'd native shore.

When the blooms of thy mind, like the Spring met the eye,
How bright was the prospect that Fancy pourtray'd!—
Now faded, ah! faded for ever, they lie
Where the green turf of Erin now covers thy head;

And Friendship his fond ineffectual care
Bewails, as he lingers and sighs to depart,
And Piety weeps 'mid her holiest prayer
For a child that was lovely and dear to her heart.

'Tis thus as we journey life's dark valley through,
Bright sunbeams of Hope oft illumine the road;—
How brightly, alas! but how transient too!—
For love, hope, and joy, find one gulphing abode.

But pass undismay'd, O ye righteous! the bound;
Though dim, mark the vista that opens afar!
On the ruins of Time, o'er the darkness profound,
Salvation has lighted her bright morning star;

And the Cherubim train their glad welcome extending,
Heaven's triumph recording, her loud organ blow
For a soul from the confines of Darkness ascending,
That has trod the lone blood-press of Death and of Woe!

Then weep not the pleasures so fading and dear,
For the handmaids of Bliss in yon starry abode,
Shall wipe from your eyes the disconsolate tear,
And ray on your pathway the smiles of your God.

EPIGRAM, *on the celebrated Madam La Valliere. From the French.*

IN ancient days arose a fane,
Where every lover knelt to impart
To Venus kind, in suppliant strain,
The dearest secret of his heart.

Could such a temple now be found,
Though thousands thither should repair,
To heaven would rise no other sound
Than "O! I die for La Valliere."

S. W. I.

CALEDONIA,

AN ODE.

O HAD I Ossian's lyre sublime
That triumph'd o'er the storms of time,
Would Cona's rapt, pathetic muse,
One spark into this breast infuse,
Of that unmatched, ethereal fire
Which on his nighted era shone,
When woody Morven heard his wire,
And echoed to her darling son:
Patriot rage my hands impelling,
Swift I'd strike the chords anew,
Hymns of praise with ardour swelling,
Praise to Caledonia due!

Yet still that magic name hath power
To bless the poet's tranced hour!
When Fancy's limpid mirror bears,
The pageant of departed years,
She views thee from yon azure steep
With beamy shield and spear emerge,
And wing the planetary deep,
To take these lion hills in charge;
While the polar morn advancing,
Spreads her shaking silver dome,
And the North Star keenly glancing,
Warbling seraph, sings thee home.

Where giant Nevis towering high *
Bursts thro' the billows of the sky,
With thunder girt, and plum'd with snows,
To thee a cloudy temple rose.
Yet oft to Druids' watchings weird
By waving wood or haunted heath,
Thy form in melting pomp appear'd,
Or floated o'er the fields of death.
Throned in Staffa's halls volcanic,
Thee the western waves would greet,
Wont to ride with brows tyrannic,
Homaged they around thy feet!

Let the loud pipe the strain prolong,
Thy Celtic sons demand the song;
Adopted to thy glorious name,
'Twas theirs to rear an infant fame.
When savage nations from afar,
In lawless hordes let loose to prey,
Pour'd on their coasts perpetual war,
Destruction, danger, and dismay;
Till at length o'er prostrate Ullin, †
And the Scandinavian keel,
Oscar bold, and dark Cuchullin ‡
Brandished high the vengeful steel.

When the big Roman tempest beat,
Thy rocks were Freedom's last retreat:
While trembling Europe all in vain
Hung speechless on the Wanderer's train;

* Ben-Nevis in Ross-shire, the highest Mountain in Great Britain.

† Ullin, the province of Ulster in Ireland.

‡ Oscar and Cuchullin, two of Ossian's principal heroes.

' Let not" she said " Britannia mourn
" Time bringeth mighty changes forth"
Then sad, dishevelled, and forlorn
She sought the adamantine north;
Many-headed Grampus frowning *
On the squadrons eagle led,
Sternly still the yoke disowning,
Sheltered the celestial maid.

On bloody Carron's twilight banks †
Dim-hovering o'er the martial ranks,
'Twas thus thy courage-kindling tongue,
In accents loud to battle sung:
" Once again the crimson lion ‡
" Streams aloft on Morven's blast,
" Lo! the restless tyrants flying,
" Croud their ' gathered heap ||,' aghast;
" Now redoubted, now or never,
" Grasp the faulchion, follow me;
" These your native plains deliver,
" Heaven preserves the mountains free!"

Yes, still thy hills unconquer'd stand,
Prophetic guardian of the land:
Where is the force that shall displace
The faithful, dauntless, pensive race!
§ Ages on dark-brown ages roll'd
The tide of time tumultuous down,
Their high memorial deeds unfold,
In doubling echoes of renown!

* That chain of mountains called Grampian or Grautsbain.
† Carron or Caran, a celebrated rivulet in Linlithgowshire.
‡ The arms of Scotland are, on a Shield or, a Lion rampant within a double tressure flory, counterflowered gules.
|| " Gathered Heap." The Roman wall called Grame's dyke.
§ " Roll on ye dark-brown years." Ossian.

Fir'd by thee, mid dangers glooming,
What their ardent spirits dare,
Lineaged Thane, or lowly ploughman,
Largs, and Loncarty declare!

Yet not to them did conquest yield
A respite from the bloody field;
Invasion's still-returning tide,
O'erwhelm'd their marches far and wide;
And ever as with doleful breath,
Of bugles shook their thickets green,
The ministers of kingly wrath
Stalk'd proudly o'er the ravag'd scene;
Then the tyrant false and jealous,
Scotia, had become thy lord,
But that brave, indignant Wallace
Wildly snatch'd thy dropping sword.

What earthly power shall well reward
His country's champion, saviour, guard?
What palms what trophies are his due?
Behold! a blood-stain'd block in view!
This is the guerdon, mighty chief!
A common triumph Scotia scorns,
Her's is the awful "joy of grief,"
But vengeance wakes when Scotia mourns!
Ever shall the tragic story
Honours on the lyre bestow,
Tears, the poet's truest glory,
Tears, extatic tears shall flow!

* Far from the proud usurper's arts
Thy dearest exil'd son departs,

* For an Account of the exile of Robert the first amongst the western islands, and the surprisal of the small English Garrison

And o'er the sea-rock sadly bent,
Gives all his royal sorrows vent.
Listening the midnight water's roar
O! Bruce what transport shook thy breast!
When Freedom on the dusky shore
Wav'd her red torch at thy behest.
Still the great design concealing,
Gathering, kindling, rushing on,
Till the Scottish sabre wheeling
Dealt another Marathon!

O Scotia, nurse of heartfelt song,
Whether thy lonely straths among,
Thou viewest, reclin'd on Fortha's urn,
The glorious plains of Bannockburn!
Or musing o'er some crumbling tower,
Mid pendent cliffs and dashing streams,
While Even gilds the dewy hour,
Thou visitest the Poet's dreams;
Borne in mists o'er fatal Flodden,
Or thy pausing footsteps trace
Where on distant, drear Culloden,
* Set the star of Banquo's race!

Be mine to sing that lovelier scene,
When Albion sought thee for his queen.
By charter seal'd in Heaven he rode
Imperial monarch of the flood!
When to the border meads he pressed,

in his own paternal Castle of Turnberry in Ayrshire, See all the Scotch Historians.

* The Royal House of Stuart are said to be descendants of Banquo, thane of Lochaber, who was murdered by the tyrant Macbeth.

* Where Tweed imbibes the classic rills,
And folded to his glowing breast
Thee, Genius of a thousand hills!
After ages of defiance,
Rage and ruin, none but he
Worthy is of thine alliance,
Whose embrace is Liberty!

P. C.

LONDON, 1807.

IMPROMPTU,

To a Lady singing and playing on the Harp.

WHAT though the Thracian Minstrel's lyre,
His frenzied eye, and ardent fire,
Could charm the marble rock to roam;
Una, thy strains of magic art
Can more of extacy impart,
Can melt with potent spell the frozen heart,
And lure *it* from its home.

* The Yed, Yarrow, &c. are here denominated, "classic rills."

ANACREONTIC.

Come, fill the bowl, let mirth and glee
  Our cares and sorrows drown;
Let blithesome mirth and revelry
  The jovial evening crown.

Prepare the garland for my head;
  Let freshest flowers unite.
No pangs of woe, no cares I dread,
  When Bacchus crowns the night.

Come, Cupid, come; our pleasure share
  And flutter round the bowl;
And, while your pinions fan the air,
  With love inspire my soul.

Bring myrtle wreaths, and ivy bring,
  To bind my temples round;
And as of love and wine I sing,
  With roses strew the ground.

Thus free from care my life shall pass!
  For sorrow, woe, and pain
I feel not when I fill my glass,
  And love inspires my brain.

X. Y.

ELEGY,

TO THE MEMORY OF LADY EDEN,

This most amiable and unfortunate victim to maternal solicitude, was carried off in the second week of her confinement by the malignant and fatal influence of the scarlet fever, which her eldest son caught at school, and thus communicated to his Family.

BY MRS. COCKLE.

In holy hope 'mid sorrows chasten'd gloom,
If the rais'd eye be lifted from the tomb,
With awful trust in *Him* who died to save,
And conquering burst the bondage of the grave,
Yet ere the trembling glance reposes there,
And hails the Angel in her *native* sphere;
To earth the tributary tears descend,
For her, the *wife*, the *mother*, and the *friend*;
For her endear'd by every sacred claim,
Beauty's fair form, and virtue's fairer frame:—
Ask not her charms 'mid fashions giddy train,
Ask not her worth, 'mid folly's fleeting reign,
Or where the *great*, or where the *proud* repose,
With all that monumental fame bestows;
No, seek it there in misery's lonely cell,
Where pining want, or infant sorrows dwell,

Where wasting sickness heaves the secret sigh,
Fires the quick pulse, and dims the languid eye;
While the weak accent, tremulous with grief,
In undistinguish'd woe implores relief;
Or there were meagre poverty in vain
Entreats one opiate in her hour of pain,
And finds her doubting eye first meet the form
Of sympathy, amidst life's closing storm.
Nor there alone, where Want with asking eye,
Moves the parch'd lip, and only begs to die,
Or there where sickness with its numerous train,
Feels every sad variety of pain,
Did she with sweet endearment's softest sound
Court the confided pang, and heal the wound:
Her's too were sorrow's tenderest sympathies,
And all her *aiding, graceful,* charities,
For Hope's lost joys, for brighter hours gone by,
The sudden gloom that clouds her summer sky,
When her fair sunshine, once serenely bright,
Sinks in the darkness of a dreadful night;
O'er these, with sympathy's unchanging beam,
She bade sweet pity shed her radiant gleam,
And all her cheering brightness mildly play,
O'er the sad moments of each wintry day.

Ah! ever prompt with eager step to go,
At the soft call of duty, or of woe,
I saw her hasten to the fatal bed,
There by maternal feeling, ardent led,
Saw her regardless of disease's pow'r
With looks of love, beguile his dangerous hour,
With doubting smiles which hope and fear exprest,
Still clasp her treasure trembling to her breast,
Still for herself forget disease's reign
Whilst all the mother throb'd in ev'ry vein.

Ah! why when thus around that dangerous bed
Maternal love her holy influence shed,
Why, why, conceal'd beneath her brightest wreath
Did Fate relentless wing his dart of death,
And see her droop amidst its blossoms gay
A fairer flower, a lovelier far than they?
Yes it was hurl'd and in that fatal hour,
When nature strove with more than nature's pow'r;
Th' unequal conflict of a mother's throes
With all a mother's agonizing woes;
When drooping first she felt the cruel strife,
Felt the strong charm that call'd her back to life;
To her parch'd lips her new-born hope she prest
Then trembling gave it from her burning breast,
Whilst scarcely conscious of this added tye,
Its welcome mingled with a parting sigh.

From that pure sphere, where purest spirits prove
The pleading mercy of redeeming love,
Still bend a mortal's with an angel's eye,
(If aught can mingle of mortality),
If earthly thoughts with heavenly bliss can blend,
Let thy pure spirit still to earth descend;
Oh! turn to those who drooping yet remain,
Dear infant wanderers in a world of pain,
Prompt every wish, and guileless act which here
To thee shall guide them through this world of care;
With guardian eye each better thought direct
With guardian hand their erring steps protect,
And lead them gently through life's thorny road,
To meet thee in the *bosom of their God.*

1809.

THE INCANTATION,

BY WM. CAREY, ESQ.

Scene; a moon-light view of a wild country, on the borders of a forest. MATACORON, an Indian Warrior, designing a midnight attack upon a hostile tribe, sings the praises of his deceased Father, and by powerful spells raises his spirit, to learn the fate of the approaching battle.

OH, Night, my avengers conceal in thy womb;
Assist me, ye light'nings, my foes to consume.
Give—give me the wings of the whirlwind to sweep
The * deer-footed tribe from yon sea-beaten steep.

Ye ghosts of the valiant, who shine from on † high,
And, nightly, display your proud thrones in the sky,
Hide, hide me; the lights of your victory shroud:
And sleep, thou *bright Bow*, in yon ‡ death-bearing cloud.

* Swift-footed.

† The Indians suppose that the ghosts of Warriors, slain in battle, after having slumbered a certain time in the grave, are raised to dwell in the stars, from whence they occasionally descend to wander among the scenes of their former enjoyment.—

‡ Their greatest defeats being the result of nightly marches and ambushes, they look upon death to be the offspring of *Darkness*.—

Five chiefs of renown, by his arrows, lay dead,
Ere the blood of my Father, in battle, was shed.
He fell by the side of the dark-winding stream,
And the vallies resound with the song of his fame.

How sweet is his sleep in the night of the grave:
For dear is revenge to the soul of the brave.
O'er his ashes, the fierce *Potomamac* I tore,
And sprinkled the mantle of earth with his gore.

Like a tiger, undaunted he rush'd to the war;
Like thunder he struck and spread terror afar.
As the blossoms of love, or the spring of the year,
His name to the race of *Maronoc* is dear.

'Tis now the dread moment when Spirits awake;
They glide o'er the pines, or ascend from the lake:
They ride on the winds, or re-visit the plain,
Where the moss-covered skulls of the battle remain.

Three scalps of the conquer'd, to * *Podor* I burn;
At whose voice from *Ronama* the shadows return.
A snake black with venom, I cast in the flame,
And call on the ghost of my Father, by name.

In his glory he comes like a star in the skies!
He smiles—and the omens of triumph arise!
He speaks—and the time of my wishes is near,
When the race of my foes shall in blood disappear.

In the gloom of the forest, securely they sleep:
But, long ere the sun shall illumine the deep,
This hand which the Spirits of Ruin shall guide,
In a tempest of slaughter shall scatter their pride.

HANTS.

* *Podor*, the God of the winds, and ruler of deceased spirits. *Ronama* the Indian Paradise.

A TOWN SCENE,

BY THEOPHILUS SWIFT, ESQ.

A harmless dog, once passing through the street,
Of idle truants chanced a crew to meet.
Unlucky, lawless, without thought or rule,
On mischief bent, the imps had mitch'd from school.
Seized by the tail, poor *Tray* began to yelp,
And piteous look'd, as though he pray'd for help.
In vain:—The naughty boys a *horn* had found,
And to his tail the barbarous log they bound.
Holloo! Holloo! was soon the common cry:
Holloo! Holloo! streets, alleys, lanes, reply:
Loud sounds the horn, as if the French were coming:—
Miss screams:—is very sure she hears the drumming.
Old maids inquisitive to windows run;—
"Pray, Monsieur, is the ravishing begun?
Th' approaching shout affrighted matrons hear,
And virgins fear—they know not what they fear.
At length a buxom widow in the crowd,
With all her griefs alive, exclaims aloud,
"Shame! That what my poor husband's head had worn,
An odious Dog's appendage should be borne!"

IN MEMORY OF

JOHN CAMPBELL, OF BELFAST, MERCHANT,

DIED AGED 73.

BY DR. DRENNAN.

'Tis not the heap of dust this tomb contains,
This wreck of nature forms not his remains.
But truth, and worth, plain, simple, and sincere,
By friends long felt, now hallow'd by their tear;
And manners mild, affectionate and kind,
The faithful mirror of his candid mind.
Temp'rate and prudent, regular and just,
His guardian care still active to its trust.
Sparing in words, but speaking in the deed,
No narrow sect pal'd in his christian creed:
Deed without show, his evangelic plan;
He worshipp'd God by doing good to Man.
In peace, he passed his rev'rend length of days,
Nor courted, nor contemn'd the public praise;
But Mem'ry careful of a good man's fame,
A civic wreath, here, twines around his name,
And still in death, the fond attachment bears,
Which grac'd his life, and crown'd his silver hairs.
These, the remains which burst the narrow room;
Live—and come forth from CAMPBELL'S honour'd tomb.

BONAPARTE.

——Adjectis Britannis
Imperio.——

'Twas thus the proud Napoleon said
While Europe's leaguer'd banners fled,
While blighted monarchs crouch'd to die
At the black light'nings of his eye,
While kingdoms wither'd at his tread
'Twas thus the proud Napoleon said:
"Onward! soldiers, bolder on!
Give me the cliffs of Albion!
Think how firm our laurel sits
Stiff with the blood of Austerlitz,
Think of the tale that Ulm can tell,
Think of the hour when Prussia fell,
And Wagram where the mighty lie,
The red, red grave of Germany!
Think how we crush'd and mock'd and chid,
The rebel boasters of Madrid.
Think, think of these; press bolder on
And give me, give me Albion!
Oh! 'twill be easy to beguile
The monarch of a paltry isle,
To teach the dolt my chains to wear,
And thank me for the life I spare!
Then on my comrades, bolder on,
And give me, give me Albion!

Above each lie-ennobled clod,
Each hero, saint, and demi-god,
Each plodding dunce of glory's school,
The drunkard Greek, the Swedish fool,
Above all these shall Fame install,
The iron emperor of Gaul!
Then onward! let my tri-colòr
Lash the dull fogs of Britain's shore,
Then onward! and in British blood,
We'll quaff the meed of hardihood.
Then onward! and your chief enrobe
The spangled monarch of the globe!"
And shall he come, the demon foe?
And shall he reign?—By Brunswick, no!
While royal Mary's magic smile
Shall warm and animate our isle,
What sluggard, lest *that* princely eye
Should weep the fall of royalty,
And lest the calm majestic grace,
Should struggle in a Gaul's embrace,
What sluggard would not fence the shore,
And trample on the tri-colòr?

H. de W.

TO A PHYSICIAN,

FROM THE FRENCH OF MONTREUIL.

RAYMOND, thou hast beneath thy care
Sylvia, the fairest of the fair!
Who treats with cruel scorn each lover:
Her rigour daily to the grave
Dooms thousands whom her eyes enslave;
And thou may'st half the nation save,
If Sylvia thou wilt not recover.

R. A. D.

LINES,

ADDRESSED TO THE HON. MRS. FRANCES PRESTON, ON THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE NEW YEAR, BY HER AFFECTIONATE HUSBAND.

BY THE LATE WILLIAM PRESTON, ESQ.

I paint no fictions in these homely strains,
Dissembled joys, imaginary pains:
Yet once again, the fond domestic throng
With Fanny comes to claim the yearly song.
I turn with pleasure to the sober task;
Who can refuse what love and virtue ask?—
Who can refuse the pleasure to declare
That fills his bosom from an offspring fair?
How can my muse the soft request decline
Of her who made that hopeful offspring mine?
My tried companion thro' this mortal strife,
The faithful friend, the sympathizing wife.
Connected, beauteous, harmonized, and bright,
Thus SEVEN fair Pleiads join their kindred light.
In order while the darling train attend,
Parental blessings on each head descend.
Oh lost to virtue, lost to patriot flame,
Who does not glory in a father's name!
My soul expands oft as I view the train;
I proudly feel I have not liv'd in vain.

With placid looks my gentle EYRE appears,
Fair is the promise of thy youthful years!
May'st thou, when manly reason fills thy breast,
Be parent and protector to the rest.—
May FANNY when successive years have roll'd,
The female virtues in her life unfold.
Now the gay moments few exertions ask,
Docile obedience is her only task.
With balmy Zephyrs may returning Spring
For ALGERNON returning vigour bring,—
And health conspire his active thoughts to guide,
And train his footsteps where the Muses bide.
May ANGELINE, that like the virgin rose,
Emblem of peace, and health, in beauty grows,
In prudence mild, and gentle manners shine
The future parent of an hopeful line.
May playful GEORGE, affectionate and wild,
In manhood lose the captivating child.
In life may fairy-fac'd FELICIA claim
An happy portion suited to her name;
And DECIMUS, though last not least in love,
With rising life, in rising hopes improve,
And bid the dawn of morning's infant ray
Expand to fullness of the manly day.
All this, whatever space remains for me,
With eyes delighted may their mother see.
And well she merits, whose maternal fears,
And fond solicitudes pursue their years.
Revolving Time that crowns my head with snow,
And proves her faith, has seen our offspring grow;
And every day that past has summon'd forth
New proofs of tenderness and female worth.
In life's drear journey we are made to mourn,
But peace and virtue guide her to the bourn;

And Hope and fair Religion's steady light
Exalt her eyes, make every prospect bright.
May heaven protect our children, to repay
Her sleepless nights, her every anxious day;
May gratitude be join'd with nature's tie,
To heave the filial breast and melt the filial eye.

THE WISH.

TO HENRY.

——Multa petentibus
Desunt multa. Hor.

YES! I have wish'd for Beauty's form,
Though but the Spirit's transient dress,
That I might more my Henry warm,
That I might more my Henry bless.

And I have wish'd my stores to teem
With the bright earth of Chili's mine;
Though little I Wealth's joys esteem,
But as the ministers of thine.

And I have wish'd indulgent Heaven
Had wit and sense bestow'd on me;
Because, those godlike treasures given,
I had become more worthy thee.

So infinite the space appears,
Which, pass'd by thee, between us es,
I mark it only with my tears,
I measure only with my eyes.

* * * * *

ON GOING TO OXFORD

ADIEU, O ye thoughtless gay train!
That tread Pleasure's flowery path,
Where Sloth, idly busy, in vain
Ever seeks fresh enjoyments at Bath:
Adieu!—That from you I retire,
No tear shall swell into my eye;
Nor, pining with hopeless desire,
For your joys shall I heave one fond sigh.

Adieu, O ye seats still so lov'd!
Dear scenes of my childhood, adieu!
Ye vales too, where happy I rov'd
Ere the sharpness of sorrow I knew!
No more on his willowy shore
Avon sees me lone-wand'ring at eve;
Avon hears me deep-musing no more;—
These meads, and these plains I must leave.

Hark! Isis now calls me away;
"Haste; spurn these soft pleasures," She cri
"Oh! why dost thou fondly delay?
"Oh! why turn so often thine eyes?
"Amid the bright circle to shine,
"Each varying fashion to guide,
"To warm the fair breast is not thine;
"Haste; spurn these soft pleasures aside.

"If yet the green mead can delight;
"If Philomel sweetly can sing;
"If the distant streams glittering bright
"Amid the gay landscape of spring,

" Or the spires, that * high-bosom'd in trees
" Reflect the slope sun's golden ray,
" Have yet aught of beauty to please;
" O haste, to my banks haste away.

" Say, where smile the meadows more green?
" Where does Philomel warble more sweet?
" What stream rolls more pure thro' a scene,
" Where Spring's various treasures so meet?
" O say, what can Avon compare
" To the towers, that crown my proud side!
" Or when did the muses sport there?
" When deign'd Phœbus to bathe in his tide?

" Erewhile thou to Phœbus wast dear,
" When Ichin was calm'd by thy strains;
" And fondly I deem'd I should hear
" Thy pipe echoing shrill through my plains.
" Go, Corydon, throw that pipe down,
" † Thy lips now no longer it breathes;
" Go, Corydon, pluck off that crown;
" Those laurels ill brook pleasure's wreaths."

Oh Isis! thy taunts are in vain;
Far other cares tear my sad heart!
Nor can Phœbus e'er sooth my fix'd pain;
—Ah me! Love but laughs at his art.
In vain nature pours o'er the ground
Her beauties—no beauties to me:
If wherever I roll them around
These eyes can no Maryanne see.

† †.

* Bosom'd high in tufted trees. MILTON

† αυτὰι τα νὰ χείλεα. Mosch: Ep: Bion:

SONNET.

BY JOHN LEYDEN, M. D. *

Alas! that Fancy's pencil still pourtrays
A fairer scene than ever nature drew:
Alas! that ne'er to Reason's placid view
Arise the charms of youth's delusive days,
For still the memory of our former years,
By contrast vain impairs our present joys;
Of greener fields we dream, and purer skies,
And softer tints than ever nature wears.
Lo! now to fancy Teviot's dale appears,
Adorn'd with flowers of more enchanting hue
And fairer bloom than ever Eden knew,
With all the charms that infancy endears.
Dear scenes! which grateful memory must repeat,
Why should you make the present joys less sweet?

* Author of "Scenes of Infancy;" a poem, descriptive of Teviot-dale.

SONNET.

TO THE YEW.

BY THE SAME.

When Fortune smil'd, and Nature's charms were new,
I lov'd to see the oak majestic tower;
I lov'd to see the apple's painted flower,
Bedropt with pencill'd tints of rosy hue:
Now more I love thee, melancholy yew,
Whose still green leaves in solemn silence wave
Above the peasant's rude unhonour'd grave,
Which oft thou moist'nest with the morning dew.
To thee the sad, to thee the weary fly;
They rest in peace beneath thy sacred gloom:
There, sole companion of the lonely tomb,
No leaves but thine in pity o'er them sigh.
Lo! now to Fancy's gaze thou seem'st to spread
Thy shadowy boughs to shroud me with the dead.

SONNET.

Written on the breaking out of the War between Austria and France.

THRICE foil'd, once more, O Austria! to the plain
Thou lead'st, in arms, thy renovated powers;
And, though through clouds the doubtful Future lours,
Brav'st toil and danger with a high disdain.
The nations round, a fallen and trembling train,
Wait anxiously, while Fear each heart devours,
For the dread conflict of the coming hours
Shall break, or rivet, Europe's galling chain.
String every nerve, bid all thy courage rise;
No common ardour must thy soul inflame:
Thou hast no safe retreat when Victory flies;
No midway path between disgrace and fame;
Here, freedom, peace and glory, meet thine eyes;
There, slavery, ruin, and eternal shame.

1809.

R. A. DAVENPORT.

SONNET.

On the Fall of Saragossa.

PROUD conqueror! though o'er the ruin'd wall,
Of Saragossa thy red banners wave,
Though thousands of her sons, at duty's call,
Have rush'd to find an honourable grave;
Yet thou, accurs'd Ambition's restless slave,
Check thy mean triumph o'er their glorious fall!
How poor and dim thy diadems, O Gaul!
To those bright palms that shade the slaughter'd brave.
History their patriot valour shall record;
And Freedom, bending o'er their sacred tomb,
With grateful tears their noble toils reward:
While thou, descending to the infernal gloom,
To meet the tyrant's and the murderer's doom,
Shalt leave a name by earth and heaven abhorr'd!

1809.

R. A. D.

SONNET.

To France.

DETESTED land! such deep and deadly hate
As once to Rome the Punic hero swore
I vow to thee!—O! were but mine the fate
Over thy pale and trembling plains to pour
The tempest of the battle, and to crush
In dust forever all thy vaunting pride,
Impetuous to the glorious task I'd rush,
Terror, Despair, Destruction, by my side!
Nor do I hate thee, France, for this alone,
That thou from age to age thyself hast shown
Foe to the realm that rules the subject waves;
But that thy sons, detested land! are still
A race accurst, prone to extremes of ill;
Blood-drinking tyrants, or dust-licking-slaves!

1809

R. A. D.

SONNET.

PULTENEY, the fourth young Spring now clothes the earth,
Since my rude muse with laureate wreaths essay'd
To deck the sacred spot, where he is laid
Who form'd my genius, and who gave me birth;
Yet o'er my gayest hours of social mirth
Oft still his absence casts a saddening shade:
Oft still to him my secret tears are paid
While memory fondly dwells upon his worth.
Hence mindful, who most shar'd his grateful love
By many an act of generous kindness won,
This page I mark, O Pulteney! with thy name;
Happy, if so I draw thee to approve
The pious gratitude which warms the son,
Howe'er thy nicer taste the poet blame.

††

SONNET.

To F. N. C. Mundy, Esq. Author of "Needwood Forest."

BY SIR BROOKE BOOTHBY.

MUNDY, whose song hath taught the forest swain
To view fair NEEDWOOD thro' the radiance clear
Of bright imagination, taught the tear
To glisten in his eye for other's pain,
And own that taste and virtue are not vain,
How was thy pipe melodious wont to cheer
The wintry groves, when every leaf was sere,
And brighten summer with its artful strain!
Say by what meed shall NEEDWOOD court thy stay?
She unsuspecting twines in amorous care
Her favourite holly and her flower bells gay,
To deck with modest hand her lover's hair,—
Ah, do not thou her gentle hopes betray,
And doom her tender bosom to despair!

SONNET.

On leaving Tours.

My Gallic friends—ye friends belov'd in vain!
Thou vale of Tours, where Faith and Friendship dwell,
And every greenwood grove and every plain,
Ye lost lamented scenes, ah, fare ye well!
And fare ye well, ye village swains so gay,
Who to the pipe and tabor's merry sound,
Done and forgot the labours of the day,
Each with your partners deftly trip the ground;
Peace to your plains, and still with smile serene,
Fast by those fields for ever dwell Content:
For Friendship hail'd me on your banks of green,
And smiling Welcome wheresoe'er I went!
Oh! vale of Tours where Faith and Friendship dwell,
And you, ye friends beloved in vain, farewell.

W. J.

SONNET

To the River Stour.

DEAR native Stream! ah, dearer far to me
Than Thames, tho' grandeur crown his margin gay;
And not the Loire, all lovely tho' she be,
And passing fair, cou'd woo my thoughts away,
Forgetful of thy haunts, loved Stream: nor she,
The yellow Seine, whose peaceful waters play
Through Gallia's fields, cou'd lure my heart from thee
That faithful heart which knows not how to stray.
Dear native Stream! lov'd Stour, to thee were paid
My earliest vows, and thou my last shall have:
And as my earliest steps were wont to tread,
So shall my last, thy banks, paternal wave!
And yo i, ye trembling willows, wont to shade
My youthful pastimes, ye shall shade my grave.

W. J.

SONNET.

SWEET is Fame's pæan song, and choral note,
When o'er the grave of one she fondly lov'd,
Caress'd by Virtue, and by Worth approv'd,
Rich Genius bids her magic music float:
When, shelter'd from the sun, in woodbine bowers,
Sweet to the sylvan and romantic ear
The bee's incessant melody to hear,
" * Murmuring her fairy tunes in praise of flowers:"
And, sweet th' Eolian harp's enamour'd string,
When, by young Zephyr's balmy lip caress'd,
It trills the listless lover's soul to rest:
But, sweeter far than all such strains may bring
Of mingled rapture, is the bliss we prove
Listening the music of the voice we love.

* From Dr. D——'s Vacuna, 5th. vol. Dodsley's Coll.

SONNET.

On reading "Sickness," an Elegy by the late Mr. Headley; Editor of the Beauties of Ancient English Poetry.

BY T. PARK, ESQ.

CHILD of the classic muse! whose generous toil
Hath many a blossom to the rapt sight shown,
Which else had slumber'd mid an adverse soil,
By weeds encumber'd or neglect o'ergrown:
Ah! why from hence hast thou so early flown?
Could Sickness find no less lamented prey?
Or, like the cygnet's, did thy sad note moan
To melt us with its own funereal lay?—
Yet hapless youth, thy spirit hath not fled
Without the meed of some melodious tear;
A bard * who lov'd thee living, weeps thee dead,
And breathes his soul's warm incense o'er thy bier:
For which, when death shall close his dulcet song,
May requiems like his own, his kindred fame prolong!

* The Rev. W. L. Bowles, late of Trinity-College, Oxford, published an Elegiac poem on the death of Mr. Headley.

SONNET.

ON REVISITING——ALONE.

THROUGH these dark groves no more the Zephyr creeps,
The moon's meek ray illumes yon walls no more;
But the wild blast, with boisterous fury, sweeps
Through the half-leafless trees, and turrets hoar.
Descending fast from many a gloomy cloud,
Driven by the tempest's rage, the drenching rain
Beats on the massy pile, whose summit proud
In sullen grandeur frowns upon the plain.
As slowly-wandering o'er the dank, chill ground,
My footsteps press the fallen foliage sere,
Methinks each leaf, with soft but forceful sound,
Bewails the dying beauties of the year.
Ah, fast-expiring year! might I but close
With thy brief date my pilgrimage of woes!

NOV. 1796.

E. A. D.

SONNET.

TO A FRIEND ON REVISITING——ALONE.

How changed the scene! since that remember'd night,
When, in delightful musings rapt, we stray'd
Through the long lofty grove's o'er-arching shade,
Soften'd by changeful Dian's pearly light;
Or gaz'd upon yon pile of giant might,
In robe of mellow tints by time array'd;
And gave a sigh to those in dust low laid,
Who mark'd of years long past the rapid flight.
How chang'd the scene! the blast raves through the grove;
The withered foliage drives along the plain;
Fast, from dark gathering clouds, descends the rain.
Heedless of angry elements, I rove
And sigh for thee my friend! thy presence dear,
Would spread a magic charm around this landscape drear.

Nov. 1796.

M. A. B.

SONNET.

ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND,

A. B. AND CANDIDATE FOR A FELLOWSHIP IN ONE OF THE UNIVERSITIES.

THAT Hood, so late your wish, in monkish beauty
Flows from your shoulders now, long, black, and furry.
Were you but Fellow then!—Yet why this hurry?
Before you stand, read this, and learn your duty.
Learn, if untufted Wit, and Worth salute ye,
To frown importance, while they cap and sir ye;
With titled Vice and Folly favour curry,
Nor blush, if ill your awkward flattery suit ye:
Sin you; but tolerate no younger sinner:
Teach them to rise, be sober and grow clever;
Snore you till noon, and every night be mellow:
Pray seldom; then be last; be first at dinner:
Walk, ride, and dress; read sometimes; study—never.
This will you swear? Enough: admit him Fellow.

††.

SONNET.

TO A GARDENER, ON HIS SPOILING SOME BEAUTIFUL TREES.

CAITIFF! in vain, prescient of bitter woe *,
And pangs, and shame, which thou art doom'd to feel,
Revengeful dost thou raise the ruthless steel,
And lay the honours of my garden low!
Though never more my ruin'd groves shall know
Their former pride; nor Spring their wounds shall heal;
Nor birds among them pour their merry peal;
Yet hope not thou to scape the destin'd blow.
O malice impotent! For though thy hand,
Arm'd with the felon axe and nerv'd by hate,
Could spread as wide destruction round the land,
And bid each lordly forest bow its state,
Still mocking all thy toil, dark, bare, would stand
One deathful tree, thy terror and thy fate.

1807.

R. A. D.

* "A rogue the gallows as his fate foresees."

SONNET.

ADDRESSED TO THE LYRE OF COWPER.

LYRE of the Bard, who swell'd his lay divine
On the green banks of gentle-flowing Ouse,
Say now what second owner wilt thou chuse
His fingers midst thy widow'd strings to twine?
Vain were the wish, I ween, to call thee mine;
For O! what suitor of the smiling Muse,
Tho' sprinkled oft with Heliconian dews,
Could draw such strains from thee as once were thine?
Still then upon thy native willows hang,
While thro' thy chords the murmuring winds complain,
For him, who once to thy soft numbers sang,
And pour'd with wond'rous art his holy strain,
Well-skill'd to sooth affliction's bitter pang,
Or check the growth of Folly's madd'ning reign!

SOBRINO.

SONNET.

TO ———.

PROUD Pharisee! who oft the midnight oil
Hast wasted to indite the pond'rous page,
Where thou didst thunder with a boundless rage,
The foes of law and kingly state to foil;
How little did we deem thy pious toil,
Thy tender care, to teach us maxims sage,
Was meant a nation's patience to engage,
That thou might'st riot safely in her spoil!
Proud Pharisee! the vices of the poor
So prompt to scourge with unrelenting rod,
How dar'st thou doom them whips and chains to' endure,
When THOU the paths of fouler guilt hast trod;
How dar'st thou breathe, with lips and heart impure,
Proud Pharisee! the sacred name of God!

1809.

R. A. D.

SONNET.

TO LORD COCHRANE.

COCHRANE! who from the Languedocian coast,
Where long thine arms dismay and havoc spread
Return'd, hast now thy gallant squadron led
To where Charente in ocean waves is lost,
As onward press'd thy van, the Gallic host
Shook through its triple line with deepest dread;
To quicksands and to rocks for refuge fled,
And bless'd escape, though ruin was the cost!
If round thy youthful brow such laurels rise,
What triumphs on thy coming years shall wait!
Thy Country, as she turns to thee her eyes,
A second Nelson hails with heart elate:
"Heir of his spirit; O be thine," she cries,
"An equal glory and a longer date"!

1809.

A DREAM.

BY MR. M'LACHLAN.

Lucis habitamus opacis,
Riparumque toros, et prata recentia rivis
Incolimus. VIRGIL.

NIGHT o'er the world had spread her sable reign,
And a still silence hushed the sleeping plain;
Lost to the woes and toils that urge the day,
On the soft couch in balmy rest I lay;
Each power inactive slumber'd in her cell,
But wakeful Fancy ply'd her magic spell,
That bids the thin aerial phantoms fly
In pictur'd dreams before the mental eye.
I saw methought a stately waving wood,
Along whose margin pour'd a silver flood;
On the green bank Sophronia mourned alone,
And pitying rocks re-echo'd moan for moan.
At times the tears in copious torrents roll,
Her lost Florello rushing on her soul;
At times celestial hope her grief allay'd;
At times afresh the potent feeling sway'd;
At length in christian fortitude resigned,
She trusts the wisdom of the Almighty mind,
Who makes his favour'd feel the afflicted smart,
And wounds the spirit but to cure the heart!

" O Thou, my King, my Father, and my God!
Prais'd be thy name, I own thy chastening rod:
When best for me the stroke to meet or shun,
Strike or withhold, and let thy will be done!"
She spoke, when lo! a cloud appear'd to move
In billowy wreathes along the towering grove;
Its thickening folds an angel form convey'd,
Around whose brows celestial glories play'd;
A starry crown on his fair temples beam'd,
His twinkling eyes like radiant Hesper gleam'd,
His locks th' undulating meteors stream'd;
His cheeks with morn's empurpled blushes glow,
His jewell'd robes in loose luxuriance flow:
Round all the vapour, glittering as he turn'd,
The rainbow's mingling hues alternate burn'd.
He came commission'd from the throne above,
And seem'd the smiling messenger of Love!
Borne through the yielding void on airy gales,
Down to the flower-bespangled bank he sails:
The sad Sophronia rais'd her wondering eyes,
And hail'd the sacred vision of the skies;
Florello stood confess'd in all his charms,
She springs and folds him in her raptur'd arms,
Close to her bosom strain'd the lovely boy,
And kiss'd him round and round with tears of joy.
" Whence come, dear child, to visit scenes below,
And bless a parents eyes bedimm'd with woe!
How fared you since the spirit wing'd its way,
And left this world of anguish and dismay?"
He then: " My honour'd parent dry thy tears,
Give God the praise, and hush ungrounded fears;
For now beyond where storms and pains molest,
Beneath His sheltering wings in peace I rest.
Were I foredoom'd to drag a length of days,
And wander still thro' life's perplexing maze,

The threaten'd ills were dire beyond compare,
Each secret labyrinth hid a mortal snare;
Vice for my youth her sharp-fang'd traps would spread,
And ambush'd furies lurk in ev'ry shade;
The syren Pleasure weave her snaky wiles,
And urge me to my fate with tempting smiles:
God saw the storm loud bellowing round the field,
And o'er me spread Salvation's mighty shield,
From earth transferr'd me to my natal home,
Transferr'd to save me from the wrath to come.
" For far beyond that wide encircling pole,
Within whose vault the starry myriads roll,
The empyreal regions bright with day divine,
And the high towers of favour'd Salem shine:
There round the Eternal Throne we tune our lays,
And themes majestic swell from praise to praise;
There trees of life their verdant ranks unfold,
And health perennial streams on waves of gold;
There grief no more extorts the piteous wail,
Nor sin nor death with mortal shafts assail;
Exempt from toil or pain we rest on beds,
Or warble praise thro' Eden's bowery glades;
Or borne by hosts of flying angels, rove
From clime to clime, thro' all the realms of Love!
Sometimes we wing those fiery tracts on high,
Where worlds and systems sail the boundless sky;
Trace planets winding their stupendous round,
Or dart with comets thro' the vast profound;
Or in bright bands revisit earth below,
And hov'ring flutter round the couch of woe;
With Heaven's soft balm allay the painful smart,
Lull care asleep, and cheer the drooping heart,
And in fair vision opening on the eyes,
Make Paradise with all her glories rise.

Cease then my sorrowing parent, cease to weep,
Death to the Christian is a pleasing sleep,
For he who dy'd a rebel world to save,
And forc'd the shadowy portals of the grave,
Holds in his hand the keys of Death and Hell,
And gilds the horrors of the dreary vale.
" And now once more we bid a short adieu,
For yon bright pomp awaiting meets my view.
Still hold the sacred dictates of the skies,
And ardent strive to gain th' immortal prize:
For soon revolve the few predestin'd years,
And soon you leave the cloudy cell of tears,
To heavenly thrones with choirs of angels soar,
And meet your long lost friends to part no more."
As thus he spoke, th' ambient vapour came,
With films condensing round his lucid frame;
Smooth o'er the boughs that crown'd the sylvan scene
It sails, and rising, mounts the calm serene,
Where stretch'd in ranks along th' unmeasured void,
Ten thousand thousand angels seem'd to ride
O'er a long vaulted tract, that dazzling shone
Across Heaven's forehead, like a milky zone,
Lin'd with a beauteous range of clouds that roll'd,
Such clouds as deck the western skies with gold!
Here round Florello clos'd the legions fair,
And bore him high thro' pathless vasts of air,
While all their harps immortal praises sound,
And list'ning orbs the choral strains rebound.
Now Heaven's wide gates their starry folds display,
And downward burst the whelming flood of day,
Fierce on my sight the dreadful splendors beam,
Starting I woke, and morn dispell'd my dream.

ODE

TO MY FRIEND.

DEAR Edward! should it e'er be said
That friendship from the earth is fled,
And sympathy unknown;
Let us confute those selfish elves,
Who judge of others by themselves,
By instancing our own.

Ours is no tie of common stamp,
Whose warmth an angry word may damp,
Which e'en a breath may end;
But 'tis that temper of the mind,
Which, every other wish resign'd,
Cares only for its friend.

Let Prussia, Germany, and Spain
Prepare against a fresh campaign,
And quarrel for—a bone.
We'll sit at home, con o'er the news,
And mark the interested views,
All have—yet none dare own.

Let whigs their tory foes bespatter,
We'll smoke our pipes, and cry, "no matter;
"'Tis all to help the farce on,"
Nor, when we see a mitre fall
On cranium, dubb'd episcopal,
Regret we're not the parson,

When evening closes in the day,
And Luna's horns their tips display,
  In winter's freezing season:
We'll trim the fire, and drink our ale,
(A source of joy, that ne'er shall fail,)
  Nor think of courts, or treason.

On tardy sloth's luxurious bed,
Whilst others rest the aching head,
  We'll taste the charms of morn?
Exulting skim the broad champaign,
Enlivened by the jocund strain,
  The music of the horn.

Or else, should frosts enchain the ground,
Forbidding sports of horn, and hound,
  The gun shall be our care,
Our dogs th' unshackled streams shall try,
'Till roving where the stragglers lie,
  They snuff the tainted air.

Health, a no longer bashful lass,
Who flies the full nocturnal glass,
  Each peaceful hour shall bless,
Contentment too, that timid maid,
No longer of mankind afraid,
  Shall join our social mess.

But chief—to friendship we shall owe
Those joys, which uniformly flow,
  And gild the cloudless day,
Faithfull we'll still agree to share
Each other's happiness, or care,
  'Till life dissolves away.

HORATIO.

TO LADY ——.

ON BEING ACCUSED BY HER OF HAVING GROWN CROSS.

O! was not then my soul content
When first with thee mine hours I spent?
My tender friendship seem'd to please,
And still my heart remain'd at ease;
When with thee happy—calm without thee.

No doubt, or fears my breast annoy'd:
But ah! the peace I then enjoy'd
Was, as alas! *I now* can tell!
Because although *I liked* thee well
By Heavens, I scarcely cared about thee.

But all my spirits now are flown;
And anxious, jealous, fretful, grown,
Thy presence oft I rudely fly;
Oft silent, sullen, sit and sigh;
Nay oft in accents stern reprove thee!

O! wherefore is my bliss expired!
Art thou grown odious, I grown tired;
Where friendship warm'd does hatred glow?
No, no Louisa 'tis not so;
But 'tis because at length *I love* thee.

S. W. I.

INSCRIPTION,

FOR A SEAT, ON THE SUMMIT OF A HILL.

BY ROBERT ANDERSON.

STOP, gentle traveller; on this rude seat,
Rest thee a while, and ponder on mankind.
If thou hast journey'd long thro' life's dark vale,
And Poverty hath thy companion been,
Offend not God by murm'ring at his will—
Consider what thou art—what thou must be—
How life's dull path is short o'er which thou stray'st,
And thou art near Eternity's dread brink.
Now, turn thine eye, yon mansion gay behold;
And if thou dar'st to envy its proud lord
Whose pow'r and rich domains extend afar,
Check the vain thought; know wealth is wrapt in cares,
And but the virtuous are the truly great!
If Fortune's favors, traveller, thou canst boast,
Bethink thee for what purpose they were giv'n,
Nor loiter here: Time's ever on the wing.
Yet, should thy panting bosom rest require,
Let what thine eye beholds lead thee to heav'n.
This Seat, thy wearied body that supports,
Once tower'd majestic, the dark forest's pride;
And many a humbler tree, and fragrant shrub,
Its thick wov'n branches shelter'd from the blast:
And oft the hind, to shun the fervid glow
Of Summer's noontide sun, has sought its shade;
Pleased with wild warblings from its topmost boughs,
While o'er his scanty meal. Time-rent, and fall'n,
Lo, its decay bespeaks the fate of man.
If, pensive grown, thou hang'st a musing head,
One moment's thought points out thy kindred earth;

And the sear leaves, that quivering, drop around,
Soon, soon may rustle o'er thy narrow home.
Now deign to view yon cottage in the vale,
Where late content beam'd in each cheerful face;
See'st thou the ruins?—Mark a helpless pair,
Who sit, and mourn, and tell to passers by,
How war hath blasted all their hopes of age,
In one who fought, and fell in foreign fields.
If thy young heart has not yet felt a pang,
For those, thy brethren, whose distress bespeaks
Thy country's ruin, in its growing pride,
Go! "learn the luxury of doing good:"
Or, if unmindful of a better world,
The phantom Pleasure thou hast long pursu'd,
And self predominates o'er others wrongs,
Hence, sluggard! know thou art not welcome here!

EPIGRAM.

Come, prythee, dear Tagrhyme, a truce with your curses!
Nor longer, disconsolate, murmur and groan
Because pilfering Lackwit has stolen your verses,
And wherever he reads them declares them his own.

'Tis wisely ordain'd that each rascally action
Its own punishment, sooner or later, ensures;
And, if vengeance can give to your heart satisfaction,
For the wrong he has done ample vengeance is your's.

Since Lackwit your lines as his own has repeated,
He nothing has gained but the bitterest scorn!
By all who have heard him, has Lackwit been treated
As the worst poetaster that ever was born.

R. A. DAVENPORT.

SWEET JOY, SWEET SORROW.

BY WM. CAREY, ESQ.

SWEET is the solemn moon-light hour
Of musing in the lonely bow'r;
When hills and woods and vales prolong
The Nightingale's enamour'd song.

Sweet is the look, in silence stole,
That speaks the virgin's secret soul:
Not half so sweet the early ray
Beams from the radiant eye of Day.

Sweet are the hours, when, led by love,
To the soft song of Hope they move;
More sweet than smiling Spring; more bright
Than frolic Summer's golden light.

Sweet is the maiden's fond delay,
When prest to name the bridal day:
Sweet is the lover's hope of bliss:
Sweet, sweet her mute consenting kiss.

Sweet is the vow of love for life;
Ah, sweet the change from maid to wife;
The feast, the dance, the wedding rite;
And sweet the husband's full delight.

Sweet fairy prospects follow soon;
Sweet omens each revolving moon;
Sweet symbols glad the happy pair;
The vines their purple clusters bear.

Sweet is that changing look; that eye
Of languor blue; that longing sigh;
That cheek, by turns, so flush'd! so pale!
That rose, that lilly sweet to hail!

Sweet is that form by Love imprest;
That growing waist; that swelling breast;
Sweet is that swoon; those transports sweet,
Thy baby yet unborn they greet.

Sweet fly the number'd moons: they fly;
And sweet those throes; that plaintive cry;
Sweet, sweet, the sweetest joy on earth,
The moment of auspicious birth.

Sweet name of *Father*, sweet to hear!
Sweet name of *Mother*, ever dear!
Sweet pledge of joy; in transport wild,
See *Father*, *Mother* clasp their *Child*.

These joys I've shar'd; these joys I've known;
These sweets—but ah! not these alone.
Sweet is the memory of the dead;
And sweet the tears that parents shed.

'Tis sweet to echo sigh for sigh;
To watch your dear child's closing eye;
To catch the angel's dying breath,
And kiss the wan cold cheek of death.

'Tis sweet to nurse a silent grief,
Beyond the busy world's relief:
To suffer yet conceal the smart,
And veil with smiles a wounded heart.

'Tis sweet by twilight pale, alone,
To press the dumb, sepulchral stone;
For still, to God and nature dear,
Flows sadly sweet the parent's tear.

'Tis sweet to wake the harp of woe,
And see the drops of pity flow!
To melt the *Outlaw*'s savage heart;
And warm the frozen breast of Art.

EPIGRAM.

To Mrs. F * * * * * * *.

'Tis Friendship's right, I know full well,
Freely unpleasant truths to tell:
But, till this hour, I never knew
She claim'd a right of telling too,
Things both unpleasant and untrue.

R. A. D.

TO HENRY.

Tecum venique, manetque;
Tecum discedet. OVID.

If e'er to feel the breath of Fame
Could hope my humble lyre,
It were because thy sacred name
Hangs trembling on its wire.

Thy name breathes magic o'er my song,
As when by Selma's springs,
An unknown spirit mov'd along,
And swept the dying strings. *

Thy rising worth with silent joy
My raptur'd soul surveys;
Thy virtues all my thoughts employ,
Thy merit all my praise.

As every radiant star supplies,
An index to the spheres,
So, in the lustre of thine eyes,
Thine obvious soul appears.

Thy presence bids the morning rays
Commix with shades of even;
And to my ear thy voice conveys
The harmony of Heaven.

* Ossian.

As fields of grain th' impulsive wind,
With all their waves obey;
So, mov'd by thee, my yielding mind,
Shall own thy gentle sway.

Thus o'er the plaintive harp I bend,
Because Thou lovest its tone;
Seeking howe'er thy wishes tend,
To' assimilate my own.

And hence the Mantuan's glowing page,
Can mightier thoughts inspire;
As swells the sympathetic rage,
I think I feel Thy fire.

Hence too, the milder Roman's * bays
More sportively entwine,
While breathes through all his polish'd lays,
The elegance of Thine.

And nature best my bosom warms,
When wild her features grow,
Because Thou lov'st her awful charms,
With all th' enthusiast's glow.

When soften'd beauty, meeken'd grace,
In milder scenes I see,
Th' enchantment of each magic place,
Is borrow'd half from Thee.

Thus reason gave my passion birth;
Nature and heaven approve,
And to my eyes the total earth
Is full of thee and love.

* Ovid.

ODE,

On the Thanksgiving for the Victory of the Nile. Partly an Imitation of

Jam satis Terris. HOR.

BY THE REV. W. CLUBBE.

I.

Enough hath impious Gallic rage
With direful threats alarm'd the age;
And taught a guilty world to fear
Some prodigy in nature near;
Some change to those barbaric times
When Gothic ignorance and crimes,
Again shou'd banish, in one ruin hurl'd,
Peace and all social blessings from the world.

II.

Enough have Atheists in their pride
The God of all the earth defied:
Robb'd by the sacrilegious hand
We saw his temples naked stand;
And as Religion died away,
Beheld Humanity decay,
And worse than brutal fury overwhelm,
And drench with blood of massacres the realm.

III.

We saw with wild gigantic stride
Their terrors spreading far and wide;
Safe landed upon Egypt's coast,
We saw the desolating host,
For Indus—long a destin'd prey
To death and rapine speed their way;
Whilst in extremes upon the western flood
Aghast with horror pale Hibernia stood.

IV.

What power shall bring them back to peace,
And still this raging of the seas?
Thine, thou Almighty gracious Lord!
By grateful Britons still ador'd!
To thee the willing vow we pay,
To thee for help in need we pray;
Nor fear, protected by thy shield and bow,
What France in all her pride and wrath can do.

V.

Ordain'd by thy supreme decree
To rule the empire of the sea,
If Albion be the favor'd land
The delegate of thy command
To tell the rash invading foe
Thus far nor further shalt thou go:
To thee alone the grateful voice we raise—
To thee alone we give the thanks and praise.

VI.

Only the good are truly brave—
Whilst the proud atheist scorns to crave
Thy aid—or owns the battle won
But by his sword and spear alone;
Britannia's * pious sons to thee
Their God ascribe the victory:
Such thine own heroes to their country given!
Oh, late demand them in the realms of Heaven.

HORACE, BOOK I. ODE 38, IMITATED.

"Persicos odi puer apparatus."

The splendid table's shew I hate,
With glittering load of costly plate!
I care not what my dish's weight;
Nor if of clay or gold.
I only ask a sparkling glass;
An arbour's fragrant shade to pass
My listless hours; upon the grass
In easy comfort roll'd.

X. Y.

* See the beginning of Admiral Nelson's Letter to the Admiralty,—"It hath pleased Almighty God," &c.

TRANSLATION OF THE 9th ODE OF ANACREON.

FAITHFUL Messenger of love,
Tell me, tell me, gentle dove
Whither thro' the lucid air,
Thee thy snowy pinions bear,
Scattering odours as they play
Along the azure vault of day?
Tell me, tell me, gentle dove,
What thy errand? is it love?
" From Anacreon to his fair,
I a tender message bear.
To his fair whose charms enslave
Both the timid and the brave.
To Anacreon I belong;
Venus sold me for a song.
This the letter which I bring,
The poet fasten'd to my wing.
Me at my return awaits
Liberty and all its sweets:
Sweets disdain'd and empty joys!
Liberty I do not prize.
With Anacreon I'll remain;
His no hard or cruel chain!
Thro' the damp and chilly sky
Why should I desire to fly,
Why should I a tender dove
O'er bleak hills delight to rove,

Or in the covert of a wood
Pick my scant and homely food?
Now I'm by Anacreon fed;
From his hand I snatch his bread;
Or the wine I gayly sip
Which has touch'd Anacreon's lip:
Then my dewy wings I throw
O'er his myrtle shaded brow,
Or by the generous draught inspir'd
Play and frolic till I'm tir'd:
And when the fumes of wine expire
Sink to sleep upon his lyre.
Stranger thou hast heard my tale,
Courteous stranger, now farewel,
Quick must I pursue my way,
For I have prated like a jay.

CAMBRIDGE, OCT. 9.

ON BETSY WEEPING.

See! Betsy is weeping! how lovely, in grief
The kind hearted angel appears!
Her bosom oppress'd finds a grateful relief
In a plentiful shower of tears.

Yet her eyes, tho' half veil'd in the quivering dew,
Never look'd more enchantingly bright.
Thus the violet boasts a more beautiful hue
When it shines thro' the tears of the night.

HORATIO.

TO A LADY.

FROM THE FRENCH OF DESPORTES.

Curl those auburn locks with care,
That shade thy forehead smooth and fair;
With humble glance my glances seek;
In tones of magic sweetness speak;
Breathe full oft deceitful sighs;
Raise to heaven thine azure eyes;
Weep, and exhaust thy power to feign;
Thy wiles and hopes will all be vain!
Never more, to thee returning,
Shall my heart with love be burning!
So many groans of sad lament,
So many days in anguish spent,
So many nights of sleepless woe,
Thy fatal beauty made me know,
That ne'er again thy spells shall blind me,
Ne'er again thy fetters bind me:
For I, at length, have learn'd to borrow
Wisdom from my former sorrow!
O wretched he! whose captive soul
Owns a faithless fair's controul;
And, while she mocks his fond believing,
Trusts her words and oaths deceiving!

Then cease, thou false one, cease to strive
My buried passion to revive!
If ever thy seductive art
To bondage lure again my heart,
Let the hard destiny be mine,
Unpitied and unheard to pine:
For he who twice to folly swerves,
No pardon for his fault deserves.

R. A. D.

MADRIGAL.

FROM THE FRENCH OF LA SABLIERE.

So much I press'd, so much I pray'd,
From Laura's lips I gain'd a kiss,
But swift as lightning through the shade,
So swiftly fled my bliss.

O Love! thou hast not done me right!
Had Justice in thy mind a place,
Thou hadst not destin'd my delight
To live so brief a space.

As long a time as I had press'd
To gain the dear delicious treasure,
So long, O Love! to make me blest,
Should I have felt the pleasure.

R. A. D.

A RURAL CORONATION.

Inscribed to Mr. Mundy on reading his Poem on Needwood Forest.

HASTE from your dells, your woods, and lawns,
Nymphs, Naiads, Satyrs, Fays, and Fauns,
Haste! hither bring your flowers and boughs,
And weave a wreath for MUNDY'S brows!
First twigs of oak from SWILCAR rend,
And round his auburn temples bend;
Then tye the ends, that twisting meet,
With tendrils from the woodbine sweet:
With laurel blossoms next be spread
Pale ivy crosswise o'er his head;
These holly sprigs insert between,
—The berries blush amid the green—
While hare-bells blue, and lilies fair,
Mix'd with the wild-rose, deck his hair.
Now with fantastic steps advance,
And hand in hand around him dance;
To oaten pipe attune his lays,
And hail the bard, who sings your praise.
" While the gay choirings of the grove,
" Give breath to harmony and love,
" And golden furze, and purple ling
" Around their mix'd embroidery fling,
" And, all irregularly join'd,
" Th' according out-line waves behind.

ANNA SEWARD.

LINES,

ON MR. MUNDY'S NEEDWOOD FOREST.

BY ERASMUS DARWIN, JUNIOR.*

WHERE NEEDWOOD'S banks embroider'd smile
On bright-hair'd Dove, the British Nile,
Pleas'd MUNDY fix'd his easel strong,
And stretch'd his canvas wide and long;
Broad o'er his hand the pallet lies,
With pencils for a thousand dyes.
He look'd, and drew, and look'd again,—
—Enamour'd Fancy snatch'd the pen,
Nymphs, Graces, Loves, around him throng,
With all the sisterhood of song:
Bright tints by Fairy hands were mix'd,
And Witchcraft etch'd the shades betwixt.
Delighted Flora smil'd and drew
The primrose pale and violet blue.

* Drowned in 1800, near Litchfield.

A Naiad spreads the flake of snow *,—
White foams the glittering stream below.
" Give me the pallet," Love demands,
And stretching forth his baby hands
Dipp'd with nice touch his keenest shaft
In all the blushing lakes, † and laugh'd;
With sweetest grace the pencil flow'd,
With softest tints the canvas glow'd;
" I'll draw mamma," the wanton cries,
And TALBOT's features charm our eyes!
With airy ease the white neck bends,
Lock after lock the hair descends:
O'er the fair form the graces spread
Their vest, and Hymen wreathes the head.
And then Thalia, muse of woe,
Moves o'er the woof her crayon slow.
Here, cold, bewilder'd, tir'd, forlorn,
The traveller sighs in vain for morn;
Stretch'd on the imprinted snow he lies,
And bends on heaven his stiffening eyes.
There Friendship sits the shade beneath,
And twines for CLARKE a fadeless wreath;
Fresh Cypress with the flowers she weaves,
And many a tear-drop gems the leaves.
Next o'er the lawn a virgin throng
In sad procession moves along,
Lorn Loves inverted torches bear,
And Pity weeps o'er VERNON's bier.
To shade the distant ground, and lay
The rising group in bolder day,
A Dryad chalks some dusky strokes,—
Behind umbrageous frown her oaks!

* Flakewhite.
† Carnation colours

And SWILCAR, rent by many a storm,
Rears high in air his leafless form.
  Pleas'd MUNDY stood with eager eyes,
And watch'd the living figures rise;
Smil'd as the varying colours flow'd,
And sigh'd by turns, and chill'd, and glow'd:
And to the admiring world has shewn
The immortal tablet for his own.

Fugitive Poetry.

FUGITIVE POETRY.

VERSES,

Being an Apology for the Errors and Eccentricities of Genius: written for the Anniversary of the LITERARY FUND, *May* 8, 1806*.

BY THE REV. T. MAURICE.

WHEN Man's majestic form, at Nature's birth,
Rose, newly fashion'd, from the teeming earth,
Pleased with his noblest work, th' Eternal Sire
A portion of his own ethereal fire
Breathed on the senseless mass—the kindling clay
Felt the pure flame, and bounded at the ray.
But *Life* with myriad humbler forms he shared,
For MAN a nobler boon his hand prepared;
He gave him *Reason's* powers, and thro' his soul
Bade the warm current of the *Passions* roll:

* These verses having been considerably *curtailed*, for the purpose of recitation, are here given at length; and on that account they may possibly appear more connected and intelligible than when spoken, though delivered with all that peculiar energy and spirit which distinguish the gentleman (Charles Tweedie, Esq.) who undertook the kind office of recitation.

Almighty GENIUS, then, that hand bestow'd,
And all his features with the Godhead glow'd.
Uninjur'd, unimpair'd, by age or clime,
Bright as the Sun, and as its source sublime,
While Time's uncounted cycles roll away,
Fervid, immortal, flames its hallow'd ray.
Soul of the daring thought, and glowing lyre,
What shall repress its *rage*, or damp its fire!
Unchanged by climate—at the burning line,
With warmth congenial glows the spark divine;
'Mid Scythia's snows the tropic heat displays,
And pours through Lapland glooms its ardent blaze.
Now, where parch'd Afric's burning sands extend,
And raging Cancer's glowing beams descend,
In dauntless Hannibal its fires behold,
Who o'er proud Rome the Punic thunder roll'd;
'Twas Genius o'er the Alps his standard bore,
And purpled Cannæ with patrician gore!
Now, mid the darkness of the frozen pole,
Behold those fires inflame great Peter's soul.
With daring schemes of high ambition fraught,
What vast conceptions fill his labouring thought!
Of boundless empire, midst a trackless wild,
The haunt of savages, with blood defil'd!
The stern Lycurgus forms the mighty base,
And glows to civilize a barbarous race;
In barren swamps bids tow'ring cities rise,
And Science bloom beneath Siberian skies;
With verdure clothes the rock's incumbent brow,
While at his feet th' eternal forests bow;
O'er half the Arctic circle spreads his reign,
And with new navies crowds th' astonish'd main.
E'en Slavery's bonds its radiant beams illume,
And penetrate the dungeon's deepest gloom;

Hear laughing Terence pour his comic strains,
Hear fabling Æsop warbling in his chains;
By Genius fired, Columbus spreads his sails,
And a new world the advent'rous chieftain hails.
By Genius led along the stormy shore,
Where round the Cape the thund'ring surges roar,
And raging hurricanes its surface sweep,
Undaunted Gama ploughs the Indian deep.
How bright in Nelson glow'd its ardent flame!
What splendours blaze, round Pitt's unrival'd name!
Immortal patriots! o'er whose honour'd bier
Virtue and Britain shed th' unceasing tear!
O'er subject earth and seas 'tis GENIUS reigns,
And rolls the planets through yon azure plains.
No grov'ling native of this nether sphere,
The radiant child of Heav'n's eternal year!
Beyond the flight of vulgar thought he springs,
Nor human laws restrain his eagle wings;
But chief the Critic's frigid rules he spurns,
And with his own immortal ardour burns.
To all his bold eccentric darings kind,
The proud excesses of a lofty mind,
Those errors that from burning feelings flow,
When high the spirits, warm the pulses glow,
Nor wholly overlook, nor nicely scan—
And for his GODLIKE talents spare the MAN.
Oh! in no mean terrestrial balance weigh
The GOOD or ILL that marks his brilliant day;
But in that lofty balance hung on high,
For ever blazing in HIS native sky!
'Tis only in celestial *Libra* weigh'd,
GENIUS, thy dazzling merits are display'd.
Reflect—through all the radiant march of time,
Whatever great, or daring, or sublime,

Fills the vast volume of recording fame,
From GENIUS sprang, and hallow'd be its flame!
As the bright Phœnix at the solar beam
Drinks life and vigour from its parent stream,
The Phœnix GENIUS at a fount more bright
Quaffs the pure blaze, and beams reflected light.
Like watchful Magi guard the virgin fire,
Nor let its blaze in *penury* expire!
Would daring mortals check his bright career,
And chain to earth a native of the sphere?
Go, the sweet influence of the Pleiads bind,
Bid their mild radiance cease to bless mankind;
Or vast Orion with thy nod control,
And loose Arcturus from the gleaming pole;
The madd'ning whirlwind of the South restrain,
And with thy plummet sound the unfathom'd main;—
When Nature thus obeys thy ruling hand,
Then bend proud GENIUS to thy stern command.
Think'st thou that HE, whose soul delighted strays
In the bright tract where circling planets blaze,
Who richer treasures than Peru can boast,
Or glow on wealthy India's rubied coast,
Will bend HIS spirit of immortal birth,
To heap the treasured dross of shining earth?
Perish the thought!—Who sings the rolling sphere,
And paints the beauties of the vernal year,
Should taste, *unbought*, those bounties which it brings,
And all the sweets his muse enraptur'd sings;
For him, with Nature's richest dainties stor'd
Let pamper'd Dulness spread the sumptuous board;
For him the Summer's golden fruits should glow,
And the rich torrent of the vintage flow:
Who to the banquet gives its genuine zest,
For *him*, *him* only should the grape be prest.

Yours is the sacred charge, by Heav'n assign'd,
On earth to cherish this proud *Child of Mind.*
That charge how glorious! how sublime the trust!
To Heav'n be faithful,—and to Man be just.
Guard this rich gem of the celestial mine,
And bid its light to latest ages shine.
Behold, with all the glow of Genius fir'd,
For letters with unbounded zeal inspir'd,
That PRINCE whose heart beats high for Britain's fame,
And bounds at Liberty's transporting name,
On Heav'n-born Talent sheds a cheering ray,
Auspicious promise of a brighter day!
Nor unrequited shall his bounty stream—
GENIUS rolls back the bright reflected beam;
For cherish'd fires confers sublime renown,
And with new glories gilds the British Crown.
Foster'd by You,—beneath these frozen skies,
I see new SHAKESPEARES, SPENSERS, MILTONS rise.
I hear new DRYDENS, but in manlier strain,
Resound some future GEORGE'S glorious reign;
And other JONESES, if the Fates are kind,
With all their talents, all their fires combin'd,
In Orient climes uphold the British name,
And bless the FUND that nurs'd their rising flame.

EPIGRAM.

SUCH a liar is Ned that there's none can lie faster,
Excepting his maid, and she'll lie with her master.

S.

A BIRTH-DAY THOUGHT.

THE AUTHOR, 20.

BY THE LATE REV. R. POTTER.

See, from the roseate east the morning springs,
And her fresh beams o'er brightening nature flings:
Joy to the new-born day!—Alas, what joy,
What cause of gladness can my thoughts employ?
If this revolving morn gave me to light
From the dark womb of unessential night,
Shall it be hail'd thro' each returning year?
This gratulation how will reason bear?
Is there a cause of joy? Look back, my soul,
Bid the past year in due succession roll.
Light ludicrous and dismal! folly, noise,
Substantial sorrows, and unreal joys;
Childhood's dark morning, youth's uncertain ray,
Manhood's hot noon mark out the various day;
No wisdom, but through folly's school obtain'd;
No passion conquer'd, and no virtue gain'd.—
And shall I bless the day, that brings again
The same wild farce, nor shifts the idle scene?
Yes, I will bless it; for perhaps this day
Opens the last great act that ends the play.
This act no light atellane laugh shall raise,
But, grave with moral, merit sober praise:
Then shall some decent epilogue engage
Th' approving crowd to clap me off the stage.

LINES

ON THE DEATH OF THE REV. DR. KIPPIS.

BY HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS.

PLAC'D 'midst the tempest, whose conflicting waves
The buoyant form of Gallic Freedom braves,
I from its swelling surge unheedful turn,
While o'er the grave where Kippis rests I mourn.
Friend of my life, by ev'ry tie endear'd,
By me lamented, as by me rever'd!
Whene'er remembrance would the past renew,
His image mingles with the pensive view;
Him through life's length'ning scene I mark with pride,
My earliest teacher, and my latest guide.
First, in the house of pray'r, his voice impress'd
Celestial precepts on my infant breast;
"The hope that rests above," my childhood taught,
And lifted first to God my ductile thought.
And, when the heav'n-born Muse's cherish'd art
Shed its fresh pleasures on my glowing heart;
Flash'd o'er my soul one spark of purer light,
New worlds unfolding to my raptur'd sight;
When first with timid hand I touch'd the lyre,
And felt the youthful poet's proud desire;
His lib'ral comment fann'd the dawning flame,
His plaudit sooth'd me with a poet's name;
Led by his counsels to the public shrine,
He bade the trembling hope to please be mine;

What he forgave, the critic eye forgives,
And, for a while, the verse he sanction'd lives.
When on that spot where Gallic Freedom rose,
And where she mourn'd her unexampled woes,
Scourge of his nature, and its worst disgrace,
Curse of his age, and murd'rer of his race,
Th' ignoble Tyrant of his Country stood,
And bath'd his scaffolds in the patriot's blood;
Destin'd the patriot's fate in all to share,
To feel his triumphs, and his pangs to bear;
To shun th' uplifted axe, condemn'd to roam
A weeping exile from my cherish'd home*,
When malice pour'd her dark insatiate lye,
Call'd it, though death to stay, a crime to fly;
And, while the falsehood serv'd her hateful ends,
Congenial audience found in hollow friends;
Who to the tale "assent with civil leer,
"And, without sneering, teach the rest to sneer;"
His friendship o'er me spread that guardian shield,
Which his severest virtue best could wield;
Repell'd by him, relentless Slander found
Her dart bereft of half its pow'r to wound.
Alas! no more to him the task belongs
To soothe my sorrows, or redress my wrongs;
No more his letter'd aid, enlighten'd Sage!
Shall mark the errors of my careless page;
Shall hide from public view the faulty line,
And bid the merit he bestows be mine.
Ah! while with fond regret my feeble verse
Would pour its tribute o'er his hallow'd hearse,
For him his Country twines her civic palm,
And Learning's tears his honour'd name embalm;

* Miss W. took refuge in Switzerland, during the tyranny of Roberspierre.

His were the lavish stores her force sublime
Through ev'ry passing age has snatch'd from Time;
His, the Historian's wreath, the Critic's art,
A rigid judgement, but a feeling heart;
His, the warm purpose for the gen'ral weal,
The Christian's meekness, and the Christian's zeal;
And his, the moral worth to which is giv'n
Earth's purest homage, and the meed of Heav'n.

LOVE.

Behold yon gaudy painted flower,
Gay blushing to the morning rays,
It sprung and blossom'd in an hour,
With night's chill blast its bloom decays;
Yet thoughtless maidens, as they rove,
Mistake, and call this flow'ret *love.*

But Love's true flow'r, before it springs,
Deep in the breast its fibres shoots,
And clasps the heart, and round it clings,
And fastens by a thousand roots;
Then bids its strengthen'd tendrils climb,
And braves the chilling blast of time.

TO HAYDN.

WHO is the mighty master that can trace
Th' eternal lineaments of Nature's face?
'Mid endless dissonance, what mortal ear
Could e'er her peal of perfect concord hear?
Answer, O Haydn! strike the magic chord!
And, as thou strik'st, reply and proof afford.
Whene'er thy Genius, flashing native fire,
Bids the soul tremble with the trembling lyre,
The hunter's clatt'ring hoof, the peasant-shout,
The warrior-onset, or the battle's rout,
Din, clamour, uproar, murder's midnight knell,
Hyæna shrieks, the warhoop, scream, and yell—
All sounds, however mingled, strange, uncouth,
Resolve to fitness, system, sense, and truth!
To others noise and jangling; but to thee
'Tis one grand solemn swell of endless harmony.
When dark and unknown terrors intervene,
And men aghast survey the horrid scene:
Then, when rejoicing fiends flit, gleam, and scowl,
And bid the huge tormented tempest howl;
When fire-fraught thunders roll, when whirlwinds rise,
And earthquakes bellow to the frantic skies,
Till the distracted ear, in racking gloom,
Suspects the wreck of worlds, and gen'ral doom:
Then Haydn stands, collecting Nature's tears,
And consonance sublime amid confusion hears.

T. HOLCROFT.

VERSES

To the Memory of GARRICK, *spoken as a Monody, at the Theatre Royal, in Drury-Lane* *.

BY THE RIGHT HON. R. B. SHERIDAN.

IF dying EXCELLENCE deserves a tear,
If fond remembrance still is cherished here,
Can we persist to bid your sorrows flow
For fabled sufferers, and delusive woe?
Or with quaint smiles dismiss the plaintive strain,
Point the quick jest—indulge the comic vein—
Ere yet to buried ROSCIUS we assign—
One kind regret—one tributary line!
  His fame requires we act a tenderer part:—
His MEMORY claims the tear you gave his ART!
  The general voice, the meed of mournful verse,
The splendid sorrows that adorned his hearse,
The throng that mourn'd as their dead Favourite pass'd,
The grac'd respect that claim'd him to the last,
While SHAKESPEAR's image from its hallow'd base,
Seem'd to prescribe the grave, and point the place,—
Nor these,—nor all the sad regrets that flow
From fond Fidelity's domestic woe,—
So much are GARRICK's praise—so much his DUE—
As on this spot—One tear bestow'd by YOU.

* This monody was first published in 1779, and dedicated to the Right Hon. Countess Spencer.

Amid the Arts which seek ingenuous fame,
OUR toil attempts the most precarious claim!
To HIM, whose mimic pencil wins the prize,
Obedient Fame immortal wreaths supplies:
Whate'er of wonder REYNOLDS now may raise,
RAPHAEL still boasts contemporary praise:
Each dazzling light, and gaudier bloom subdu'd,
With undiminish'd awe HIS Works are view'd:
E'en Beauty's portrait wears a softer prime,
Touch'd by the tender hand of mellowing Time.
The patient SCULPTOR owns an humbler part,
A ruder toil, and more mechanic art;
Content with slow and timorous stroke to trace
The lingering line, and mould the tardy grace:
But once atchieved—tho' barbarous wreck o'erthrow
The sacred fane, and lay its glories low,
Yet shall the sculptur'd ruin rise to day,
Grac'd by defect, and worship'd in decay;
The' enduring Record bears the Artist's name,
Demands his honours, and asserts his fame.
Superior Hopes the POET'S bosom fire,—
O proud distinction of the sacred lyre!—
Wide as the' inspiring PHŒBUS darts his ray,
Diffusive splendour gilds his VOTARY'S lay.
Whether the song heroic woes rehearse,
With epic grandeur, and the pomp of verse;
Or, fondly gay, with unambitious guile
Attempt no prize but favouring Beauty's smile;
Or bear dejected to the lonely grove
The soft despair of unprevailing love,—
Whate'er the Theme—thro' every age and clime
Congenial passions meet the' according rhyme;
The pride of glory—Pity's sigh sincere—
Youth's earliest blush—and Beauty's virgin tear.

Such is THEIR meed—THEIR honours thus secure,
Whose arts yield objects, and whose works endure.
The ACTOR only, shrinks from times award;
Feeble Tradition is HIS Memory's Guard;
By whose faint breath his merits must abide,
Unvouch'd by proof—to substance unallied!
Ev'n matchless GARRICK's art to Heav'n resign'd,
No fix'd effect, no model leaves behind!
The GRACE of ACTION—the adapted MIEN
Faithful as nature to the varied Scene;
The' EXPRESSIVE GLANCE—whose subtle comment draws
Entranc'd attention, and a mute applause;
GESTURE that marks, with force and feeling fraught,
A sense in silence, and a will in thought;
HARMONIOUS SPEECH, whose pure and liquid tone
Gives verse a music, scarce confess'd its own;
As light from gems, assumes a brighter ray
And clothed with orient hues, transcends the day!—
PASSION's wild break—and FROWN that awes the sense,
And every CHARM of gentler ELOQUENCE—
All perishable!—like the' electric fire
But strike the frame—and as they strike expire;
Incense too pure a bodied flame to bear,
It's fragrance charms the sense, and blends with air.
WHERE then—while sunk in cold Decay he lies,
And pale Eclipse for ever veils those Eyes!—
WHERE is the blest memorial that ensures
Our GARRICK's Fame?—whose is the trust?—'tis YOURS.
And O! by every charm his art essay'd
To sooth your Cares?—by every grief allay'd!
By the hush'd wonder which his accents drew!
By his last parting tear, repaid by you!

By all those Thoughts, which many a distant night,
Shall mark his memory with a sad delight!—
Still in your heart's dear record bear his name;
Cherish the keen regret that lifts his fame;
To YOU it is bequeath'd, assert the trust,
And to his WORTH—'tis all you can—be JUST.
What more is due from sanctifying Time,
To chearful WIT, and many a favour'd RHYME,
O'er his grac'd urn shall bloom, a deathless wreath,
Whose blossom'd sweets shall deck the mask beneath.
For these,—when SCULPTURE's votive toil shall rear
The due memorial of a loss so dear!—
O loveliest mourner, gentle MUSE! be thine
The pleasing woe to guard the laurell'd shrine.
As FANCY, oft by Superstition led
To roam the mansions of the sainted dead,
Has view'd, by shadowy Eve's unfaithful gloom,
A weeping Cherub on a Martyr's tomb—
So thou, sweet MUSE, hang o'er HIS sculptur'd bier,
With patient Woe, that loves the lingering tear;
With thoughts that mourn—nor yet desire relief,
With meek regret, and fond enduring grief;
With looks that speak—He never shall return!—
Chilling thy tender bosom clasp his urn;
And with soft sighs disperse the' irreverend dust,
Which TIME may strew npon his sacred bust.

IMITATION OF MARTIAL.

WITH faulty accents and so vile a tone
You quote my lines, I took them for your own.

N. B. HALHED, ESQ.

LOVE ELEGIES.

BY F. N. C. MUNDAY, ESQ.

ELEGY I.

ON LEAVING BATH. 1761.

Adieu ye walls, that hold my favourite maid!
Adieu, fair city, Beauty's darling seat!
At length adieu! at length, tho' late delay'd,
From you my steps unwillingly retreat.

Yet from the summit of this neighbouring hill,
While scanty morn deals forth the light of day,
Where your proud domes yon ample valley fill,
My eyes shall take their lingering last survey.

And Fancy there that envied roof descries
Where dwells the dear possessor of my heart:
There lull'd in happy sleep my fair one lies,
Nor knows, nor pities, my unceasing smart.

O wou'd some friendly dream my grief disclose!
—But cease, vain mind, the fond petition cease—
Nor vex her gentle breast with fruitless woes;
—Peace to her threshold, to her slumbers peace.—

Enough for me, if when Hyperions' ray
Unlocks the brighter glories of her eye,
Her kindest wish shall speed me on my way;
While from her soul escapes the struggling sigh.

Nor yet, so Hope sweet flatterer would suggest,
Nor yet of Love unconscious is her heart;
Oft have her smiles the mutual flame confess'd;
Nor unlamented shall I now depart.

And oft her lips my plighted vows restor'd;
How joy'd my soul such blessings to receive!
Each hope she gave that honour cou'd afford;
With every bliss that virtue ought to give.

When from her presence, forc'd by fate I came,
Sudden her cheeks the virgin bloom forsook:
In her moist eye the rising sorrows swam,
And kind concern hung mournful on her look.

Grief ill-conceal'd, seem'd bursting from her breast;
The fond "Farewell," her faltering voice deny'd;
With equal warmth my closing hand she press'd;
And looks and nods the fond "Farewell" supply'd;

—Fair city, happy walls, at length adieu!
I go; but leave my soul's best part behind;
I go from joy, from pleasure, and from you;
Love, only Love, accompanies my mind:

Guard well your choicest charge, this favourite Maid;
So may the Sun rise gorgeous on your towers!
—Me, on my hated way let darkness shade,
Smit by the furious blasts and rattling showers.

In glooms congenial to my sorrowing mind
May the sick sky its troubled visage shrowd;
My plaints be answer'd by the muttering wind;
And heavy as my heart each lowering cloud.

In vain doth Phœbus at the call of morn,
New trick his beams fresh rising from the sea;
In vain doth Spring the laughing fields adorn;
Without my Love, she shines no Spring to me.

O cou'd the Seasons but my Love restore!
So might my soul their genial pleasures taste:
Or bless'd with her I'd hear the whirlwind roar;
And brave the tempest on th' unshelter'd waste!

For she alone can Time's dull space beguile,
Or with fresh joys improve the happy hour:
For she can bid the wintry landscape smile,
Or add new beauties to the vernal hour.

ELEGY II.

ON RETURNING HOME FROM WINCHESTER. 1761.

In vain, O native fields, ye strive to please,
In vain to joy your various scenes invite:
Nor can ye give my soul its wonted ease;
Nor can ye give my Fair-one to my sight!

Joy is not here: fly, sweet Remembrance fly;
Fly where I revell'd late in Pleasure's train;
Recall the fleeting form to Fancy's eye;
And live o'er all the blissful hours again.

Mine was the lot, from every youth to bear
The prize how envy'd, how desir'd by all!
Mine was the lot, where hundred nymphs were fair,
To lead the fairest through the mazy ball.

How felt my soul when she to music mov'd,
In youthful prime, and blooming beauty warm!
Each step, each attitude her form improv'd,
And a new grace arose on every charm.

How I obey'd, tho' music gave command,
Her palm's soft touch one moment to resign:
Again, ere music bade, I seiz'd her hand,
And lock'd the lovely treasure fast in mine.

If then that momentary loss was pain,
This age of absence how shall I abide?
Ah! who will bring her to my wish again,
Whom adverse fate, and distant lands divide?

Where are those joys, those tender joys I felt,
When from the dance retir'd we sat apart?
On her alone my eyes all fondness dwelt;
How have their rebel looks betray'd my heart!

Grace, harmony, and sense distinct and clear,
With mildness in her modest language meet:
Attention hangs upon my ravish'd ear;
And what her eyes began, her words compleat.

Away, thou silken son of foppish pride!
This is no ear for such discourse as thine:
Go, let thy vows and hackney'd arts be try'd
In vain devotion at yon painted shrine.

Nor think that Love, true Love, could e'er impart,
False as your idol's bloom, such mimic joys:
Affected mirth that springs not from the heart;
Jests without wit, and flattery that cloys.

By thee, my Fair-one, let me sit and sigh;
And mark the graces that around thee move;
Catch the dear pain that glances from thine eye;
And yield my soul to softness and to love.

Ah no, in pity snatch thy hand from mine,
And hide those fatal beauties of thy cheek;
Nor let thine eyes so soft a look incline,
Lest my fond heart with tenderness shou'd break.

Thy charms, my Love, o'ercome me with delight,
Thy voice, thy look, thy smile—alas I dream!—
Ye well-known domes, that rise upon my sight,
Once dear indeed! how hateful now ye seem!

Ah mock me not, my friends, with loathed joy;
My sickening soul such greetings cannot bear:
Nor this the form that fill'd my greedy eye;
Nor that the voice which charm'd my listening ear.

Where is that look? Oh, where that lovely smile?
Torn from those blessings, from her presence torn,
In sighs, in tears I waste the absent while,
Sad as the sick man's night, impatient for the morn.

ELEGY III.

DESPAIR. WRITTEN IN 1762.

Severe, O Love, thy tyrant power I feel,
My heart, my life, my freedom all are thine;
Lo, at thy awful throne submiss I kneel,
Stern as thou art, thy milder ear incline.

If e'er my stubborn will thy power repell'd,
If e'er with thee in impious contest strove,
If e'er my tongue thy mysteries reveal'd,
A shameless recreant to myself and Love;

If e'er my heart its plighted promise broke,
If aught but Love did e'er possess my mind;
Then bow I calmly to the lifted stroke;
Then to thy rage vindictive yield resign'd.

But if true votary to thy sovereign power
My infant hands thy laughing altars dress'd,
If from my birth to this afflictive hour,
Thy hopes, thy joys, have flutter'd in my breast;

If Love, and Love alone, hath revell'd there,
Beneath the veil of secrecy and truth,
O free me, free me from this sad despair,
That blasts with chilling hand my bloom of youth.

But ah, no power of thine can reach her heart,
Proof to that passion which her beauty gave;
Snatch then, O snatch from Death the friendly dart,
And hide my sorrows in the silent grave!

ELEGY IV.

ABSENCE, WRITTEN IN 1764.

Four days are pass'd, four tedious days of pain,
Since these sad eyes beheld my Love depart,
Four days are yet to come, e'er I again
Shall see the beauteous sovereign of my heart.

While fond impatience in my bosom burns,
And the slow hours insult my restless haste,
Ah who can teach me, till my Love returns,
In easy indolence the time to waste?

Vain search! no ease will selfish Love allow;
No power hath art to lull my cares asleep:
Pleasure, and mirth, and smiles are irksome now;
And my sole comfort is to sigh and weep.

On swifter wings I bade the moments fly;
But they perverse have doubled their delay;
For grief hath banish'd slumber from my eye,
And night partakes the sorrows of the day.

Nor think, my friends, that causeless is my pain,
The hours you count not by a Lover's mind;
Four tedious days of absence I sustain,
And justly dread the heavier half behind.

While distant strays my Love, the poison'd dart
Of jealousy hath struck me with despair:
And doubts arise where reason has no part,
Surmises vain, and self-created care.

By glittering fops, and courtly speech beset,
Can a frail woman's faith unshaken prove?
And will she not a wretch like me forget,
Who only plead fidelity and love?

Ah no!—and now what extacy I feel!
False are my doubts, and vain my scrupulous fear—
I know the hand, I know the faithful seal,
This Letter proves my Laura's love sincere.

Yes, Fair-one, yes, thy love, thy truth I see;
To my fond breast I'll press each tender line:
Kiss the dear words that bid me think on thee;
And bless the period that concludes thee mine.

On thee I'll think, till four long days shall give
In thy lov'd presence more substantial bliss;
Then shall my arms their real wish receive,
And my lips glow beneath a warmer kiss.

ELEGY V.

PARTING. WRITTEN IN 1766.

I go, my Love; and till we meet again,
Let Hope and Constancy the time beguile:
Again to meet! that prospect shall restrain
The tear that starts through my dissembled smile.

Farewell! but there is finish'd all my boast—
That tender accent falters on my tongue;
And I must weep for that dear object lost,
On which I gaz'd so fondly and so long.

O stop! O turn; for I have much to say—
One word! one look! I cannot leave thee so—
—Ah me, she takes a distant, different way;
And I unheard, unanswer'd vent my woe.

From her soft voice no more I catch the sound;
No more her beauties grace my happy side:
I call, I search in vain, no more is found
My sweet companion, and my promis'd bride.

Back to those happier scenes, Remembrance, fly!
Thy lenient aid my sorrows shall remove:
For thou from those dear moments canst supply
Full many a proof propitious to my love.

Much tho' I lov'd, I found that love repaid;
And seem'd of all men happy o'er the rest;
Consenting Beauty heal'd the wound it made;
And Love enslav'd me but to make me blest.

My lips the story of my bosom told,
Check'd by no scornful, no unkind reply;
Her favouring glances bade my tongue be bold,
And mutual passion kindled in her eye:

The blush soft spreading o'er her downcast face,
The sudden sigh half-rising, half-suppress'd,
That coy distress which heightens every grace,
In silent eloquence her love confess'd.

How sweet to snatch her not-unwilling hand,
And all delighted on her charms to gaze;
While mix'd with many a kiss we fondly plann'd
The tender conduct of connubial days!

Each social Virtue decks her gentle mind;
And stedfast Honour waves his banners there;
So chaste a temple Love was proud to find;
And Truth proclaims her parting vow sincere.

While sweet Remembrance thus relieves my heart,
Ah why should grief so fair a prospect sour!
Yes, we shall meet, and meet no more to part,
And Heaven and Love shall bless th' expected hour.

Then fare thee well! and to thy constant mind
Still be my memory dear, tho' I am gone;
Still be each thought, each tender wish confin'd
To me whose heart is full of thee alone:

Fond Hope the while shall cheer my drooping soul,
In sweet impatience shall the time employ,
Shall chide the lazy moments as they roll,
And soothe my grief with thoughts of future joy.

Inscription *at the Entrance of a* Burial Ground *for* Negro Slaves*.

BY THE LATE BRYAN EDWARDS, ESQ.

Stranger! whoe'er thou art, with reverence tread;
Lo! these, the silent mansions of the dead!
His life of labour o'er, the wearied slave
Here finds, at length, soft quiet in the grave.
View not, with proud disdain, the unsculptur'd heap,
Where injur'd innocence forgets to weep,
Nor idly deem, although not here are found
The solemn aisle and consecrated ground,
The spot less sacred:—o'er the turf-built shrine,
Where Virtue sleeps, presides the Power Divine.

* On a plantation in Jamaica, belonging to the late Mr. Bryan Edwards, that gentleman's negroes had chosen for their burial-ground, a retired spot, in a grove of piemento or all-spice. It was a place extremely solemn and singularly beautiful; and Mr. Edwards directed, that, in case of his death in Jamaica, he should be buried in the midst of them. As the ground was exposed to the intrusions of cattle, he caused a fence to be raised round it, and inscribed these lines on the little wicket at the entrance.

* MOLINÆUS'S CAT, MITISSA.

AN AMPLIFIED TRANSLATION, WITH ADDITIONS,

BY THE LATE REV. T. COLE, LL.B.

Mitissa, well-bred Puss, descended
From cats of Cyprus, much commended;
In whom more fondling arts are seen,
Than had that wheedling Cyprian Queen;
Thy beauteous coat unrival'd shines
With various hues in waving lines:
More soft and yielding than the vest
That warms the turtle's downy breast:
More delicate than virgin's face,
O'erspread with tender blooming grace,
A much more cunning thievish elf,
Than the sly pilf'ring fox himself.
A perfect monkey in disguise,
With tricks as droll, and looks as wise;
Nor less alert than squirrel found,
To skip and frisk with nimble bound.
When through my garden walks I stray,
How pleas'd art thou to lead the way!
How prompt to hint, by gestures courting,
Thy longings for a little sporting!
And when, in playful circles quick,
Around thy head I twirl my stick,
Close couching first, with wav'ring view,
Thy eyes alone its track pursue;
Then eager springing from the ground,
With greedy grasp thou hug'st it round.

* Perhaps Molineux.

Again, before thy sparkling eyes,
The flourish'd stick enticing flies:
And now with twisting, doubling pace,
Thou urgest true the giddy chase,
Till caught once more, 'twixt tooth and nail,
The prize is held, with waggling tail.
I home return; close, side by side,
Thou trottest on with social pride.
Then to my study we repair;
But scarce I'm fixt in elbow chair,
To read or write one line scarce able,
Ere thou art perch'd upon the table;
As if, an owl since Pallas chuses,
A cat must needs attend the Muses.
And now, what purrings to express,
And sooth thy cherish'd love's excess!
What hasty struttings to and fro,
Thy joy's ecstatic height to show!
What urgent fits of fond caressing,
With nustling nose my face close pressing!
What pride display'd with back inflected,
And swelling tail in state erected!
I stroke thee now, sweet Puss, and prove
Myself infected with thy love:
Submitting with compliance bland,
Thou glidest smooth beneath my hand;
Returning quick, I stroke again,
But strive to satisfy in vain;
For thou again, these coaxings o'er,
Wilt still solicit more and more.
Finding thyself, at length, neglected,
And my thoughts fixt where first directed;
Demure and grave thou canst retreat,
And, near my elbow, take thy seat.

But though on folded paws tuck'd in,
And knuckled close beneath thy chin,
Yet still thy eyes, whate'er I do,
With active glance my hands pursue,
And hark! my scribbling pen, with scratches,
Thy quick, attentive ear now catches.
Impatient quite, yet slowly rising,
Because intent upon surprising,
With gentle step, and cautious fear,
Thou creepest on—till station'd near,
With eager wrigglings to express
Thy purpose and secure success,
Quick as at mouse in rustling straw,
Thou dartest underneath thy paw;
Then rais'd erect, up goes my paper,
With gamesome cuff, and noddling caper.
But this rude trick, though far from pleasing,
Is yet so comically teazing,
That, quite unable to resent,
I laugh, and take it as 'twas meant,
And having plac'd all matters right,
Calmly proceed again to write.
And now each letter that I trace
Thou dost inspect with serious face;
Musing, as if at loss to know
What such marks mean, and whence they flow:
But still perplext, and longing much
To feel, if palpable to touch,
Thy curious foot, to clear the doubt,
Whips in, and blots my writing out.
More teazing this; but love prevailing,
I overlook this second failing.
But thou more bold, the more excus'd,
(And kindness thus is oft abus'd)

Some fresh assault hast soon devis'd,
And ere of thy intent appris'd,
Snatch'd from my hand, with flippant paw,
My mumbled pen I see thee gnaw.
Rous'd at a frolic so provoking,
And much too angry grown for joking,
I snatch my pen, and loudly scold,
Mynx, Hussy, Slut, let go thy hold!
What tug? Take heed, for, if I catch thee
Once more at this, I vow I'll match thee.
These threats despis'd, I then repress,
With flip on nose, thy sauciness.
At this rebuff, thy neck close shrinking,
Thy whiskers flat, and eyelids blinking,
Thou sneakest back, with sad dismay,
And looks that conscious guilt betray;
Looks sweetly aw'd, such looks as prove
Thy pertness lost, but not thy love.
And now, as griev'd for insults past,
On me thy pleading eyes are cast:
But, soon dispell'd each gloomy fear,
Fair gleams of hope thy aspect cheer.
And well, sweet puss, mayst thou believe
That, like thyself, I can forgive;
For 'tis a doubt which most repents,
Or which most willingly relents.
And yet, methinks, I wish thee gone;
I'm busy; we'll be friends anon.
Come, Puss, march down, and if this blow
Should fret and vex thee, when below
Then show it, or on rat, or mouse,
Our common foes, within this house:
Thus may thy vented spleen be eas'd,
And thus my anger best appeas'd.

SONG.

BY RICHARD FENTON, ESQ.

All hail! rosy bowers, beneath whose soft shade
The passion I felt for my swain was betray'd;
Dear spot! where I first had occasion to prove
A match how unequal was prudence and love.

My hand when he touch'd, like the electrical flame,
The charm, swift as thought, shot and kindled my frame,
With a kiss yet I thought it no danger to part;
So distant I fancied my lips from my heart.

But th' effect of the magic my eyes soon confest,
And, more than my tongue could, my blushes exprest.
Ye traitors! ah! why to the youth make it known,
That each outline was gain'd, and the fortress his own.

Ye trees! did ye not with the zephyrs conspire,
To hide my confusion, and fan the soft fire?
I saw each fond branch with its neighbour entwine,
And leaf press to leaf, with an ardour like mine.

With sweet hymeneals the birds fill'd the grove,
In each look and each sound there was nothing but love;
From nature thus rapt the infection was caught,
And I only practis'd the lesson she taught.

EPITHALAMIUM

ON THE MARRIAGE OF COL. ELLIOT AND MISS LETTSOM.

BY THE REV. T. MAURICE.

STRIKE! loudly strike the lyric string,
To bridal Love devote the song;
Let every Muse a garland bring,
And joy the festive note prolong.
To beauteous LETTSOM *, young as fair,
Soft as her manners pour the warbled lay;
A nobler, bolder strain prepare,
To hail brave ELLIOT † on his nuptial day!

Mirth! airy child of young Delight,
And Fancy, eldest born of Jove,
Haste at the Syren call of Love;
And now, while Health and Youth unite,
And Nature wears her loveliest smile,
With dance and song the hours beguile:
To BEAUTY in its loveliest prime,
To WORTH in radiant armour bright,
That burns in Britain's cause to fight,
Swell the loud symphonies sublime!
In Camberwell's delightful Grove proclaim
That *Love* and *Valour* blend their spotless flame.

Ye blooming Nymphs and happy Swains
Haste to yon bower where Pleasure reigns,

* Of Grove-hill, Camberwell.
† Colonel of the Westminster Volunteer Cavalry.

And while, with measur'd steps, ye move
Through the green mazes of the grove,
With laurels bind the Bridegroom's brow,
Eternal as the nuptial vow;
And wreaths of sweetest flowers prepare
For lov'd ELIZA's auburn hair.
Let odours, from Arabian vales,
Breathe gently on the balmy gales,
And not a sound in Æther float,
Save the soft Dove's enamour'd note,
Till the bright star of Evening rise
Auspicious to the Lover's sighs;
And Cynthia, with her paler fire,
Warn lingering Beauty to retire.

Oh! ever may the circling hours
New blessings on their pinions bring;
Health that no cankering care devours,
And Pleasure that shall leave no sting!
May yonder Sun, as o'er this nether sphere
He rolls his chariot of æthereal gold,
Beneath his orb no happier pair behold,
But, ceaseless, as he runs his bright career,
View rolling years their stedfast faith improve,
And CHILDREN's CHILDREN crown their virtuous love!

EPIGRAM.

FROM THE FRENCH.

DAMIS, an author cold and weak,
Thinks as a critic he's divine;
Likely enough—we often make
Good vinegar of sorry wine.

LINGO.

ODE TO MISS SARAH FOWLER.

BY MICHAEL WODHULL, ESQ.

Toutesfois vous demeurant en ce lieu, mes tenebreuses et tristes parolles n'en pourroient chasser les Graces, desquels vous me semblez estre l'unique simulachre, et moins les Muses qui vous recognoissent pour leur Minerve.

TYARD.

I.

When first Aurora's gorgeous car
Springs from night's dreary vault releas'd,
And beauty's consecrated star,
Retires behind the blushing east,
Can Titian's orient beams dispense
A more propitious influence
To animate th' exulting earth,
Than sheds bright Fancy o'er the mind,
When, from Care's grosser dregs refin'd,
It gives the fruits of genius birth.

II.

Not in the solitary gloom,
By the dim taper's sickly ray,
Sunk in the rust of Greece and Rome
Does Genius point the doubtful way,
While in abstracted thought the Sage
Revolves the stern Socratic page;
Or by the tedious rules of art
In melancholy search pursues,
Yet finds the gay, the bashful Muse
Unseen and unattain'd depart.

III.

Where Poesy erects her seat,
The myrtle's fragrant branches twine.
Beneath the Pleasures' nimble feet
Upstarts the new-born columbine.
Methinks I see the jocund band
Of Loves and Graces hand in hand
Their artless symphony inspire;
The Muses catch the dulcet sound,
They waft the sportive echoes round,
And wake the sympathetic lyre.

IV.

The rose's aromatic bloom
Adorns their wild fantastic grove,
And o'er the violet's perfume
Angelic forms delighted rove;
Fair Sappho in Elysian bowers
Beguiles the gently stealing hours,
And sooths entranc'd Despair to rest,
Her strains so feelingly express
The force of elegant distress,
Implanted in a female breast.

V.

Carelessly tripping o'er the green
The sprightly Deshoulieres appears
With winning air and brow serene,
Unclouded by the frown of years;
Around the Nymph in graceful state,
A thousand smiling Cupids wait,
And each performs his destin'd part;
Some give the cheeks a livelier glow,
Some tune the lyre, some twang the bow,
To pierce the most obdurate heart.

VI.

The plaintive Rowe, whose warbling breath
Dispers'd the melancholy gloom
Which at her dear Alexis' death
O'erhung the sickening vales of Frome,
To the soft Cyprian lute recites
The fears, the hopes, the fond delights,
The tender blandishments of love,
Their mutual happiness completing,
Where Innocence and Pleasure meeting,
Have fixed them in the realms above;

VII.

Beside them Cytherea stands
In Virtue's snowy garb array'd,
And reunites their social hands
Sever'd by Death's remorseless blade:
The Loves with elegiac verse,
Meanwhile adorn the sable hearse
In which their mortal ashes lye,
And in due chaplet Phœbus weaves,
The laurel's never-fading leaves,
The pledge of immortality.

VIII.

Yet not from these romantick shades,
Whene'er I wake the Teian string,
Will I invoke th' harmonious Maids
T' unlock Castalia's vaunted spring:
The palms of Genius thinly spread
Where cypress glooms o'er-arch the dead
Let others glean:—My raptur'd ear
Has caught the soul-enchanting strains,
That on Salopia's happy plains
The bright Sabrina joys to hear:

LINES

ON SEEING A LADY's DRESSING-ROOM.

BY R. FENTON, ESQ.

WHENE'ER, to guard some fertile mead
Against the rude encroacher's tread,
We purpose that the soil unsound
With ambush'd mischief should abound,
The law commands to hang on high
A caution to the passing eye,
That no one trespass; and to show
What dangers threaten such as do,
That each offender risks to feel
The latent gun, or trap of steel.
But from the code of female laws,
Can we extract a single clause
Empower'd the fair one to compel
Of all her ambuscades to tell?
Within a blue dissolving eye
What mischief oft conceal'd will lie,
Or, in some ringlet left to stray,
What Cupids, meditating prey,
Like riflemen lurk up and down,
To pick their men and bring them down;
What fate the dimpled cheek invests,
Or heaves luxuriant in the breasts,
When gauze is taught but half to hide,
And half disclose the panting pride;
To tempt the busy eye, how low
The bell-hoop'd petticoat must go;

What artful folds the robe must take,
The form more flexible to make,
Till every pulse and limb may move,
The sure provocatives to love;
What magic scale connects the kiss
And the last wild extreme of bliss.
Yet tho' no statute may exist
Oh such discovery to insist,
Kind Chloe near her every snare
Hangs out in capitals—BEWARE!
For, by a thousand ways exprest,
Her machinations stand confest;
Whilst every object gives the alarm,
To fly from the surrounding harm.
Her hangings by the Graces wrought,
With every warm voluptuous thought,
Instruct the emblematic room,
To antedate our certain doom.
To fill her sofas all the loves
From Cytherea's moulting doves,
Have caught and treasur'd up the down,
In softness something like her own;
And see in all her toilet's round,
What smallest implement is found,
Without some ornamental hint,
In speaking, varnish, or in print;
Which seems not loudly to proclaim,
That hearts are there the lawful game.
A Cupid here, with guileful look,
Bends a heart-angler o'er a brook;
And tho' he practise various baits
Success each stratagem awaits:
Another, at his mother's lips,
In fatal balm his quiver tips,

Then with the sweetly-venom'd darts
Makes nursing pincushions of hearts.
Ye silent counsellors, how vain
Is all your monitory strain!
For let us only look at her
To whom those various types refer,
The syren with a glance destroys
The moral of the fabled toys;
The fate we see we cannot shun,
And by consent we are undone.

LINES

Written between Caernarvon and Bangor.

Pleas'd have I travers'd that terrific vale,
At which th' astonish'd traveller turns pale;
Where Snowdon's form stupendous widely spread
Props the high Heav'ns with his gigantic head,
And Glyder's rocky summit e'er sustains
Fierce lightnings, warring winds, and dashing rains,
Mountain of storms! and o'er the lake serene
Dolbadern's solitary tow'r is seen.
Yet, Menai, do I not thy haunts despise,
Or view thy softer charms with careless eyes,
Sweet wood and lawn, and Mona's tufted shore,
By venerable Druids trod of yore;
And here, fair stream, more glad would I abide,
Than where dread Nature frowns in nobler pride.
So, better far than proud ambition's strife
Are the calm peaceful haunts of private life.

E. HAMLEY.

HORACE.—Ode xvi. b. 11.

TO GROSPHUS.

IMITATED BY THE LATE REV. W. B. STEVENS*.

The Seaman in some wild tempestuous night,
When Horror rides upon the wide-mouth'd wave,
And stars deny the mercy of their light,
Longs for some peaceful port his shatter'd bark to save.

The soldier struggling in unequal war,
In search of wounds and death condemn'd to roam,
Or crown'd with blood-stain'd spoils in Victory's car,
Pants to return in peace to his dear native home.

* "The lovers of elegant literature are much indebted to Miss Seward, not only for her original productions, but for the very highly-finished Version of some Odes of Horace, which she has presented to the public. The striking superiority of her specimens must be felt and acknowledged by all persons of taste, who have looked into the attempts of Creech and Francis. I shall venture to assert, in defiance of pedagogues and pedants, that Miss Seward's Translation of the Ode to Barine will not suffer from the strictest comparison with the original—that indeed it is more beautiful. From this persuasion, and to bear testimony to her poetical merit, I am induced to inscribe to that lady the above version of the prior part of Horace's Ode to Grosphus, and likewise a translation of a delicious morceau of a more ancient bard, the fourth Idyllium of Moschus. The version from Horace perhaps may be rather called an imitation than a translation; but that from Moschus will, I believe, be found to be as close a version as the idiom of English versification will admit."—Stevens.

But neither anxious prayer nor gorgeous spoil,
Can purchase Peace; she floats in air aloof;
And flies the guilty tumults that embroil,
When Care, with vulture wing, scowls o'er the darken'd roof.

How wisely, cheaply blest is he whose mind
Scorns not the earthen dish, or maple bowl,
But sweet Content in his own cot can find;
Nor Terror breaks his sleep, nor Guilt alarms his soul.

Why aim we then the creatures of a day,
To grasp the round of Jove's eternal year?
From clime to clime, why ever-restless stray,
Sick of the genial Sun, that gilds our native sphere?

Sick of ourselves, ourselves we cannot flee:
The wind invites thee;—swifter than the wind,
Care at the helm thy ready pilot see!
Or spur thy rapid steed; the demon sits behind!

Ah, born so soon to die, so much to feel!
O mortal man, indulge the short delight
Thy present genius gives! nor lift the veil,
Which hides in sacred shade the future from thy sight.

FOURTH IDYLLIUM OF MOSCHUS.

BY THE SAME.

When o'er unruffled Ocean's azure plain
Soft zephyrs sigh, my sympathetic breast
Sinks into sadness; then the Muse's strain
Delights not; all my wish, oblivious rest.

But when th' infuriate deep's vex'd billows roar,
Dashing their sounding surge, what joy to find
The grove's deep shelter on the stable shore,
Where the tall pine-tree sings beneath the wind!

How wretched he, whose toil is on the main,
A boat his home, the fish his dangerous prize!
While by some fountain marge, the spreading plane
Its friendly shade to my repose supplies.
Ah! then, how sweet the murmur to my ear,
Which soothes my sense, and not alarms my fear!

INSCRIPTION

UNDER A BUST OF ADDISON.

O ADDISON, to thy lamented dust,
With pious hands, I consecrate this *bust*.
Oh! grac'd with virgin purity of soul,
With wit to charm, with morals to controul,
To gentle MONTAGUE and SOMMERS dear,
Whilst verse as yet could soothe a Courtier's ear.
Lo! touch'd by *thee*, with pure Religion's flame,
Philosophy assumes a loftier aim,
And better Truths and Mysteries refine
The souls of SENECA and ANTONINE.
Thou great, best Censor of a vicious age,
Whose blameless life flow'd gently as thy page,
Tho' chaste yet courteous, tho' correct yet free,
Ev'n *Virtue* may admire herself in *thee!*

B. WALLER.

ODE TO THE SPRING.

BY A MAN OF FASHION,

Lo! where the party-giving dames,
Fair Fashion's train appear,
Disclose the long-expected games,
And wake the modish year,
The Opera warbler pours her throat,
Responsive to the actor's note,
The dear-bought harmony of Spring;
While, beaming pleasure as they fly,
Bright flambeaus through the murky sky
Their welcome fragance fling.

Where'er the rout's full myriads close
The staircase and the door,
Where'er thick files of belles and beaus
Perspire through ev'ry pore;
Beside some faro-table's brink,
With me the Muse shall *stand* and think
(Hemm'd sweetly in by squeeze of state),
How vast the comfort of the crowd,
How condescending are the proud,
How happy are the great!

Still is the toiling hand of Care,
The drays and hacks repose;
But, hark, how through the vacant air
The rattling clamour glows!
The wanton miss and rakish blade,
Eager to join the masquerade,
Through streets and squares pursue their fun;
Home in the dusk some bashful skim;
Some, ling'ring late, their motly trim
Exhibit to the sun.

To Dissipation's playful eye,
Such is the life for man,
And they that halt and they that fly
Should have no other plan.
Alike the busy and the gay
Should sport all night till break of day,
In Fashion's varying colours drest;
Till seiz'd for debt through rude mischance,
Or chill'd by age, they leave the dance,
In gaol or dust—to rest.

Methinks I hear, in accents low,
Some sober Quiz reply,
Poor child of Folly! what art thou?
A Bond-street Butterfly!
Thy choice nor Health nor Nature greets,
No taste hast thou of vernal sweets,
Enslav'd by noise, and dress, and play,
Ere thou art to the country flown,
The sun will scorch, the Spring be gone,
Then leave the town in May.

REV. J. O.

THE TALE OF ECHO.

BY THE REV. J. H. POTT.

REST, fair Maid! O rest thee here,
Where these willow'd waters flow;
The noon-tide gale shall fill thine ear,
And, murmuring, breathe the words of woe.

If secret grief has taught thy mind
To shun the crowd and mourn apart,
In pensive silence here reclin'd,
Indulge the sigh that swells thy heart.

Think not the stone, which now sustains
Your arm of snow was planted here
By careless hands; these worn remains
Demand a sad and pious tear.

Though Time, which fills up every wound,
Has clos'd with moss the sculptured name;
Though creeping weeds, that twine around,
Have hid it from the search of Fame;

And though Oblivion opens slow
Her bosom to its sinking weight,
Yet Echo heard the shricks of woe,
And can the mournful tale relate.

And when in many a year one maid,
As mild of heart, as chaste, as fair,
As she, whose ashes here are laid,
Wooes to this spot the evening air,

The hollow breeze shall sooth her breast
With Echo's Tale, and claim a tear:
For she, your mind, your charms possess'd,
Whose silent ashes slumber here.

The hand of Nature form'd her face,
To move esteem in every breast;
For gentle blood and native grace,
And peace and love were there express'd.

Where these soft waves in silence flow,
At evening's close, the youth she sought;
Whose eyes first taught her cheek to glow,
Flush'd with a warm and tender thought.

The shrill winds whistled round her head,
And darkness mock'd the straining eye;
Foul night her raven locks had spread,
Wet with thick damps thro' all the sky.

The ruthless blast sung through her hair,
But patient Hope her fears allay'd;
And when her cold lips breath'd a prayer,
Not for herself that prayer was made.

She wander'd round the destin'd place,
And listen'd oft and wept through fear;
The rude brier tore her beauteous face,
And mix'd with blood the falling tear.

At length she found her love, she thought
He slept, the cold ground was his bed;
Trembling, his stony hand she caught,
She call'd, nor knew she call'd the dead.

For he had met his secret foe;
Unarm'd, alas! in vain he strove;
A rival's malice aim'd the blow,
In dire revenge of slighted love.

All piere'd with wounds, and warm in blood,
He dragg'd the breathless body here
In cruel sport; she shriek'd aloud,
And rent with cries the troubled air.

Her fair locks to the winds she gave,
And sought, with frantic grief possess'd,
This guilty stream; the ruthless wave
Clos'd o'er her head, she sunk to rest.

By pious hands this stone was laid,
By pious eyes 'twas water'd o'er:
Such was her fate. For thee, fair maid,
Heaven keep a happier lot in store.

EPITAPH.

Intended for a Mausoleum, excavated from a Rock on the Sea Coast in Wales, by a Lady, where she had ordered her Remains to be deposited.

Within this rock, from whose commanding brow,
In the green mirror of the sea below,
Now placid, now with angry winds at strife,
She mark'd the sad vicissitudes of life,
And to herself applied the checquer'd scene
(For much was her's of boisterous and serene,)
Maria sleeps—who, many a danger past,
Finds the calm haven of the grave at last;
And, sleeping safe, the world's last storm defies,
By Faith's firm anchor fasten'd to the skies.

R. FENTON, ESQ.

AN EPISTLE.

WRITTEN IN 1764.

BY F. N. C. MUNDAY, ESQ.

——— *Quid Romæ faciam?*—JUVENAL.
Nec vixit male qui natus moriensque fefellit—HORAT.

Mix with the world, the polish'd world, you cry,
Nor waste thy prime in dull obscurity;
Go, join assemblies of the great and gay,
Thy worth, thy wit, thy genius there display;
In towns, in courts, the road to greatness find,
Improve thy manners, and enlarge thy mind,
A place, a pension, or high-portion'd dame
Thy fortune shall repair and sinking name.
—Hold, hold my friend! and first consult with care
What suits my genius, what my strength will bear;
To education we our manners owe;
And as you bend the twig the tree will grow.
The mind once-form'd, distort it how you will,
Plain simple nature will be nature still.
'Twere strange to see a horse with human head;
As strange that I, a rustic born and bred,
My life half spent shou'd now embrace the town,
A mongrel beau engrafted on a clown:
They who in wondering at the beast concurr'd,
Would hiss at me, a mixture more absurd.
Shall I, an enemy to noise and strife,
Who cannot relish turtle for my life,
Who sleep at midnight and by daylight dine,
Who hate French manners, and abhor French wine,

To routs, to Ranelagh, and cards, a foe,
Who on my dress but little care bestow,
Fond of few words, and those of plainest kind,
Shall I with wits and men of taste be join'd?
Shall I with Fashion through her follies range,
Ape all her forms, and as she changes, change?
Forbid it, Prudence, Common Sense forbid!
My rustic manners never can be hid.
Once, and but once, by vanity betray'd,
In full-dress'd fashionable suit array'd,
Like David in Saul's armor, I a beau
Among the courtly crowd *essay'd* to go.
O had you seen me with distressful stare,
As greatly conscious of no business there,
On the wrought cieling, or the paintings pore,
With many a wishful look turn'd towards the door,
Amidst surrounding multitudes, alone,
Of every soul unknowing and unknown,
Formal and grave, without one single word,
With frequent stumbles o'er my dangling sword,
Yourself had pitied the bewilder'd squire,
Yourself had whisper'd—"My good friend, retire."
Escap'd at length, for haste I bilk'd my chair,
Ran to my lodgings, and in safety there
Sigh'd for my plain blue plush and rural air.
At Court—but peace to ministers and kings—
I wash my hands of all such dangerous things:
And peace to such, and happiness be theirs,
(So I no more ascend St. *James's* stairs)
Who cringe for pensions, and for titles bow,
And may they still stand foremost in the row;
And as the royal whisper hackneys round,
Still on each face may ready smiles be found;
For smiles at court approve the heart sincere;
But looks like mine can never prosper there;

Like Cassius, I, a spare long-visag'd guest,
Might raise suspicion in great Cæsar's breast;
And servitude how high so e'er it be,
(A Briton speaks it) is too low for me.
—You laugh at fables, and at proverbs too;
I'll tell a tale, a recent tale, and true.
In yon old mansion, wash'd by Derwent's flood,
'Squire *Toper* liv'd, th' Actæon of the wood;
In sportive green he always rode array'd;
A hunter's cap his turn of mind betray'd;
A healthy hue bespoke a length of years,
His short brown wig cou'd scarce conceal his ears;
A velvet collar did his neck surround;
His belt was stamp'd with many a tinsel hound;
Of buck his breeches, which himself he slew;
And his trim boots close to his ancles grew:
Spearlike his spurs; while many an echoing crack
Lurk'd in his lash, obedient to the smack;
Horses and hounds were his supreme delight,
Of those he thought by day, and dream'd by night.
With strong-brew'd beer his spacious vaults were stor'd,
And beef and pudding smoak'd upon his board.
His rural neighbours there a welcome found;
And Church and King, and Liberty went round.
'Midst an inglorious but a guiltless life,
He lov'd his friend, old England, and his wife.
At length (the Devil ordain'd it) Toper went,
The Country's choice to Town and Parliament.
Alas, with grief the sequel I pursue!
What cannot fashion, life, and London do?
Plain Toper say'st thou?—not for half the world!
'Tis sweet Sir Topaz, and his hair is curl'd.
Behold him now of Ladies' favour vain,
Affecting manners he can ne'er attain,

Hear him unfold the mysteries of state,
Or tell you what was told him by the great,
With jumble strange of town and country words
Let him discourse of Levees, and of Lords,
Or mark his wisdom when with nicest care
He criticises on the bill of fare,
Displays the merits of a poignant dish,
And recommends his way of stewing fish;
Reflect from what this man of taste began;
And now restrain your laughter if you can.
Himself he deems a wight of high renown,
While the world counts him but a motley clown.
Such patchwork manners must all palates loath,
Half beau, half rustic, and despis'd by both.
—Distinction, hail! for thee we dress, we fight,
Drink, game, and change the course of day and night.
Thus Nero, dead to virtue and to shame,
Fir'd the fair city to preserve his name.
—In vain I plead; you cry, "Get into life:
"Gain wealth and power, or in one word—a wife."
There ends my search, whatever ills betide,
All, all are cancell'd by a wealthy bride:
Ill-natur'd, ugly, old, it matters not,
The money'd dame is ever free from blot.
Indifference comes, disgust and downright hate,
Mere trifles pois'd against the purse's weight.
And am I thus made easy in the world,
From heavy debts to heavier evils hurl'd?
Shall I pronounce a vow I never meant,
And give my hand without my heart's consent?
Forbid it virtue, honesty, and love!
Far from my mind the hated thought remove.
Awhile the golden prospect caught my view,
As Vanity the flatter'd picture drew;
But soon I loathing turn'd, and heav'd a sigh,
As Laura's image cross'd reflection's eye.

My dear lov'd Laura! from my youth began
The tender flame, and ripen'd in the man.
My dear lov'd Laura! till my latest age
No future passion shall my vows engage.
Tho' adverse fortune keep our hands apart,
Thine are my thoughts, my wishes, and my heart.
For you, my friend, who labour to remove
My partial fancy from the life I love,
Vain is your reasoning, vain your subtle skill,
My choice was early, I approve it still.
These school-boy rhimes may testify the truth,
Writ in the plain simplicity of youth.
" Let others vainly boast their glittering store,
" And rove to foreign climes in search of more;
" Let them for splendid care and guilty gain
" Explore new worlds, and tempt the deathful main;
" Be his the prize, and his the dear-bought praise,
" Whom toils distinguish, and whom dangers raise;
" Whilst humbler I, and thankfully content
" With what the hand of Providence hath sent,
" No dupe to fortune, and no slave to fame,
" Without one pride, except an honest name,
" Move in the narrow sphere assign'd by fate,
" Nor meanly wish to be ignobly great.
" The gay, the fair, the wanton, and the proud,
" May throng to cities, and in courts may crowd,
" The brave, the great, the learned, and the wise,
" May rank with princes, and with kings advise;
" While these attain their wish of wealth and power,
" And those in pleasures waste the sated hour,
" Whilst the rich robe that cloaths the proudest breast
" Hides not the latent care, its restless guest,
" Let me unvex'd with all the storms of life,
" From busy faction far, and party strife,

" Beneath my rural roof contented live,
" And taste that bliss which London cannot give."
—Thus blest retirement, calm content and ease,
Took my young mind, and still their objects please:
I praise the fate which kindly fix'd me down
At least an hundred miles from Court and Town.
In yon fair vale my modest dwelling stands,
Its humble site no distant view commands;
The narrow scene, by sloping hills confin'd,
Speaks the contentment of its master's mind:
A chrystal stream the verdant mead divides,
Which by no torrent stain'd, unruffled glides
Clear and serene through all its winding ways;
Such be the peaceful tenor of my days!
On its fresh banks arise spontaneous flowers,
Around her rural blessings Plenty pours.
Nature almost prevents the farmer's toil,
So rich the clime, so fruitful is the soil.
Soon in full growth the sapling woods you see;
And the same hand that plants, may fell the tree.
Great Pan with pleasure on these lawns might rove,
And all Arcadia* lives in yonder grove.
My life shall pass unknown, unenvied here,
And health and peace attend me through the year.
Here all their joys the varying seasons bring,
Here will I listen to the choir of spring;
In summer's heat these cooling shades I chuse,
To walk and trifle with the pastoral muse;
The toil of autumn here let me behold;
Here chace with exercise the wintry cold.
Here, tho' no flatterers wait my fame to raise,
Yet here shall truth my few plain merits praise.

* Alluding to a small Wood, with a Cottage, &c. in it.

Still may some virtues with the months roll round;
Still at my door warm Charity be found:
May soft Humanity, the poor man's friend,
Her aid to sickness and to misery lend;
May all who need it, share my field's increase,
And Heaven so bless me, as I mean to bless!
—Thus let me live, a plain unpractis'd youth,
Who wish no more than honesty and truth,
For airs polite most awkwardly unfit,
And much too dull (I know it) for a wit.
Thus through the world steal bashfully unknown,
Save to my neighbour and my friend alone;
'Tis theirs to tell you, if they tell you true,
Plain tho' my manners, they are gentle too.
Thus let me live, and live without a foe,
The world will spare the man it does not know.

IMITATION OF MARTIAL.

WHY see we Spindle all so sad,
Why in grief's gloomiest trappings clad?
"Sad!" you reply—"With grief I speak,
"My wife's dear brother died last week."
What is the rich Equestrian gone,
Before the age of twenty-one,
From whom your wife inherits clear
At least three thousand pounds a year?
Spindle! 'tis sad—most melancholy.
—I'm sorely vext it should befall ye.

N. B. HALHED, ESQ.

ADDRESS TO POVERTY.

'Tis not that look of anguish, bath'd in tears,
O, Poverty! thy haggard image wears—
'Tis not those famish'd limbs, naked, and bare
To the bleak tempest's rains, or the keen air
Of winter's piercing winds, nor that sad eye
Imploring the small boon of charity—
'Tis not that voice, whose agonizing tale
Might turn the purple cheek of grandeur pale;
Nor all that host of woes thou bring'st with thee,
Insult, contempt, disdain, and contumely,
That bid me call the fate of those forlorn,
Who 'neath thy rude oppression sigh and mourn:
But chief, relentless pow'r! thy hard control,
Which to the earth bends low th' aspiring soul;
Thine iron grasp, thy fetters drear, which bind
Each gen'rous effort of the struggling mind!—
Alas! that Genius, melancholy flow'r,
Scarce op'ning yet to Even's nurt'ring show'r,
Shou'd, by thy pitiless and cruel doom,
Wither, ere nature smiles upon her bloom;
That Innocence, touch'd by thy dead'ning wand,
Shou'd pine, nor know one outstretch'd guardian hand!
For this, O Poverty! for them I sigh,
The helpless victims of thy tyranny!
For this, I call the lot of those severe,
Who wander 'mid thy haunts, and pine unheeded there!

L.

FEB. 1, 1796.

LOVE AND PRUDENCE.

BY LAURA SOPHIA TEMPLE.

'Twas yet the dawn of youth's gay hour
Ere mild content had fled my bower:
Joy's rosy orb illum'd my sky,
And Fancy lit my roving eye;
I laugh'd at Danger's whisper'd threat,
With maddest hopes my vain heart beat;
'Twas then that Prudence cross'd my way,
And often, often would she say—
"Check thy wild course, and follow me."

I murmur'd at her harsh command,
I would not take her offer'd hand.
"What! (I exclaim'd,) already come,
All my best feelings to benumb?
Grant to my prayers a short delay,
Oh call again some other day;
Full soon will Time my minutes steal,
And on my forehead fix his seal:
Then, then, cold Nymph, I'll follow thee."

She sigh'd and went;—I dropt a tear,—
But still pursued my mad career.
While thus I joyous skipt along,
I heard a soft and melting song;

Onward I bounded,—for the strain
Thrill'd to my heart, and pierc'd my brain;
But Prudence stopt me;—tho' repell'd,
Still she return'd, my steps withheld,
And mournful whisper'd, "Follow me."

I turn'd me from her steadfast eye,
And from her presence long'd to fly.
Oh! it was Love's voluptuous lay
Tempted my truant feet to stray;
That o'er my cheated senses stole,
And robb'd of energy my soul;
That bade my tongue to Prudence say,
"Thou meddling fool, away! away!
I cannot—will not follow thee."

O'er flow'ry paths I gaily stept;
Prudence the while look'd on and wept:
I gaz'd on Love's enchanting smile,
And doated on the gentle wile:
'Tis not for my weak lips to tell
The magic of each wond'rous spell,
Which did my bosom-peace betray,
And tempted still my tongue to say,
"Prudence, I will not follow thee."

Thus was my feeble judgment led
By all that Love or look'd or said.
Thus was my raw, unpractic'd youth
Deceiv'd by Falsehood, deck'd in truth:
But when I prov'd that angel smile
The worthless covering of guile;
Oh! when my dark and vast despair
Had found his promises were air,
Then did remorse my bosom rend,
And clasping Prudence as my friend,
"Lead on, (I cried) I'll follow thee."

EXETER, APRIL 20, 1806.

HORACE *, Ode VII. Book III.

TRANSLATED BY THE LATE REV. W. B. STEVENS.

Why fall those tears on fair Asterie's breast?
Spring's earliest zephyrs shall restore;
With faith, that cannot change, with fortune blest,
Thy lover to his native shore.

A distant port withholds him from thy sight,
Whilst adverse tempests rend the deep:
And his lone pleasure thro' the wakeful night
Is but to think of thee, and weep.

In vain fair Chloe spreads her festive snare,
And bids her prompted friend in vain,
With words of artful sympathy declare
The sighing progress of her pain.

In vain she tells his constant heart to prove,
How from the dame cold Peleus fled,
And found a fit reward of slighted love,
The verge of Hell for Beauty's bed:

How Argos' amorous queen, with cruel thought,
To heal a woman's wounded pride,
Her credulous lord to her dire humour wrought,
And the chaste fool had nearly died.

* "The true forte of Horace, in his Odes, is not perhaps the "sublime. It seems to me that he is never so much at home as "when he expatiates upon common topics, where he can indulge "his genius in a certain vein of elegant familiarity.

"STEVENS."

In vain her treacherous eloquence assails
With soft insinuating aim,
Deaf as a rock to her allusive tales,
His ears, his heart reject her claim.

But thou, whilst thus his manly faith disarms
Th' artillery of the wanton fair,
Beware thy gallant neighbour's graceful charms,
Ah, lest he charm too much beware!

What tho' he winds at will the fiery steed,
The martial plain's superior pride;
What tho' his arms victoriously precede
Each youth who swims the Tuscan tide;

Still from thy threshold, at approach of eve,
Let thy barr'd gate his steps deny;
And tho' his lyre melodiously may grieve
With airs of tenderest minstrelsy,

Trust not the open'd casement with thine ear,
But let the baffled gallant find,
That whilst he artful swears thou art severe,
He may not hope to prove thee kind!

TO MAJOR ROOKE, OF MANSFIELD,

On the Publication of his Diurnal Register of the Winds for the last Two Years.

No gale unlucky may thy fortunes find,
Benign Historian of the wayward wind!
But, when it rises with proverbial sway,
O may it cast all fickleness away!
On grateful wings, from blight and tempest free,
Blow only GOOD from ev'ry point to THEE!

ANNA SEWARD.

ANACREONTIC.

COME reach me old Anacreon's lyre,
For wint'ry snows are lowering near,
And soon shall chill th' autumnal fire
That gleams on life's declining year.

Then let me wake the rapturous shell,
With cords of sweet remembrance strung;
While grateful Age delights to tell
Of joys that glow'd when life was young.

And, lest the languid pulse forego
The throb that Fancy's flight inspires,
Anacreon's flowing cup bestow,
And urge with wine the waning fires.

But *temper* me the Teian bowl!
And *chasten* me the Teian shell!
The visions that in memory roll
Are such as Nature's bosom swell.

Yet, Nature!—thine the votive string,
To no polluted ear address;
That of no blooming boys can sing,
But boys that hang on Beauty's breast.

Nor lawless thro' the realms of love,
Where native Venus lights the way,
Shall yet excursive Fancy rove,
Inebriate with the wanton lay.

If, while the mantling goblet flows,
I sing of Beauty's charms divine;—
The breast that heaves, the cheek that glows,
And beaming eyes, like stars that shine;—

The draft on Memory's tablet true
That pictures each entrancing grace,
Without a frown shall Stella view,
Or there some lov'd memorial trace.

And when with high-enraptur'd air
My lavish verse shall most commend,
She'll find her youthful image there,
Or in each portrait own a friend.

Then reach me old Anacreon's lyre,
And temper me Anacreon's bowl;
That youthful Joy's remember'd fire
May Age's numbing frost controul.

J. THELWALL.

On a LADY'S FAN *of her own Painting.*

Of danger careless, while the youth admires
The emblematic toy on which thy art,
In rich device, has shadow'd Hymen's fires,
Love's sacred altar, and the votive heart;

As from the author to the work he turns,
Th' insidious flame steals on him by degrees,
Till with the rapture all his bosom burns,
And his heart proves the sacrifice he sees.

R. FENTON, ESQ.

ODE.

BY MR. SHAW.

O THAMES with chrystal face,
Whose waters visit as they stray,
The hamlets, where the shepherds play,
And seats that princes grace,
O Thames, still let me by thy stream,
Waste life away in pleasing dream.

Not where thy wave beside,
The city rears her turrets proud,
And the mad tumult of the croud
Resounds along thy tide,
O! let not there my youth pursue
False joys that sober age will rue.

Nor where thy bank along,
Some princely villa crowns the plain,
Whose gilded halls the glittering train
Of courtly flatterers throng,
O see me not there by thy wave,
Of show and idle state the slave.

But where thy silver springs
Thro' nameless vales their smooth way take,
Ere yet the shepherd they forsake,
To seek the seats of kings;
O! Thames, there let me rear my bower,
And deck it round with many a flower.

There like thy noiseless tide,
Which steals so softly thro' the vale,
That on the bank the poplar pale
Hears not the current glide,
So noiseless let my secret day,
Among the green woods slide away.

And as thy waters flow,
Not to annoy the simple swain,
His cot, his fold, or ripening grain,
But blessings to bestow,
So may I mark my silent way,
By scattering blessings where I stray.

Smoothly the years shall pass,
Nor shall I know that envious Time
Has stole away my youthful prime,
Till taught by thy clear glass;
Till in thy chrystal wave I trace
The roses withering on my face.

Along thy margent green,
The gentle Muses oft at morn,
In garb by rural virgin worn,
Shall round my bower be seen;
Then shall they place me in their ranks,
And lead me to their favourite banks.

Let not the Muses crown
With laurel wreath my tender head,
Nor round my humble temples spread
The palm that yields renown;
But round my brows a garland twine
Of roses by thy stream that shine.

Nor let the Muses bring
To grace my hand the sounding shell,
Nor bid me with loud measures swell
The trumpet by thy spring;
But let them bear to me at morn,
The reed that on thy bank is born.

Softly the reed shall blow,
And thy clear springs shall love the strain,
And waft it to the simple swain,
Who haunts the vales below;
But O! beyond the shepherd's bounds,
O! waft not, Thames, its artless sounds.

Oft by thy watery glass,
With sober look and pensive eye,
Beneath the poplars will I lie,
Along the smooth green grass,
Wrapt in soft thought and musing deep,
While on thy wave my eye I keep.

There if I chance to mark
The downward sky in thy clear stream,
Now bright with many a golden gleam,
With sudden shades now dark,
O! life, then will I say, and sigh,
Thy face is likest to that sky.

If bending o'er the brink,
Within thy wave fair flowers I spy,
Reflecting the gay bank, which fly
Our grasp, then will I think,
O! hope, thy glass still cheats our sight,
With flowers so faithless and so bright.

Or if some alder tall,
I mark that shades thee on the steep,
Beneath whose root thy waters creep,
And silent urge its fall;
O! greatness, I will weep for thee,
For thou must fall like that fair tree.

Thus will I musing lie,
Till the bright sun withdraws his beam,
Till in thy wave the moonlight gleam,
And glittering stars I spy,
Then rise and woo the birds, that steep
Their song in tears, to soothe my sleep.

Long in the secret grove,
Where thus the breath of morn I taste,
Where thus the evening hour I waste,
O! Thames, long winding rove,
To mark the soft and smooth delights,
Of rural days and rural nights.

Then gently take thy way,
And as thy silver waters glide
Where stately cities crown thy side,
Or courts their pride display,
Mark if a man more blest than me
Thy banks amid these bright scenes see.

1776.

EPIGRAM, IMITATED FROM MARTIAL.

I LAUGH at Poll's perpetual pother
To make me her's for life.
She's old enough to be my mother—
But not to be my wife.

N. B. HALHED, ESQ.

MORTALITY.

Swift o'er the high grass sweeps the blast,
A silver shade spreads o'er the lively green;
The gale is past,
No more the silver shade is seen.
Saw ye the lightning flash along the sky?
Save yonder blasted oak,
A drear memorial of the with'ring stroke,
It leaves no trace to guide the following eye.
Children of men! and such your lot!
Ye live your little hour, and die and are forgot.

What, then, avail the jewell'd crown of Pow'r,
Pomp's ermin'd robe, or Glory's death-red sword?
What then, the Wise one's dreams, the Miser's hoard?
When Death proclaims th' irrevocable hour,
Life's vain distinctions cease: the eternal doom
Bids all the sons of clay be equal in the tomb.

What tho' Earth's millions the dark realms explore,
No cheering tidings reach mankind from thence,
For there the eye of Wisdom sees no more,
And silent is the tongue of Eloquence.
For no one of the innumerable dead,
Revisits men from that obscure abode;
For never spirit twice could tread
The dark, the dreadful road.

Why sleeps the poet—he whose magic song
Leads charmed Fancy those wild realms along,
Whose shadowy portals bear the ominous line,
" Quit every hope all ye who enter here!"
Why sleeps the bard divine,
Whose spirit " far beyond the visible sphere
" Soar'd on the seraph wings of Extasy?"
Why sleeps the seer
Who gave the laws of Nature to our eye,
Fill'd with a portion of divinity?

For me, be mine when Fate shall free
This spirit from mortality,
Catching Memory's mellow'd sigh,
Still o'er my wonted haunts to fly;
In gentle visions to descend
The guardian angel of my friend.
To ease the last long ling'ring breath,
Breathe joy prophetic in the hour of death,
Embrace in air the new-born sprite,
And guide it to the realms of light!

Enthusiast!—if thou canst—explore
The vale of life that lies before.
Dark is the vale of years,
Dimm'd by those little mists in Reason's feeble eye:—
Enthusiast! cease to gaze amid immensity.

When on the bed of Death
Quick beats my pulse, and falt'ring heaves my breath;
When round me watch my friends with streaming eyes,
Wearying the sick heart with their fruitless cries:
Let me in that last moment know
What proud joys Virtue can bestow,
And, fearless of the iron rod,
Look up to thee, my friend, my father, and my God!

Ah spare that agonizing hour—
Come *quickly*, Death! and I will bless thy pow'r.
Come *quickly—snatch* me to the realms above,
But spare that pang to part with those I love!
And when the grass shall wave
Slow o'er my humble grave,
My grave beside some hawthorn bush, wherein
The nightingale shall sing her song,
Then may the peasant say, and drop a tear,
"The bard belov'd by all lies bury'd here."

JULY 7, 1796.

S.

TO MY SPANIEL.

Why cringing, crouching, tail uncurld,
Thus dost thou greet
Thy master's feet?
I would not hurt thee for the world.

And, yet, I love thy fawning grace;
'Tis Nature's voice,
And I rejoice
Her ever-varied speech to trace.

But Man, of Heav'n the noblest born,
Such arts and wiles,
To gain the smiles
Of Patron proud, should ever scorn;
Should wrap himself in dignity and worth,
And, Heav'n his friend, defy the rocking earth.

J. S. COBBOLD.

A MORNING PIECE

From the First Chorus in the Hercules Furens of Seneca.

Jam rara micant sidera prono
Languida mundo: Nox victa vagos
Contrahit ignes; luce renata
Cogit nitidum Phosporus agmen, &c.

Scatter'd, and feebly twinkling, die
The stars all o'er the whitening sky;
Far west the vanquish'd Night retires,
And calls away her wandering fires;
Bright Phosphor last the shining train
Compels along the aërial plain;
With wheel oblique a-down the pole
Their wintery wain the Ursæ roll.
The mounting Sun, wide-beaming, now
Has gilded Oeta's lofty brow;
While woody hill and grassy vale
His joy-reviving splendour hail.
The Moon, fair regent of the Night,
Withdraws her dim diminish'd light;—
Mild sister beam! she'll soon return,
And in fraternal radiance burn.
The cock has crow'd his warning clear,
The lark has thrill'd the plowman's ear,
And sleep from all the hamlet's fled;
Hale Industry leaps from his bed,
And opes the early cottage door;
The sky, the mattin landscape o'er,
Serene, with various muse he scans,
And the day's future labour plans.
From where a-down the valley green
The hamlet's smoke is frequent seen,

Their flocks a-field the shepherds lead,
That browse the springing dewy blade;
While o'er the meadows free and gay
The steerlings butt in frolic play,
Their vacant dams are feeding by,
The milky treasure to supply;
And light-foot kids erratic spring
In many a wild convolving ring.
The Thracian warbler * 'mid the trees
With all a mother's transport sees
Her young the new-fledg'd wing display,
And wondering flit from spray to spray:
She scans their beauties o'er and o'er,
New beauties ripening every hour;
And, as their short low warblings rise,
Love thrills her heart and lights her eyes;
Pleas'd every lovely trace to find,
She recognizes all her kind;
Sleeks every feather with delight,
And turns them to the orient light;
While all around, a gleeful throng.
The birds loud raise the mingling song,
And, chanting clear from spray to spray,
Salute the God of Light and Day.
The sailor to the swelling gale
Wide expands the rustling sail;
On the rock's protruded side,
Scoop'd and hollow'd by the tide,
With baited hook and line in hand,
The patient fisher takes his stand;
The tug just felt, the trembling line
Bespeaks the prey—quick at the sign

* Philomela, the Nightingale. See Ovid's Metamorphoses.

His well-experienced skill he plies,
And flings ashore the flouncing prize.
  Such tranquil joys the man attend
Whom Innocence and Worth befriend;
Whose wish Ambition ne'er has drove
Beyond his small domain to rove.
The plough, the fold, give all he needs,
And what amuses, clothes and feeds;
While love and duty grace his board,
And bless with smiles their rural lord.
  But joys like these they ne'er attain
Who grasp for power or ill-won gain
Amid the City's impious noise,
Where racking hope and fear annoys.
  Sleepless, by Disappointment cross'd,
Or Apprehension's tempest toss'd,
Some, heedless of Enjoyment's hour,
Hang on the hollow smiles of power;
Cringe, vilely servile, to the Great,
And crowd the deaf proud gates of State;
And some with endless toil and pain
Pant, scramble, grasp, and squeeze for gain;
Brood o'er the mammon with insatiate gaze,
While gnawing want upon their vitals preys.
  Puff'd with the breath of vague acclaim,
One glories in capricious Fame;
Of fickle, empty plaudits proud,
He hails elate the shouting crowd:
Another, fierce in wordy war,
With venal thunder shakes the Bar;
Or right or wrong, his zeal the same,
The fee, not justice, is his aim.
  How few in calm secure repose
Enjoy content what Heaven bestows;
And knowing they cannot Time re-bring,
Leap up and ride upon his wing.

Bask in the sun while it is day,
Live, and live happy, while you may;
For days and years successive roll,
And life still hastens to the goal.
The Sisters ply their fatal trade,
Nor ever backward trace the thread;
But mortals run with headlong haste
To meet the fate by which they're chas'd;
And madly of their own accord
Rush on the hated Stygian ford.
O great Alcides! lur'd astray
By Glory's over-ardent ray,
Too eagerly you speed to tread
The dismal mansions of the dead!
Soon comes the day the Fates ordain,
And none may Death's fell hand restrain;
None may the fatal lot put by—
The urn is shook, and out they fly.
Let others burn to shine afar
In Grandeur's proud triumphal car;
Let others boast a deathless name,
And the loud voice of babbling Fame
To distant lands and ages roll,
And sound their praise from pole to pole,
Till, claiming kindred with the skies,
Heroes and demi-gods they rise:
But may some humble rustic shed
From strife and envy shield my head.
Where, safe in my obscure retreat,
In peace th' awards of Heav'n I'll wait.
For hoary age by slow degrees
Steals on the scenes of quiet ease;
And poverty's small fortune's sure,
In snug humility secure;
While he who climbs ambition's height,
But falls with aggravated weight.

R. JAMIESON.

ODE TO SLEEP.

BY THE REV. J. WHITEHOUSE.

O Thou, whose light touch sheds the opiate dews
Of bland Oblivion; thou whose power
Man's wearied, drooping frame renews,
Oft' as thou deignst thy influence shower
On my closed lids, lead me, O shadowy Queen,
To fairy regions, and some blissful clime
Elysian; picturing the unreal scene
In Fancy's gorgeous garb and imagery sublime:
And bring from out thy magic cell
That potent, necromantic spell,
Which holds the soul in wonder's trance,
While pass thy airy train successive by,
Rolling along the visioned ecstacy
To rapt Attention's glance:
Oft' has the Bard whom genius warms,
Who marks at eve thy spectre-forms,
Won from thy magic stores divine
The colouring of his simple line;
And o'er the page the Muses own
Rays of poetic glory thrown;
And sketched the high-wrought scenes, and bade them glow,
In radiant hues of light, and Fiction's solemn show.

But far, far greater boast was thine
When Inspiration led thy band;
When not with fond illusions vain,
Such as the idle brain

Alarm, with prodigy and dire portent,
Thou cam'st; but which when Wisdom's self beheld,
Rightly she augured what thy visions meant,
Shadowed in doubtful hues by some immortal hand;
When breathing mystic truths divine,
Full many a seer and prophet thou hast taught,
And from the Almighty brought
Behests of dread command, and import high;
While the rapt mind's judging eye
In cloudless perspective the Future caught:
Nor seldom God or Angel held
Converse with man; the midnight hour
Illumined shone with glory's ray,
And coruscations of eternal day
Waved, queen of silence! o'er thy darksome bower;
Heaven oped her golden portals wide,
And far within her glittering courts were spied
The angelic phalanx robed in vestments bright *,
To earth descending slow from yon fair worlds of light.

And still thy gracious forms await
The good man on the verge of fate;
When this world and the next between,
The Beatific Vision to the sight
Unfolding, opens heaven: then floods the scene,
In boundless bliss absorbed, and deluges of light.
Thou canst the heart of Guilt appal;
Thy voice, O awful Sleep, has power
To wake the dead at midnight hour,
Obedient to thy potent call:
And tyrants oft' have heard with dread
The cry of vengeance thundering in their ear,
While the pale spectre Fear
Hangs her dire portents round the regal bed,

* Genesis, ch. xxviii. ver. 12.

Horrors, and woes, and death: Night's demons loud
Shriek to the moon afar, from many a passing cloud.

Beneath the dim Earth's centre deep,
Beneath where Ocean rolls his wave,
Where ghosts their lingering sabbath keep,
And thrown across the gulph of fate,
Where Hell her ponderous, adamantine gate
Bars on the mansions of the grave;
Close by Death's door, on either hand,
O Sleep, thy shadowy kingdoms stand;
Stretched on thy ebon-couch supine,
Soft poppy-wreaths thy temples twine;
Around thee mimic Fancy plays,
The shadow of the evening strays,
And busy murmurs creep:
While dreams in clusters thick are spread
Like hovering mists about thy head,
That with fantastic wing thy dewy eye-lids sweep.

About thy sable standard pass
Of Hopes and Fears a mingled mass,
Fluttering Wishes, gay Desires,
Sighs of Disappointment born,
Passion's unextinguished fires,
And Melancholy's plaint forlorn!
While from the tablet of the brain
Memory calls off her dusky train,
Dim-veiled Illusion mocks the sight
With short-lived phantoms of delight,
And shows of promised bliss, that fly
Ere the young Morn with bashful eye,
From Thetis' coral-woven bed,
Lifts o'er the wave his beaming head:
Amidst the deep-surrounding shade
Ambition's gilded trophies fade;

No more the Lover's arms infold
The fair, snatched sudden from his view;
And melting like the early dew
Slips from the Miser's grasp the evanescent gold.

Vast and stupendous beyond aught
Fancy, in fit ecstatic, thought;
Or what beside of high-wrought lore
Graced Fiction's elfin-tales of yore,
Thy forms in many a wondrous hue
Glance on the bard's astonished view,
Or hold in deep suspense his tranced ear;
While many a phantom cleaves the ground,
And busy murmurs circle round,
And airy voices wake, that whisper fear:
Oft' by thy paly star
His steps thou lead'st to shadowy wood-scenes wild,
Or where stupendous precipices piled,
Gleam through the untrodden wilderness afar;
Where nature's awful scenes present
Mute wonder and astonishment;
Or in some nook where Solitude
Sits on a rocky fragment rude,
He reads that high, immortal line,
Traced by the Muse's hand divine,
Which, while enamoured of the strain,
Memory's bold pencil would retain,
Fades by degrees upon the mental sight,
And seeks Oblivion's shore, and melts before the light.

Ye visions of the night, farewell!
The orient Morn's impurpled ray
Has chased your airy forms away,
And now with strong immortal hand,
She breaks, O Sleep, thy fairy wand,
And melts thy wizard spell:

Yet with impassioned, fond regret,
I quit thy shadowy realms, where brought
'Midst Fancy's high and solemn hour,
The muse invoked thy mystic power
To nurse poetic thought:
Adieu, ye visionary vales!
Far off Night's sullen spirit sails,
The land of shadows, lo, I leave:
Yet shall yon golden lamp of day
More lasting forms, more happy scenes display?
Alas! like thine, they quickly pass away,
Like thine, alas! deceive.

ODE TO THE SAME.

BY THE SAME.

Soft Queen of shadows, gentle Sleep,
Once more to thee I pay my vow,
Again I woo thy murmurs deep
To sooth this throbbing breast of mine,
And round my aching temples twine
The grateful foliage of thy cypress-bough;
Sweet are thy foldings; when the mind
Leaving the load of cares behind,
Expatiates 'midst thy visionary reign,
And bathes in slumbers bland the wakeful sense of pain.

Sweet are thy foldings; when to bless
The spirit faint with trials sore,
Thou com'st indulgent, to restore
Past scenes of short-lived happiness!

When thy fairy-fingers dress
The paths where childhood loved to stray;
When Joy with roses strewed the way,
And Pleasure, nymph of heavenly birth,
Frolicked blithe: with simple Glee,
Sport, and rose-lip'd Gaiety,
The family of Mirth!
Where playful at the cottage-door,
Or in light gambols on the floor,
Infant-groupes with daisies crowned,
Frisked in many an airy round;
Or, with instinctive aim, began
To mimic, 'midst their sports, the graver cares of Man.

Scenes of enchantment! ye are fled;
Yet Fancy oft' your flight pursues,
While evening-shadows dim
O'er earth's pale surface swim,
And eyes your transient forms, and pranks in golden hues.
But most when mortal eye-lids close
Locked in Sleep's profound repose,
The Enchantress wakes, and lo, anew,
Youth's fairy prospects start to view,
The vernal landscape glows!
Hope relumes her sickly fires,
The Bard's ecstatic breast inspires,
Expressing subjects high, and worthy of the Muse.
And oft' has Friendship known
The kind relief that Sleep alone
Soothest of heavenly powers! with opiate touch bestows:
Even Love beneath thy placid reign,
In sweet delirium sinks to rest,
Calms the wild tumults of his breast,
And in thy silken bonds foregoes his ruthless chain.

Say, Sleep, whence o'er the mind
Dost thou such potency derive,
To bid the hosts of Thought
That with the light of day
In chill oblivion died away,
Again on Memory's plain revive?
That with thy subtle magic fraught,
In many a glittering rank combined,
Reflect the splendours of the mental ray,
And agitate the soul, or tranquillize;
Now with sublimest objects fill,
With Pity touch, with Horror thrill,
And wake respondent sympathies.
Thy colourings, Sleep, deceive
Deliciously the throb of pain,
Bid us live o'er the day again;
With gildings soft the scene relieve,
And heighten into bliss Life's dull realities.

By necromantic groves that glance
Their umbrage dusk to the Phœbean beam,
Where hung with many a dream,
The twinkling boughs to rosy zephyrs dance;
By darksome rocks that lower
O'er the wild brook that babbles by,
O, often meet my ear
In echoes soft and clear,
Of fairy harps unseen, and solemn minstrelsy:
And o'er my soul thy mystic visions pour,
Pure, intellectual; such as fed
By happiest presage of better days
Round modest Merit's drooping head,
Beam the clear sunshine of ingenuous Praise:
Such as the wounded bosom cheer,

Whene'er by cold neglect depressed,
Or held by Obloquy in thrall,
Or steeped in Envy's venomed gall;
Then, Sleep, thy healing influence bring,
Soft slumbers waft on downy wing,
And breathe the balm divine of visionary rest.

Thus, Sleep, oft' let me lie
Beneath thy grateful shadowings: Call around
Every magic sight and sound;
Shifting swift from grave to gay,
Mingling shade, or flashing day,
Glance with fairy footsteps by,
And lull each sense in extacy!
Oft' let the friend of former days
Meet me in sweet colloquial talk,
And 'midst thy moon-light scenes delighted walk,
While on each other's face we gaze,
And with congenial warmth our bosoms burn
Of sacred amity; o'erjoyed to live
The spring time of our youth again,
To taste the pleasure, or the pain,
And with remembrance bland, survive
The solitary urn!
Thus, Sleep, oft' find me, at thy soft return,
While Philomela pours her minstrelsy;
And to my sight in colours faint
Those future scenes of Beauty paint,
Which oft, with foretaste kind, await
On Virtue, in this transient state,
Exhibiting, in vision high,
A weak, but rapturous glance of Immortality!

THE PRINTERS' CAULDRON.

Scene—*A dark Room: in the Middle a great Cauldron burning.*

Thunder—enter three Printer's Devils.

FIRST DEVIL.

THRICE the watchman gave his knock,

SECOND DEVIL.

Twice—and once has crow'd the cock:

THIRD DEVIL.

Our master cries, 'Tis five o'clock.'

ALL.

Now your several schemes display.
To make the paper of the day:—

SECOND DEVIL.

Spy that standing on cold stone,
Names and titles one by one,
Catchest at the doors of fashion,
Haste to bring your motley trash in;
Packwood's puffs, and state of weather,
Hints of who and whom together,
(Paid to contradict to-morrow
Mistake—inserted to our sorrow)
Fluttering follies light as vapour,
Rise you to the top o'th' paper.

ALL.

Double, double, toil and trouble,
Touch the cash—the nation bubble.

FIRST DEVIL.

Braham—Soldier tir'd—Mad Bess—
Case of singular distress,
Speech of egotistic pleader,
String of Coaches made by Leader,
Fashionable invalids,
Morning dresses, widows' weeds,
Lobby quarrels, satisfaction,
Rout in May-fair, crim. con. action,
Patent soles that never faulter,
Doctors Brodum and Sir Walter,
Pun and vive la bagatelle
Schemes to make our paper sell.

ALL.

Double, double, toil and trouble,
Touch the cash—the nation bubble.

THIRD DEVIL.

Bonaparte, Paris fashions,
Chapels, Cyprian assignations:
Captain Sash, the sea-side shark—
Slander's arrow shot i'th' dark.
Villa of Roehampton Jew,
Horrid murder done at Kew;
Queries, critical corrections,
Galvinistic resurrections.
Treatise on the Moon's eclipse,
Paint for cheeks, and salve for lips.
Stupid pun, birth-strangled jest—
Portsmouth letter—wind north-west.
And thus our merit stands confess'd!

ALL.

Double, double, toil and trouble,
Touch the cash—the nation bubble.

SECOND DEVIL.

Cool it with an empty boast,
That "every day we sell the most,"
'Tis done—behold the The Morning Post!

SONG.

BY MICHAEL WODHULL, ESQ.

WHAT still does fair Lucy's disdain
Occasion this festering smart;
Cannot time give relief to your pain,
And heal the slight wound in your heart?

The arrows of Cupid, I know,
At first are all pointed with steel:
But how frail is the strength of his bow!
How fleeting the pangs which we feel!

His wings they are shatter'd by Time,
His quiver is soil'd in the dust,
Such, such, is Life's flowery prime,
And Beauty's most insolent trust.

Taste the joys a new passion can give,
With the nymph that's complying and k
Or, learning more sagely to live,
Be blest, and give Love to the wind.

THE BEECH TREE.

AN ALLEGORICAL ODE.

BY THE LATE REV. T. COLE, LL.B.

SERENE and calm, the morning ray
Had pour'd a cheerful gleam of day
Through Philo's inmost grove,
When Damon there, in private, sought
With some kind muse to shun each thought
Of inauspicious love.

But nature's walks in vain he views,
In vain art's winding paths pursues,
Though worthy both of song;
For here the am'rous boughs embrace,
And all the charms he there can trace
To love alone belong.

The lofty vista's ample bent,
The rising prospect's vast extent,
Aspiring thoughts suggest;
And though the streams and zephyrs meet
To cool the arbour's close retreat,
It but inflames his breast!

At length, beneath a BEECH's shade,
Each sightlier object to evade,
In pensive mood he came;
But there, alas! some kindred swain
Had on the bark inscrib'd his pain
With lovely CELIA's name!

Cupid at this, who all the while
Had watch'd his steps with secret guile,
  Presents himself to sight;
And thinking now his conquest won,
The indignant tyrant thus begun
  With insolent delight.

Attempt no more, thou rebel Slave,
A weak and tender heart to save
  From mine and Celia's sway;
For whilst to me that charming maid
Consents to lend her pow'rful aid,
  Thou shalt my will obey.

Cease then thy contest, and agree
To pay due homage still to me
  At beauty's sacred shrine;
Nor ever from this time presume
Thy wonted commerce to resume
  With any of the NINE.

Half yielding up dear Freedom's cause
To this usurper's rigid laws,
  He hesitates assent;
And caught with Hope's delusive prize,
Was half inclin'd to sacrifice
  Th' enjoyment of content.

When, hark! a soft harmonious sound,
Through all the grove diffus'd around,
  With wond'ring joy he hears:
And, lo! URANIA, quick as thought,
In a rich garb, by IRIS wrought,
  Before him now appears.

Nor mild nor rigorous her mein,
But such as spoke intent benign,
Though purpos'd to upbraid;
And thus, inclin'd at once to' excite
Regret, attemper'd with delight,
Severely kind, she said:

In Contemplation's bow'r reclined,
Have I so often calm'd thy mind
With soothing lays in vain;
My lyre, in vain, so often strung,
And with each fav'rite poet sung
To thee his choicest strain?

Let not this sly, insidious cheat,
With all his wiles, thy heart defeat,
But vindicate thy choice:
With courage own thy truest friend,
Nor fear to show thou dar'st attend
To mine, and Reason's voice.

Reflect on thy past happy state,
And call to mind, ere 'tis too late,
How well you once was taught
To bid defiance to those cares,
Which now you feel, and shun those snares,
In which you now are caught.

From Passion's meteor turn thy sight,
And let calm Reason's steady light
Thy footsteps always guide:
That only roves through Folly's chase,
But this leads Wisdom to the place
Where Truth and Peace reside.

At this Urania paus'd, to try
If Cupid chose to make reply
To aught she had express'd:
But ere suspense left either free,
The Hamadriad of the tree
Each party thus address'd:

The nymph, indeed, whose name I bear
May well deserve your rival care,
But 'tis as mutual friends:
Your sev'ral gifts for her combine,
Nor ere, in such a cause, decline
To serve each other's ends.

Let her whose charms at once can raise
The lover's sigh, the poet's praise,
Your equal favour find:
No more each other's vot'ries scorn,
While perfect grace and worth adorn
Her person and her mind!

And though you must not yet declare
To whom the fates reserve the fair,
This gentle youth direct,
If to his mind he can't be blest,
From envy to secure his breast,
And bear with cool neglect.

That face which jealousy can love,
That conduct censure must approve,
Permit him to admire:
But, Oh! with strength possess his soul
Each anxious passion to controul,
And check each fond desire.

ODE.

BY MR. SHAW.

WHILE I was absent from my fair,
Ye hours, I bad you speed your flight,
Swift as the winds that sweep the air,
Till Delia blest again my sight.

But then you crept with dull delay,
Regardless of a lover's pain;
And slowly brought at length the day
When Delia blest my eyes again.

Now when the nymph delights my sight,
Ye hours, I bid you softly stay
Your speed, nor with too hasty flight
The precious minutes bear away.

But now on swiftest wings ye move,
And now ye bring that moment near
Which parts me from the nymph I love,
And Delia sheds the tender tear.

O wayward hours, that slowly move,
Or swiftly at your pleasure glide,
Why are ye bent to cross my love,
And from my fair one to divide?

Yet vain your malice is and art!
While you pursue your circling race,
You never from my constant heart
My Delia's image can efface.

1776.

TO A LADY,

With a new Year's Gift; the Author being accustomed to make her an Annual Present. 1764.

BY F. N. C. MUNDAY, ESQ.

In days of yore, as they record,
When all was carried by the sword;
When folks took not the least delight in
Aught on the earth of God, but fighting;
A King sometimes, by way of riot,
Seeing his neighbours slept in quiet,
And little dream'd of harm, would therefore,
Without another why or wherefore,
Descend upon him sword in hand,
And rob him of his crown and land,
And then to shew his generosity,
Laying aside his late ferocity,
The Conqueror freely would restore
What strictly was the man's before,
Provided he, upon his knees,
Would swear to some such rules as these:
"You vassal in my cause must fight,
"Whether that cause be wrong or right;
"And without grumbling draw your sword,
"Whene'er I please to give the word;
"And when we meet, thus kneeling down,
"Must do me homage for your crown:
"And once a year, by way of token
"That these your vows remain unbroken,

" Some trifling present let me have,
" Deliver'd from you as my slave:
" And, if it be not duly paid,
" Depend upon't this trusty blade
" Shall never rest within its sheath,
" Until it has procur'd your death."—
—O'er neighbouring king, and subject peer,
The tyrant thus would domineer;
Whilst every baron in the nation,
Posess'd of king-like imitation,
The same allegiance would extort
From farmers at his country court:
And if he came not gift in hand,
Wou'd *oust the villain* from his land.
E'en in these present days full fifty
Good instances I soon cou'd give t'ye,
Where annual peppercorns are sent
By way of an acknowledgment.
" But whither does this story tend?
" Sir, will you never make an end?"
Yes Ma'am, I've done with my relation,
Proceed we to the application:
As ancient monarchs by their bravery
Reduc'd their brother-kings to slavery;
As barons in subjection held
The rustic tillers of the field;
So you by one resistless glance,
Keener by far than sword or lance,
Enter'd my breast by means unfair,
And founded your dominion there.
Yes, tyrant, yes, too well 'tis known
My captive heart is all your own;
The wounds you gave will ever bleed—
—" Sir to the point."—Ma'am I proceed:
As ancient peers, and ancient peasants
Purchased their peace by annual presents,

And often turn'd aside the sword
By gifts to the superior Lord;
So I, who owe undoubted duty
To so much wit, to so much beauty,
Send you this mark of my subjection,
As harbouring no disaffection:
For if I shou'd but once neglect
This yearly token of respect,
You soon wou'd send your armed forces
To punish my rebellious courses.
E'en now methinks I see you rise,
With vengeance sparkling in your eyes;
Anger contracts your threatening brows;
And on your cheek resentment glows;
Your voice upbraids my traitor heart
That from its fealty durst depart.
But spare me, cruel victor, spare!
Your smiles are more than I can bear;
And less, far less can I sustain
Your looks of anger and disdain.
I dare not stand th' unequal strife,
—O take my gift and spare my life.

EPIGRAM.

IMITATED FROM MARTIAL.

With a room-full, to me all unknown,
You bid me make one at your feast:
I decline it; you grumble and groan,
And call me unsociable beast,—
Why, since I must dine quite alone,
I'll dine by myself, Sir, at least.

N. B. HALHED, ESQ.

ODE TO THE SPIRIT OF ANIMATION.

[Vide DARWIN's *Zoonomia*, Vol. I.]

Written on a Journey on Horseback last Winter, and travelling late at Night.

O THOU! whose presence none can trace
'Midst all the sons of ADAM's race,
Nor tell, or where, or when,
Or how thou sprang'st to life at first,
Or in what corner thou wast nurst
Of this frail house of men:

Dear to my head, my heart most dear,
SPIRIT OF ANIMATION! hear,
Nor let our union end.
I own, without thee I'm undone:
And where could'st thou for shelter run,
Should'st thou desert thy friend?

I know thy alderman desire
For drink and rest, for food and fire,
Whilst I am cold and wet:
But patience till we reach yon inn;
I'll ply thee then with ale and gin,
And many a dish I'll get.

But mark, when fill'd, no pranks like those
Which learned Doctor DARWIN shows,
Who says, that when thou'rt full,
Thou'rt apt to play men many a trick,
And frisk about, and toss, and kick,
Just like a mad town-bull.

This house, remember, thou art in,
Is but of clay, and built but thin,
And soon is pull'd to pieces:
Yet should'st thou rend this house in twain,
Perchance thoul't not a better gain,
Nor one on longer leases.

VERSES WRITTEN IN AUTUMN.

The gladsome hours are gone, and from the fields,
Now mute and naked, cheerful Toil retires;
The sun far off a paler radiance yields,
And darts more faint his horizontal fires.

Mark, how the thickets fade! whose pleasing gloom
No longer charms, whose music all is past;
Prepar'd to shed their last autumnal bloom,
And bare their foreheads to the wintry blast.

To those, who riot in the mad career
Of wealth and luxury and idleness,
Whose souls ne'er felt, whose eyes ne'er shed a tear
For worth forsaken, or for pale distress,

No moral charm these pensive scenes impart;
But they of softer mould, to nature true,
Now own a kindly influence on the heart,
And love ev'n fields and groves of sadder hue.

These teach, that mortal bliss must swiftly die,
And Man return to night's unending shade;
That some on sorrow's dreary couch must lie,
And wait for peace a pitying brother's aid;

That, while thro' fortune's paths we jocund tend,
'Tis ours each headlong passion to restrain,
A heart too frail from vanity defend,
And serious think on those, who suffer pain.

These too with tender thoughts awhile may charm,
And wake the mem'ry of departed hours,
That 'mid the wilds of life, beset with harm
And pain and sorrow, smile like summer flow'rs;

Endear'd perhaps by those, whose looks we lov'd,
Whose gentle voice was music to our ears,
Now far away by fates unkind remov'd,
Or gone, where love is vain, and vain our tears.

These too may speak of early friendships flown,
As thro' life's ever-changing paths we go,
Of blending hearts, estrang'd and careless grown,
And beaming looks that now no longer glow.

Spring shall return, and these forsaken glades
And faded hills and woods of foliage pale
Again shall bloom, again the forest shades
Will charm, and birds the dew-ey'd morning hail;

But ne'er shall youth, nor youth's delights return,
Nor youth's warm sentiments, that love create,
Bidding with stronger, purer flames to burn;
Nor those we mourn escape the bonds of fate.

E. HAMLEY.

ODE.

How fresh the breezes blow!
  How softly swell the hills!
How kind the sun's bright glow!
  What soothing in the rills!
  All, all with transport thrills!
Scenes that alone impart
True vigour to the mind, sweet solace to the heart!

Hark! from the inmost grove,
  Borne by the scented gale,
The bird of thought and love
  Is heard.—O nightingale!
  Thee early do I hail;
Thy full of music long
May listening woods resound, and love reward the song!

While in the mid-way skies
  The shrill lark seems to float,
As yet the cuckoo tries
  Faintly her mellowing throat;
  Soft is the blackbird's note;
Nor yet, at evening's blush,
Long heard from hedgerows green the wildly-warbling thrush.

April! thy changeful day
  Though tempest oft alarms,
I greet; since the sweet May
  Owes to thy fostering arms
  Her more than mortal charms!

I love thy chequer'd hour;
Still mingling, as in life, the sunshine and the show'r.

Sweet breeze! no gentler breath
Fans the bright bowers above;
Reviv'd from wintry death,
Where all is youth and love!
Nor wing'd the' appointed dove
With holier calmness fraught,
When to the rested ark Heaven's olive branch she brought.

P. L. C.

APRIL 23, 1805.

SONG.

BY RICHARD FENTON, ESQ.

TELL me, what can mean this riot
In my pulse when Damon's nigh;
That my breast is never quiet,
Ever heaving with a sigh?
If such tokens don't discover
What it is to be a lover,
Then, O tell me! what am I?

But, alas! poor thoughtless creature!
By each pulse betray'd, and sigh,
There's a tongue in every feature,
And a thousand in the eye,
Which to Damon will discover
What it is to be a lover,
And to tell him, what am I.

THE TEARS OF ASTROP.

AN EPISTLE TO MISS HARRIET BLOSSET.

BY MICHAEL WODHULL, ESQ.

Gli angelici sembianti nati in cielo
Non si ponno celar sotto alcun velo.—ARIOSTO.

" Can the blest swains of Astrop pine,
" When, crown'd with Amalthean horn,
" Such savory cates, such floods of wine,
" Such slaughter'd hecatombs of geese,
" This * chosen festival t' adorn,
" September, bounteous God, presents?
" Heavens! what unusual discontents
" O'ershade these antient realms of Peace?
" Pale Care sits thron'd on every brow;
" And they, who rarely thought till now,
" Rival with furrow'd look forlorn
" Each old Philosopher of Greece."
In these light strains exclaim'd some youth,
Yet uninstructed whence arose
The signs he view'd of deepest woes,
Curious to penetrate the truth.
All strove to answer;—silence hung
With leaden weight on every tongue,
And testified excess of grief.
Long had they paused, when from the Spring
Its Genius (whom, as Poets sing,
Hygeia sends to the relief
Of sickness) rising, thus express'd
The feelings that for utterance heav'd
In every sentimental breast;

* Michaelmas-day, annually commemorated at Astrop Wel Northamptonshire.

" Young stranger, whosoe'er thou art,
" (For sure it ought to be believed,
" Since in my pangs thou bear'st no part,
" Far from my source, in some bleak wild,
" Where Wit and Beauty never smil'd,
" Thou drew'st thy natal breath) attend,
" And make our wretchedness thy own;
" Not that yon lowering clouds impend,
" Not that we view these groves bereav'd
" Of leafy honours, do we moan;
" But that from these neglected shades,
" Anticipating Winter's reign,
" Fair Harriet flies; who, midst the maids
" That haunt the margin of yon stream,
" Winding along my fertile plain,
" Shone with unrivall'd elegance;
" Of these unbidden tears, that force
" Their passage, she, the conscious theme,
" Flies, unrelenting as the wind,
" Nor casts one pitying glance behind,
" To bid these meads a last adieu:
" Hadst thou beheld that graceful ease
" With which she trod, in mazy dance
" My fragrant vales and woodbine bowers,
" Slighting applause, secure to please,
" When, votary of the rural powers,
" She quitted Thames's banks, resign'd
" The studied ornaments of dress,
" And look'd, and was, a Shepherdess,
" Thou too hadst sympathiz'd with these,
" Whose smart excites thy gaiety.
" Whether to term such ignorance
" Of this transcendant fair, mischance,
" Or bliss, I hesitate; beware
" Rashly the magic cup to share

" Of dangerous Sensibility,
" That draught, to vulgar lips denied,
" Where in confusion blended lie
" Th' extremes of pleasure and of pain;
" Hence all its baleful dregs to miss,
" Yet taste the quintessence of bliss,
" Heaven's favourites, few alone attain.
" Love in a slight degree beguiles
" The storms of Life's precarious tide;
" But if too far its Siren smiles
" The guardless traveller bewitch,
" Headlong to rush into the snare,
" Urged on by Hope, beset with Care,
" Too late, solicitous to fly,
" He feels it in its utmost pitch,
" Distraction all and agony."
He ended; and the bubbling fount,
Closed o'er his venerable head,
First having bade me to recount
To the dank vales and lowly cot,
Where Fate assign'd my humble lot,
The truths he spoke, the tears he shed.
O, form'd to shine in every sphere!
How shall the pastoral Muse presume
To wish ingloriously confin'd
A nymph so fitted to adorn
The court and splendid drawing-room,
From an admiring nation's gaze,
From scenes, where in full radiance blaze
The beauties which adorn *that* mind,
And animate *those* features, here
Amid the pines, grotesque and rude,
O'ershadowing this deep solitude?
Yet sometimes deign to lay aside
Those envied gaieties, nor scorn
To visit our forsaken rill.

Old legend tells, on Ida's hill,
With winged Hermes for their guide,
Erst to the Phrygian shepherd's will
Contending Goddesses applied,
And, urging eagerly their suit,
Tho' with each boon of Heaven endued,
O'erjoyed with the vicissitude,
Sought from his hand the golden fruit.
Should you, like these, awhile forego
The surer triumphs of your eyes,
Thro' curiosity to know,
If aught of ancient taste remains
Among us simple village swains,
And from our verdict seek the prize;
Boldly with an applauding voice
Should we decide, nor fear, lest Age,
Or miserable Envy's rage,
Might deem us biass'd in our choice:
Each snarling censor *we* defy
Whose honest judgement truth ensures
Against *that* idle calumny,
That, with a Venus' person caught,
Minerva's wit we little sought
When either claim confirms it yours.
Alas, in such untutor'd plains,
Ill can these rustic fingers hold
A lyre, attemper'd to the strains
In which immortal Chaulieu told
Of Turenne snatch'd from Victory's arms,
Of Bethune's wisdom, Bouillon's charms,
And Steinkerque's memorable day;
Indeed, like Orpheus' magic song
His drew no listening brutes along,
But in a light and polish'd age,

Which Science loved to call her own,
When from the height of Louis' throne
She darted forth her broadest ray,
Beside the winding banks of Seine,
Where blooms Parisian elegance,
He wove th' Epicurean page;
Superior to the frowns of Chance,
Tho' Time had silver'd o'er his head,
The myrtle groves, the trim parterres
And fragrant jasmine walks between,
He tun'd his charming shell, while cares,
And the wan forms of sorrow fled,
Soothing his audience with the flames
Of mighty chiefs and courtly dames.
How shall this hoarse and scrannel flute,
Regarded only by my flocks,
That listening browse yon thymy rocks,
To such high stop its ditties suit,
As Harriet's self may deign to hear?
All hopeless I attempt to raise
Strains that could sooth your nicer ear,
And utter in these Runic lays
Accents uncouth, disgustful praise.
Tho' on my mouldering cottage wall,
Perchance with momentary gleam,
Some Muse's kindlier influence fall;
On the glad augury, in vain,
My too aspiring soul relies,
And at your feet presents the strain,
Th' inexorable Power denies
Expressions worthy of my theme.

1767.

ODE TO JUSTICE.

BY THE REV. J. WHITEHOUSE.

ETERNAL Justice, first and best
Of all the Virtues! Thou whose ear
Is ever open to the Oppressed:
O Thou! whom purple Tyrants fear;
And trembling 'midst the gorgeous feast,
See high-suspended o'er their head
Thy outstretched arm, and ensigns dread,
And that huge beam aloft pourtrayed
By which their secret crimes are weighed,
Balanced in thy even scale;
Scanned by thy all-searching eye
The arts of Falsehood nought avail,
Or secret Fraud, or bold Impiety!
Slow to revenge, yet sure! Ere long
Thy judgments shall repay the wrong;
The impious in their mad career o'ertake,
And bid within their breasts the scorpion conscience wake.

Clad with the triple lightning's force,
'Midst heaven's resplendent archives stored,
Pavilioned in thick darkness sleeps thy sword;
Which oft cherubic Ardors bright
Bathe in cerulean founts of light,
Or on the blade with reverence gaze;
When flashing strong the empyrean blaze,
It leaps in terror forth, and wings its destined course;

And marked with many a sign of woe,
Deals around its fated blow:
Unseen by mortal eye, thy hand
Bids it travel through the land,
And mow down nations at a sweep,
Whene'er to appease the Almighty's ire,
The fierce Destroyer walks in fire;
And heard in awful accents deep,
Thy voice proclaims the vengeance nigh,
The fixed decree of Jove, and mandate of the sky.

In vain beneath the sheltering robe
Of darkness, Vice her form atrocious veils,
Or walks, with forehead unabashed the globe:
'Tis thine, to mark her close disguise,
With keen observant glance to trace
The varying features of her face,
(Which Falsehood's mask but ill conceals)
And with prompt speed the sorceress chase
Through all her tortuous paths, and foul obliquities.
Immersed in tenfold shades of night,
The assassin hears thee knocking at his heart;
Transfixed by fell Remorse's dart,
Inward upon himself his eyes
He turns: exploring by thy light,
The guilty stains of scarlet hue,
That glare portentous on his view,
While conscious fears his soul affright;
And storms of wrath and indignation dread,
Seem ready to displode, irruptive, on his head.

Yet oft', in their preposterous mood
The impious triumph; while they dream
Of acts nefarious that defy
The sovereignty that sways the sky,
That thou dost nothing deem,
And with their taunts insult the good:

Inflated with presumptuous pride
The lingering thunders they deride,
And mock at him whose upright thought
But meditates the thing it ought:
Indulging their insensate hope,
On thy strong buckler's bosses wide
They rush regardless; bold to dare
Thy terrors, and provoke the war,
As if their feeble arm could cope
With power supernal. Heaven surveys
With scorn the vauntings of the unjust;
And with the breath of her displeasure lays
Their trophies in the dust.

Daughter of sempiternal Jove,
Divine ASTRÆA! Blest is he
By no vain hopes or fears misled,
Who dares in thy firm footsteps tread,
And by thy dictates sage approve
Each act, determined to be free:
Lord of the movements of his soul,
Who by no partial views confined,
Bids in diffusive currents roll
Thy liberal gifts that bless mankind;
What though round Merit's lustrous mien
Detraction dart her arrows keen,
And Persecution's monster-brood
Imbrue their victim's steps in blood;
What though awhile thy children mourn
Midst Being's thorny wilds forlorn:
Not always shall the Just complain,
Nor heaven's high will to man be certified in vain.

For lo, thou comest! In mid air,
Thy throne a thousand seraphs bear

In long progressive order through the skies,
The courts of thy Great Father! On the day
Of final retribution thou shalt rise
To judge with righteousness the earth, and take
Vengeance on the transgressors; on their head
Thou shalt pour out the vials dread
Of fierce displeasure; and within them wake
Remorse, and tenfold anguish, and dismay;
Through countless periods doomed to feel
The * iron scourge and torturing wheel,
In that dark gulph Tartarean chained,
Which Nemesis of old ordained:
Then shall the faithful triumph: they that stood
The firm assertors of thy laws,
And loved thy hallowed mandates high,
With joy and holy transport shall appear
Surviving this diurnal sphere,
The heirs of immortality!
Honoured with approbation, and applause
From THE SUPREME: Unfolding 'midst a flood
Of light, and lucid order, Heaven's design
Consummated at length, shall throw
New splendours o'er this scene below,
And bid 'midst Glory's circlet shine
The wisdom of the Eternal Cause;
Who ere He Earth's foundations laid,
Or Ocean in his balance weighed,
Willed, that from thy immortal source
Each godlike act should take its course,
Combining in one perfect plan
The dignity, the rank, and happiness of Man.

* Whose iron scourge, and torturing hour.

GRAY'S ODE TO ADVERSITY.

THE RUINED ORPHAN.

BY LAURA SOPHIA TEMPLE.

THE Wizard of Winter is rouz'd from his sleep,
In anger he comes o'er the waves of the deep;
In anger he comes,—but *I* heed not his roar,
For the Wizard of Winter can vex *me* no more.
The sea fowl retires to her desolate home,
His fury has warn'd her no longer to roam;
But *I* may the frown of his vengeance defy,
For it never can wither *my* blossoms of joy.

Lo! he comes to the bed of the fragrant flow'r,
And roots up the beautiful child of an hour.
Now wildly he rides through the regions of air,
Destroying whatever is goodly and fair.
But harmless to me is the blast of his wing;
The bolts of his wrath he is welcome to fling;
For my callous bosom he never can bruise;
And I have no soul-valued treasures to lose.

'Tis the morning of Summer that wakes me to pain;
'Tis the soft song of pleasure that maddens my brain;
For Summer may come in the pride of her bloom,
May give to the woodlands their wonted perfume,
And the vallies may echo with songs of delight,
And unmark'd the moments pursue their gay flight;
Yet Summer to me shall no image present
But the image of bliss that was long ago spent.

For, often has Nature her vestments renew'd,
And often the South-wind his wild flight pursued,
Since that moment arriv'd which was big with my fate,
Which condemn'd me to wander, to mourn, and to hate;
That moment when villainy doom'd me to shame,
And from Purity's register struck out my name;
That moment, when Falsehood withdrew from my sight,
And my soul plung'd aghast 'mid the darkness of night.

The storm has blown o'er!—but its traces are left;
Like a wave-shatter'd vessel my bosom is reft.
As the roe from the hunter, I fly from mankind,
Or the shrunk leaf of autumn when chac'd by the wind.
For the world is my foe, its cold glance of disdain
Would scowl on my grief, and would scoff at my pain;
Fair maidens would turn from this eye of despair,
As tho' the foul Fiend of Infection dwelt there.

Yet once there were eyes that would smile upon mine,
But the Angel of Death has forbade them to shine;
There were lips that could chace from my bosom her woe,
And the purest of kisses were wont to bestow;
There were arms to whose shelter I fled when opprest,
That were always my home, and my haven of rest:
But quickly from Joy's narrow door I was thrust;—
The best and the loveliest now moulders in dust.

Yet blest to escape—the dark whirlwind's rude swell
Would have rent thy proud soul when my innocence fell;
Yes;—blest to the earth's darkling womb to return,
Ere thy cheek had been taught by my follies to burn;
Ere the whispers of Rumour had poison'd thine ear
With the tale of my ruin,—the source of my tear;
Ere the glare of conviction had taught thee to prove
That the foe of thy peace was the child of thy love.

Oh, scenes of my childhood! I view you once more;
My fancy retires from this wave-beaten shore;
My fancy retraces that lovely abode,
Where the steps of my youth and my innocence trod;
Oh, scenes of my childhood! I fly to your arms,
And gaze with a lover's fond eye on your charms;
For still your wild graces shall comfort bestow,
And snatch for an instant my spirit from woe.

Ye vallies of beauty! ye summits of green!
To *your* lovely Eden no spoiler has been;
And Summer shall ever your graces renew,
Your woods of rich verdure, your skies of fair blue.
My Summer has vanish'd no more to return,
In sadness and winter I ever shall mourn;
For nought can the lustre of Virtue restore,
When cropt are her blossoms, they flourish no more.

'Tis true, I might shorten this night of despair;
With "the wings of a dove" I might fly from my care.
It is but to close the dark curtain of life,
To drown in oblivion its turmoil and strife;
Since no tear of pity for me would be shed;
Forgotten by all, I should sleep with the dead;
No sorrowing parent would hang o'er my grave,
Where the tall bearded thistle should mournfully wave.

Yet, No! I will bow to the rigours of fate,
For peace yet awaits me,—nor distant the date.
Repentance is mine, and behold, from on high,
Faith beckons my fluttering soul to the sky:
She tells me to call on the God of my youth,
She bids me to trust to his mercy and truth,
And whispers, "These words are recorded in Heav'n—
"Poor wand'rer look up, for thy sins are forgiv'n."

EXETER, FEB. 9, 1806.

ODE.

BY MR. SHAW.

Ye lofty woods, that proudly sweep
Along the hill, along the plain,
That in your bounds fair pastures keep,
And fields enrich'd with golden grain:

Ah! not for me this ample space
Of hill and vale ye proudly sweep;
Nor yet for me your groves embrace
Rich fields and pastures white with sheep.

Yet let me praise you, not in vain
That your dark solitudes among
I may of fate unkind complain,
And love's reward delay'd too long:

Yet let me praise you, that I may
On your smooth trees the name engrave
Of her from whom so far I stray,
To wayward destinies a slave.

O mighty lords, ye to whose share
These woods and fields, and pastures fall,
How long to you alone her care
Shall Fortune lend, deaf to my call?

Still busy for your state and power,
Fair lands, proud mansions to provide;
When will she rear my humble bower,
When will she give to me my bride?

1776.

DESCRIPTION OF ALCINA.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF ARIOSTO.

Her form with richer charms was blest
Than glowing pencil e'er exprest;
Her hair in many a wanton fold
Wav'd long and bright as purest gold;
O'er her warm cheek were sweetly spread
The lily's white, the rose's red:
Her forehead such, the ivory's hue
Was ne'er so fair and polish'd too.

Crown'd by two sable arches shone,
Each, bright as e'er was noon-day's sun,
Two darkly-beauteous eyes that stole,
Beaming soft pity to the soul.
There Love eternal basking lay,
There prun'd his wings in fraudful play,
And ambush'd threw, with fatal arts,
His quiver'd store at heedless hearts.

Beneath, with every charm bespread,
With all its native glowing red,
A beauteous mouth by turns reveals,
By turns, the pearls within, conceals.
Hence, the mild accent sweetly flows,
That calms the rage that fiercest glows;
And hence the smile receives its rise,
That opes the gate to paradise.

White as the pride of drifted snows,
Her well-proportion'd bosom rose:
While as the gently-curling main
Swells to the breeze and sinks again,
Each lovely orb with softer swell,
More sweetly rose, more sweetly fell.
Ah, what transporting charms conceal'd
Might well be guess'd from those reveal'd.

STANZAS,

ON THE DEATH OF A FAVOURITE BIRD.

BY W. HOLLOWAY.

THOUGH ne'er on the bough of the hedge-row or grove,
Thou didst build the soft nest, or attune the sweet lay,
Enjoy the fresh shade of the woodbine alcove,
Or rouse the dull swains, at the peep of young day,

Yet still hast thou 'scap'd all the snares of mankind,
The snares which on Innocence ever attend;
For liberty lost thou hast never repin'd,
Hast never known *want*, nor e'er needed a *friend*.

But ah! cruel Fate, with aim sudden and sure,
Has mark'd thee her victim, and laid thee to rest!
For Lesbia's fam'd bird not a tear flow'd more pure,
Nor lighter the green sod repos'd on his breast.

Farewell, little Warbler! To those who deplore,
Would the Muse this suggestion prefer, and repeat—
For the *moral* shall hold when the *sorrow's* no more—
"*May your lives be as calm, and your exits as sweet!*

PRO PATRIA MORI.

FROM THE GERMAN OF BURGER.

For virtue, freedom, human rights, to fall,
Beseems the brave: it is a Saviour's death!
Of heroes only the most pure of all
Thus with their heart's blood tinge the battle-heath.

And this proud death is seemliest in the man
Who for a kindred race, a country bleeds:
Three hundred Spartans form the shining van
Of those, whom fame in this high triumph leads.

Great is the death for a good prince incurr'd;
Who wields the sceptre with benignant hand:
Well may for him the noble bare his sword,
Falling he earns the blessings of a land.

Death for friend, parent, child, or her we love,
If not so great, is beauteous to behold:
This the fine tumults of the heart approve;
It is the walk to death unbought of gold.

But for mere majesty to meet a wound—
Who holds that great or glorious, he mistakes:
That is the fury of the pamper'd hound,
Which envy, anger, or the whip awakes.

And for a tyrant's sake to seek a jaunt
To hell-'s a death which only hell enjoys:
Where such a hero falls—the gibbet plant,
A murderer's trophy, and a plunderer's prize.

TRANSLATION.

A POEM.

BY THOMAS FRANCKLIN *, FELLOW OF TRINITY-COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

"SUCH is our pride, our folly, or our fate,
That few, but such as cannot write, translate."
So DENHAM sung, who well the labour knew;
And an age past has left the maxim true.
Wit as of old, a proud imperious Lord,
Disdains the plenty of another's board;
And haughty Genius seeks, like Philip's son,
Paths never trod before, and worlds unknown.
Unaw'd by these, whilst hands impure dispense
The sacred streams of antient eloquence,
Pedants assume the task for scholars fit,
And blockheads rise interpreters of wit.
In the fair field the vet'ran armies stand,
A firm, unconquer'd, formidable band,
When lo! Translation comes and levels all;
By vulgar hands the bravest heroes fall.
On eagle's wings see lofty Pindar soar;
† Cowley attacks, and Pindar is no more.

* The translator of Sophocles. This poem was published in 1754, and was dedicated to the Earls of Granville, Chesterfield, and Orrery.

† Nothing can be more contemptible than the translations and imitations of Pindar done by Cowley, which yet have had their admirers.

O'er Tibur's swan the muses wept in vain,
* And mourn'd their bard by cruel Dunster slain.
† By Ogilby and Trap great Maro fell,
And Homer dy'd by Chapman and Ozell.
In blest Arabia's plains unfading blow
Flow'rs ever fragrant, fruits immortal grow;
To northern climes th'unwilling guests convey,
The fruit shall wither, and the flow'r decay;
Ev'n so when here the sweets of Athens come,
Or the fair produce of imperial Rome,
They pine and sicken in th'unfriendly shade,
Their roses droop, and all their laurels fade.
‡ The modern critic, whose unletter'd pride,
Big with itself, contemns the world beside,
If haply told that Terence once cou'd charm,
Each feeling heart that Sophocles cou'd warm,
Scours ev'ry stall for Echard's dirty page,
§ Or pores in Adams for th'Athenian stage;
With joy he reads the servile mimics o'er,
Pleas'd to discover what he guess'd before;
‖ Concludes that Attic wit's *extremely low;*
** And gives up Greece to Wotton and Perrault.

* See Horace's Epistles, Satires, and Art of Poetry, *done into English* by S. Dunster, D.D. Prebendary of Sarum.

† See their translations of Homer and Virgil.

‡ Les belles traductions (says Boileau) sont des preuves sans replique en faveur des anciens, qu'on leur donne les Racines pour interpretes, & ils scauront plaire aujourdhui comme autrefois. Certain it is, that the contempt, in which the antients are held by the illiterate wits of the present age, is in a great measure owing to the number of bad translations.

§ See Adams's prose translation of Sophocles.

‖ A favourite coffee-house phrase.

** See Wotton's discourse on antient and modern learning, and Perrault's defence of his Siecle de Louis XIV.

Our shallow language, shallow'r judges say,
Can ne'er the force of antient sense convey.
As well might Vanbrugh ev'ry stone revile
That swells enormous Blenheim's awkward pile;
The guiltless pen as well might Mauro blame,
* For writing ill, and sullying Arthur's fame;
Successless lovers blast the maid they woo'd,
And these a tongue they never understood;
That tongue, which gave immortal Shakespeare fame,
Which boasts a Prior's, and a Thomson's name;
Graceful and chaste which flows in Addison,
With native charms, and vigour all its own;
In Bolingbroke and Swift, whose beauties shine,
In Rowe's soft numbers, Johnson's nervous line,
Dryden's free vein, and Milton's work divine.
But, such, alas! disdain to borrow fame,
Or live like dulness in another's name;
And hence the task for noblest souls design'd,
Giv'n to the weak, the tasteless, and the blind;
To some low wretch, who prostitute for pay
† Lets out to Curll the labours of the day,
Careless who hurries o'er th' unblotted line,
Impatient still to finish and to dine;
Or some pale pedant, whose encumber'd brain
O'er the dull page hath toil'd for years in vain,
Who writes at last ambitiously to shew
How much a fool may read, how little know.
Can these on fancy's wing with Plato soar?
Can these a Tully's active mind explore?
Great nature's secret springs can these reveal,
Or paint those passions, which they ne'er cou'd feel?

* See Blackmore's King Arthur, an heroic poem.

† Most of the bad translations, which we have of eminent authors, were done by garreteers under the inspection of this gentleman, who paid them by the sheet for their hasty performances.

Yet will they dare the pondrous lance to wield,
Yet will they strive to lift the seven-fold shield,
The rock of Ajax ev'ry child wou'd throw,
And ev'ry stripling bend Ulysses' bow.
* There are, who timid line by line pursue,
Anxious to keep th' Original in view;
Who mark each footstep where their master trod,
And after all their pains have mist the road.
* There are, an author's sense who boldly quit,
As if asham'd to own the debt of wit;
Who leave their fellow-trav'ller on the shore,
Launch in the deep, and part to meet no more.
* Some from reflection catch the weaken'd ray,
And scarce a gleam of doubtful sense convey,
Present a picture's picture to your view,
Where not a line is just or feature true.
Thus Greece and Rome, in modern dress array'd,
Is but Antiquity in masquerade.
Disguis'd in Oldsworth's verse or Watson's prose,
What classic friend his alter'd Flaccus knows?
† Whilst great Longinus gives to Welsted fame,
‡ And Tacitus to Gordon lends his name,

* The reader will easily recollect instances to illustrate each of these remarks, more especially the last; half of our translations being done from translations by such as were never able to consult the original. One of these gentlemen having occasion in his version to mention Dionysius of Halicarnassus, not having the good fortune to be acquainted with any such writer, makes use of the French liberty of curtailing, and without scruple calls him Dennis of Halicarnassus. Mistakes as gross as this often occur, though perhaps not many altogether so ridiculous.

† See Welsted's translation of Longinus, done almost word for word from Boileau.

‡ This gentleman translated Tacitus in a very stiff and affected manner, transposing words, and placing the verb at the end of the sentence, according to the Latin idiom. He was called in his lifetime Tacitus-Gordon.

Unmeaning strains debase the Mantuan muse,
And Terence speaks the language of the stews.
In learning thus must Britain's sons decay,
And see her rival bear the prize away,
* In arts as well as arms to Gallia yield,
And own her happier skill in either field?
† See where her boasted d'Ablancourt appears,
Her Mongualts, Brumoys, Olivets, Daciers;
Careful to make each antient's merit known,
Who just to others fame have rais'd their own;
Nor wonder these should claim superior praise;
A nation thanks them and a monarch pays.
Far other fate attends our hireling bard;
A sneer his praise, a pittance his reward,
The butt of wit, and jest of every muse,
Foes laugh to scorn, and even friends abuse,
‡ The great Translator bids each dunce translate,
And ranks us all with Tibbald and with Tate.

* It was said by a great wit in the last war, that he should never doubt of our success, if we could once bring ourselves to hate the French as heartily as we do the arts and sciences. It is indisputable, that they are more warmly encouraged, and consequently more cultivated and improved in France than amongst us. Their translations (especially in prose) are acknowledged to be more faithful and correct, and in general more lively and spirited than ours.

† The French had so high an opinion of d'Ablancourt's merit as to think him deserving of the following epitaph:

L'illustre d'Ablancourt repose en ce tombeau,
Son genie à son siécle a servi de flambeau,
Dans ses fameux ecrits toute la France admire
Des Grecs & des Romains les precieux tresors;
A son trepas on ne peut dire
Qui perd le plus, des vivans ou des morts.

‡ Pope, in his Epistle to Arbuthnot, after his enumeration of dunces, concludes with these two lines.

But know, whate'er proud Art hath call'd her own,
The breathing canvas, and the sculptur'd stone,
The poets verse; 'tis Imitation all;
Great Nature only is Original.
Her various charms in various forms express'd,
They best have pleas'd us, who have copy'd best;
And those still shine more eminently bright,
Who shew the goddess in the fairest light.
So when great Shakespeare to his Garrick join'd,
With mutual aid conspire to rouse the mind,
'Tis not a scene of idle mimickry,
'Tis Lear's, Hamlet's, Richard's self we see;
We feel the actor's strength, the poet's fire;
With joy we praise, with rapture we admire,
To see such pow'rs within the reach of art,
And fiction thus subdue the human heart.
When Sarto's pencil trac'd the faithful line,
So just each stroke, so equal the design,
* That pleas'd he saw astonish'd Julio stand,
Nor know his own, nor Raphael's magic hand;
Blushing to find himself enamour'd grown
Of rival charms and beauties not his own.

All these my modest satire bade *translate*,
And own'd that nine such poets made a *Tate*.

I make no doubt but the very despicable light, in which translation is here represented, may have deterred many from engaging in it, who would perhaps have made no contemptible figure in that branch of literature.

* Andrea del Sarto, being desired by Frederic duke of Mantua to copy a picture of Leo X. did it with so much justness, that Julio Romano, who drew the drapery of that piece under Raphael, took his copy for the original, and said to Vasari, "Don't I see the strokes that I struck with my own hand;" but Vasari shewing him Del Sarto's mark, he was convinced of his mistake.

The story is told at large in the 27th chapter of the first book of De Pile's Art of Painting.

Theirs be the task to comment and translate,
Like these who judge, like these who imitate.
* Unless an author like a mistress warms,
How shall we hide his faults, or taste his charms,
How all his modest, latent beauties find,
How trace each lovelier feature of the mind,
Soften each blemish, and each grace improve,
And treat him with the dignity of love?
'Tis not enough that, fraught with learning's store,
By the dim lamp the tasteless critic pore,
'Tis not enough that wit's misguiding ray
Uncertain glance, and yield a doubtful day,
Not ev'n when both by partial nature giv'n
United bless the favourite of heav'n;
† Unless, by secret sympathy combin'd,
The faithful glass reflects its kindred mind;
Unless from soul to soul th' imparted fire
Congenial catch, and kindle warm desire;
Ev'n such as lives in Rowe's enraptur'd strain,
And gives Pharsalia to our eyes again,
Where glowing in each animated line,
‡ We see the fiery soul of Lucan shine;
Or such as gilds the fair historic page,
§ For Smith reserv'd to grace our latter age;
Such as o'er Dryden all its influence shed,
And bade his muse recall the mighty dead,
Such as in Pope's extensive genius shone,
And made immortal Homer all our own.

* Roscommon says,
"Chuse then an author as you chuse a friend."
Perhaps the image is better drawn from the more lively passion.

† A bias of inclination towards a particular author, and a similarity of genius in the translator seem more immediately necessary than wit or learning.

‡ See Rowe's translation of Lucan's Pharsalia, at the end of which is a short supplement written in the true spirit of the original.

§ See Smith's translation of Thucydides, lately published.

View all that proud antiquity displays,
Count o'er her boasted heirs of endless praise,
Who thought so nobly or who wrote so well,
Britain can shew th' illustrious parallel.
Methinks I hear each venerable shade
For base neglect his genuine sons upbraid.
Why wou'd not Congreve Afer's charms revive,
* Or tender Hammond bid Tibullus live?
Plautus had pleas'd in Vanbrugh's looser page,
And Otway should have trod the Græcian stage;
Lucian would shine unveil'd by Swift alone,
And Tully calls in vain for Middleton;
A Livy's sense demands a St. John's style,
And Plato asks a Melmoth or a Boyle.
Ev'n now there are, ere learning take her flight,
And gothic darkness spread a second night;
Tho' science droop, and ling'ring arts decay,
There are, who gild the evening of our day.
Once more behold, majestic in her tears,
† By Gray adorn'd, fair Elegy appears,
‡ Whilst by her side the soft Elfrida stands,
And all our love and all our grief demands;
§ With Roman spirit Johnson's manly page
Rises severe to scourge a venal age;
‖ Brown draws the pen in sacred truth's defence,
¶ And Armstrong paints his own benevolence.

* Hammond, author of Love Elegies.
† See Elegy in a country churchyard.
‡ Elfrida, by Mr. Mason
§ Samuel Johnson, author of the Rambler, and also of two fine imitations of Juvenal.
‖ See Essay on the Characteristics of Lord Shaftesbury.
¶ See an Epistle on Benevolence, by Dr. Armstrong; so well known for his celebrated Poem on Health, one of the best performances in the English language.

From antient models these exalted few
Their fairest forms and bright ideas drew;
We know the fountain whence the waters came,
Nor wonder at the clearness of the stream.
Yet still fair Greece, we see thy garlands torn,
We see thee still thy widow'd altars mourn;
On us thy heroes still superior frown,
Or look with awful indignation down;
The tears of Rome for injur'd learning flow,
And Athens grieves that Britain is her foe.
Will you not rise then, O! ye sons of fame,
To vindicate the Greek and Roman name?
On friends oppress'd your gen'rous aid bestow,
And pay the debt of gratitude you owe?
Or can you still their wrongs unpitying see,
* Nor social join with Warton and with Me?
Whilst round his brows the Mantuan ivy twine,
Cautious to tread in Attic paths be mine;
To fame unknown, but emulous to please,
Trembling I seek th' immortal Sophocles.
Genius of Greece do thou my breast inspire
With some warm portion of thy poet's fire,
From hands profane defend his much lov'd name;
† From cruel Tibbald wrest his mangled fame;
Give him once more to bid the heart o'erflow
In graceful tears, and sympathizing woe;
A father's death with soft Electra mourn,
Or shed her sorrows o'er a brother's urn;
Or fair Antigone her griefs relate;
Or poor Tecmessa weep her hapless state;
Or Œdipus revolve the dark decrees of fate.

* Mr. Warton has lately published a new translation of the Eclogues and Georgics of Virgil, and joined it to Mr. Pitt's excellent translation of the Æneid.

† Tibbald (or Theobald) translated two or three plays of Sophocles, and threaten'd the public with more.

Cou'd I like him the various passions move,
Granville wou'd smile, and Chesterfield approve;
Each letter'd son of science wou'd commend,
Each gentle muse wou'd mark me for her friend;
Isis well-pleas'd wou'd join a sister's praise,
And Cam applauding consecrate the lays.

SONG.

BY RICHARD FENTON, ESQ.

How sadly from the wither'd spray
The falling leaves bestrew the vale;
Whilst Nature, as she dies away,
Is heard to groan in every gale!
Winter, hark! that savage howl
Proclaims thy tyrant footsteps near,
Yet I with joy can see thee scowl,
And meet thy brow austere.

If mov'd in one unvaried round,
How soon, alas! this life would cloy!
In every age some charms are found,
And every season has its joy.
Let Summer boast her choice delights,
The cooling shade, the flowery plain;
But friendship, love, and social nights,
Are Winter in thy train.

PROLOGUE

TO THE MINIATURE PICTURE*.

BY THE RIGHT HON. R. B. SHERIDAN.

CHILL'D by rude gales, while yet reluctant May
Withholds the beauties of the vernal day,
As some fond maid, whom matron frowns reprove,
Suspends the smile her heart devotes to love,
The Season's pleasures too delay their hour,
And Winter revels with protracted power;
Then blame not, Critics, if thus late we bring
A Winter's Drama, but reproach the Spring.
What prudent Cit dares yet the season trust,
Bask in his whiskey, and enjoy the dust?
Hors'd in Cheapside, scarce yet the gayer Spark
Achieves the Sunday triumph of the Park;
Scarce yet you see him, dreading to be late,
Scour the New Road, and dash thro' Grosvenor-gate;
Anxious—yet timorous too—his steed to shew,
The hack Bucephalus of Rotten-row!
Careless he seems, yet vigilantly sly,
Wooes the stray glance of ladies passing by,
While his off heel, insidiously aside,
Provokes the caper which he seems to chide.
Scarce rural Kensington due honour gains,
The vulgar verdure of her walks remains!

* This prologue was also spoken before the play of Pizarro.

here white-rob'd Misses amble two by two,
odding to booted Beaux—" How' do, how' do?"
ith gen'rous questions that no answer wait—
How vastly full! A'n't you come vastly late?
I'n't it quite charming? When do you leave town?
A'n't you quite tir'd? Pray can we set you down?"
ese suburb pleasures of a London May,
nperfect yet, we hail the cold delay.—
ould our Play please—and you're indulgent ever—
indly decree—" 'Tis better late than never."

TRANSLATION

OF A LATIN POEM OF POLITIAN TO LORENZO DE MEDICI.

WHILE burning with poetic fire,
To you I tune th' applausive lyre;
The jeering rabble slyly note
(And well they may) my threadbare coat,
My shoes, that, gall'd by constant wearing,
Threaten to give my toes an airing.
The rogues but ill conceal their smirking,
When they remark my ragged jerkin;
They cry, I'm but a scurvy poet,
And swear my shabby tatters show it:
While you, LORENZO, so bepraise me.
Your flatt'ry's sure, enough to craze me,
But prove your eulogies sincere;
Have mercy on my character,
And (no great boon your bard beseeches)
Send me—at least, a pair of breeches.

THE DEATH OF WOLSEY.

AN ELEGY.

BY THE REV. J. H. POTT.

SULLEN and slow from * Cawood's lessening spires,
Unheeded now, the mournful train retires.
Ah where's the thronging crowd, the long array?
Could one keen blast sweep all so soon away?

Power makes no friends that humble need can claim,
The wretch who meanly sought, will spurn the name.
The slaves whom fortune with a nod hath sway'd
Distress in vain shall beckon to her aid.

Ah wretched Wolsey! these no more remain,
But fancy still perceives another train:
Remorse, and shame, the tyrants of the mind,
And hated malice, thronging press behind.

And see where hooting envy claps her hands;
High on the distant castle's height she stands,
And gladly beck'ning round her muffled train,
Points to the conquest, which they help'd to gain.

O thou, reflected in whose starting tears,
The image of a melting heart appears,
From whence the dews of silent sorrow flow,
Whose locks so oft have dry'd the cheeks of woe,

* Cawood in Yorkshire, to which Wolsey had retired, and where he was arrested, in order to be carried to London.

Soft pity! thou whose swelling eyes still bend
O'er some sad object, maid of heaven descend:
Ah let one face of generous grief be near;
Thy store can spare for helpless age a tear.

And thou whose eyes with patient hope serene,
Still look to heav'n, and scorn this languid scene:
Calm resignation! teach him how to prize
That awful hour on which thy faith relies.

A busy life demands a serious close;
And grief can ask no more than soft repose.
That ease is death's, when kings shall frown no more,
And victims bless the stroke, they fear'd before.

Then heart-wrung grief shall draw a longer lot,
The scalding tear of yesterday forgot;
Then shall the cloud that frown'd upon the sight
Disclose its brighter side, its tints of light.

Already sickness chills the small remains
Of vital heat that warms his wither'd veins.
Already from his eyes its fires has stole,
Revealing there the fears that load his soul.

That force elastic which can rise tho' prest
With sorrows load, forsakes his aged breast;
The weakened frame receives the galling weight,
Feels its diminished strength, and yields to fate.

Tears fill the furrows of his reverend cheek,
Whose silent rhetoric proves language weak.
Each heart must sicken when a man shall weep,
A great man's tears inflict a shock too deep.

Too strong the conflict. Nature sinks oppress'd.
What gate stands wide to succour the distress'd?

Religion's holy mansion * rises near,
No son of woe can come a stranger there.

There pious hands shall thrust the bar aside;
Slow to her humble door, too low for pride,
Till pride shall stoop, they bear their painful load,
There sorrow oft has found a safe abode.

With kind concern and hospitable care,
The sons of peace each needful help prepare,
An anxious readiness in each appears,
For all with pity view his helpless years.

Soon as his rank, and high estate they learn,
Respect and wonder swell their first concern;
In vain they strive; for Oh no kindling breath
Can e'er renew the flame once chill'd by death.

His eyes already lose their sickly gloom,
For well he feels his hour of peace is come.
These faultering words, whose accents last shall leave
His trembling lips, the pious train receive.

" O sad mistake! O vain misguiding light,
" Pursued alas too far, as false, as bright!
" O fatal error, ill repented now,
" O wretch, before a mortal God to bow!

" Had I, just God of truth, obeyed thy word
" With half the zeal I serv'd an earthly Lord,
" Thou ne'er had'st left me in my friendless hour,
" Thus old, to feel the scourge of worldly power.

* Leicester Abby. The fatigue of his journey, and the distress of his mind, rendered him incapable of proceeding further towards London. He reached this place with great difficulty, and died there.

" Thy toil is light, thy recompense secure,
" I serv'd a prince whose smiles were never sure;
" Who fearless scorn'd all hazard to fulfill
" Some purpose of a wild ungovern d will.

" He who shall live to see with aged eyes
" The tombs of parents, children, friends arise,
" Shall often wish his ashes slept with theirs,
" And crave their pillow in his warmest prayers.

" But I tho' struggling in each moment's breath,
" Still wish'd to live, till sorrow welcom'd death.
" No change to misery can be a curse,
" The happy only fear a sad reverse.

" Yet let my royal master deign to hear,
" That Wolsey nam'd him in his latest prayer.
" Ah, let him think on all the toil I bore,
" And weep for me, when I can weep no more."

Fate checks the rest; in vain they bend around:
Life pass'd his lips, and vanish'd with the sound.
On heav'n with anxious hope he fix'd his eye,
And breath'd, with lifted hands, his last sad sigh.

Still silence reigns; true grief ne'er spends its force
Like shallow streams that murmur in their course.
The deepest waters ever silent flow,
And heart-sick sorrow hates the noise of woe.

The holy father, rais'd by elder years,
And virtue more mature, commends their tears,
And strives to leave with lasting force impress'd,
These pious lessons on each soften'd breast.

" O ye, whom now the world's long-faded charms
" Shall ne'er seduce from holy virtue's arms;
" No longer toss'd in dreams of worldly care,
" Ye pensioners of peace, and sons of prayer,

" Learn hence to prize your own secure retreat;
" Subdued by you, still fortune rules the great.
" Your frailest thoughts, ere truth confirm'd the breast,
" Ne'er feign'd, what he whose fate you mourn possess'd.

" Yet, such was he, who here resign'd his breath,
" Happy at length to go, tho' led by death,
" Where base ingratitude must quit her aim;
" Happy to lose the bitter sense of shame.

" Howe'er projected high, when fate shall call
" Back to this common centre all must fall.
" Grown stiff in death, the eye which glanc'd command,
" Shall crave the office of a pious hand.

" Perhaps that care unpay'd, deny'd a tomb
" Till pitying winds the hated face consume.
" So quickly vanish grandeur, wealth and power;
" The giant shadows of life's sun-shine hour.

" Behold how soon the supple slaves of state,
" Thankless, forget the favours of the great,
" Down fortune's fav'ring current still they glide,
" But never turn to strive against the tide.

" The friends of power, like armies rais'd for show,
" The practis'd forms of mimic duty know;
" In gay review observe each nice command,
" But in an hour of danger never stand.

" Yet think not that Adversity bestows
" No sun-shine ray, for all her show'rs of woes;
" That gift was her's which last his eyes confest,
" That beam of soft anticipated rest.

" The tears of sufferance are but the seeds
" Of future bliss; when joy to grief succeeds,
" Each drop shall purge from worldly film the sight,
" And fit it for a brighter, purer light.

" Had fav'ring fortune still remain'd his guide,
" Nor e'er to life's last step forsook his side,
" Far other passions then had fill'd his eyes,
" Which wean'd at length from earth, now sought the
" skies.

" Then happy he who trembling on life's brink
" Already bent, desires at once to sink;
" And as his wrinkles lean to earth more near,
" Wishes to cover them for ever there.

" Be ours that fortitude; that bliss attend,
" And smooth the awful hour, when life must end;
" Still trust a Power, whose word can ne'er deceive,
" And ne'er repine a joyless world to leave;

" Where on a sea, by hourly tempest tost,
" All blindly steer, the helm of reason lost;
" Where many sink, and they who gain the shore,
" Think them as happy who were drown'd before;

" Where all are busied in some vain pursuit,
" Fair in its blossom, barren in its fruit.
" Till late they find when full possession cloys,
" They earn'd disgust, but paid for real joys."

EPIGRAM, IMITATED FROM MARTIAL.

Hang me outright, but I could spend
Whole days and nights with you, my friend.—
But two miles sever us, or more;
To go and come, I make them four.
You're often absent, oft denied,
Engag'd, or sick, or occupied:
Your sight's well worth a two-mile trudge—
Four miles to miss you is the grudge!

N. B. HALHED, ESQ.

THE OPTIMIST.

An Epistle to Robert Augustus Johnson, Esq.

BY MICHAEL WODHULL, ESQ.

Natura beatis
Omnibus esse dedit, si quis cognoverit uti.
CLAUDIAN.

RESOLVED to snatch the present hour
Sacred to Chearfulness and you,
Tho' dull November skies yet lour,
From trivial converse I retire,
From joys on which the crowd attends;
And seated by a blazing fire,
With distant admiration view,
What borrow'd attitudes express
The rage of modish emptiness.
Lectur'd by those considerate friends,
Whose vows are pour'd at Wisdom's shrine
More fervently than your's or mine,
From idly tracing up and down
Each folly that besets the town,
Or haunts the cottage, I desist,
And, duely weighing in my thought
Each maxim honest * Pangloss taught,
Commence an errant Optimist.
Let the worn Beau of Anna's reign
Repeat what pleas'd in days of yore,
And act the Lover at fourscore,
All tottering and convuls'd with pain.

* In Voltaire's Candide.

Let cards (ordain'd to break the fence
Which kept insipid ugliness
Apart from beauty and from sense)
Intrude on meditation's gloom,
Banish the Matron's sober dress,
And, paradox till now unheard!
Make hoary age no more rever'd,
Sink unregarded to the tomb.
Of old, as godly writers tell,
When her unwelcome looking-glass
Informed the antiquated Belle
The triumphs of her charms were o'er,
And every lover fled the door,
Conscious how swift life's minutes pass,
She order'd up her gravest pinners,
Exchanged brocade for decent furs,
And mixed with penitential sinners:
But now at Flavia's toilet, grac'd
With such refin'd display of taste
As might become her grand-daughters,
Midst Naples washes and carmine,
Spadille, great potentate, is seen,
With pomp to take his nightly stand;
Each eve, this idol to appease,
She dashes from her palsied hand,
Unread Devotion's fervent strain,
Penn'd by old * Jeremy, Romaine,
Or any greater Saint you please.
Meanwhile at Fortune's spacious table
I take whatever seat I find,
Accommodating still my mind,
To feed as well as I am able,
Fond to persuade each grumbling guest,
The fare, which from her shaken urn

* Jeremy Taylor.

This Queen of sightless equity
Chances at any time to turn,
Is undeniably the best.
Haply your candour may incline
To bid me the faint notes prolong,
Since, scorning meanly to repine,
Tho' the coy nymphs of Pindus' hill
Their much-requested aid deny,
Self-soothed, with accents harsh and shrill,
I breathe an unambitious song.
  Could my invention soar on high
With yours, together would we rove,
And gleaning each neglected sweet,
From that imaginary grove
Where Beauty and where Virtue meet,
With blooming myrtle, Gallia's pride,
Braid laurels from Ilyssus' side,
And strew the wreath at Plato's feet;
Or tread Leucate's haughty brow
Where, moved with energy divine,
In days of more heroic mold,
Hopeless, yet resolutely bold,
The Lover pour'd at Phœbus' shrine
A last irrevocable vow,
Nor fear'd to tempt the raging tide;
Thence, while the big tears down her cheek
Steals copiously, bid Nature speak,
And near the gulph where Sappho died,
O'er the huge cliffs exposed and bare,
Erect the trophies of Despair.
  Such were the themes your voice approv'd;
Nor should fastidious Fancy ask
A scope more large, a nobler task,
When, by each prejudice unmov'd,

She dares to snatch from public hate,
From the high Vulgar's empty scorn,
Actions irregularly great,
Or sentiments that might adorn
Lyceum's archives, ere in dust,
With brutal shouts, an impious band
The towers of fam'd Erectheus laid;
And where the Patriot's awful bust
Had dignified the palmy shade,
The Turkish crescent flam'd.—To close
My baffled soul's aspiring views,
See Boreas comes with frozen hand,
And while you altar of the Muse
With kindled incense blazes, throws,
To damp it, Winter's sickly dews.
  Yet tho' unbraced, my torpid lyre
Denies to breathe one tuneful note,
Tho' in these leafless shades the throat
Of Philomel, with all the quire
Of feather'd harmonists, is mute,
And tempests rage, 'tis you alone,
I ask no other aid, can suit
My spirits to some livelier tone:
Come then, and, to induce you more,
Melissa will with smiles attend
To welcome her expected friend;
And haply from Italia's shore
Returning, virtù's choicest store
Will————import; or He, whose soul
With letter'd elegance refin'd
Brings Aristippus to our mind,
While the swift hours unheeded fly
Mix with the circulating bowl
His unconstrain'd festivity.

While thus to our obscure recess
The social Pleasures wing their way
In calm tranquillity, I bless
These howling blasts and fleecy snows,
Inclement Winter's dread array,
Convinc'd that all is for the best:
Since Friendship's stream unfrozen flows,
Unlike the giddy throngs we find,
Whose wishes float with every wind,
Gladly can I those pleasures spare
With which tumultuous cities ring,
And much prefer this chilling air
To all the vaunted flowers of Spring.

1767.

SONG.

When forc'd from thee, my soul's delight,
What cares distract my throbbing breast!
My anxious day, my anxious night,
Strangers alike to rest:
For though I know thee still sincere,
Yet love is full of doubt and fear.

How vain the joys that tempt the eye,
And music melting on the ear!
Indifferent to each sight am I,
And every sound I hear:
A body only's left with me,
For still my soul attends on thee.

As, when the Sun withdraws his ray,
Clos'd is the snow-drop's lilied cup;
So shuts my heart, when thou'rt away,
And locks thy image up.
How long shall then this night remain,
Till thou unlock my heart again?

R. FENTON, ESQ.

ODE.

BY MR. SHAW.

Ask not why oft my charmed sight
I bend along that lawn and grove,
Ask not why thus my steps delight
Along that mountain side to rove,
Nor ask why by that wandering brook,
I linger long with earnest look.

That lawn and grove no scenes display,
That other lawns and groves surpass;
Dark pines that mountain side array,
And thinly shade its walks of grass;
Thro' whispering reeds that streamlet glides,
And humble osiers crown its sides.

But, ah! this is the well-known space,
Seen after tedious years are past,
Within whose bound which well I trace,
My part of sprightly youth was cast:
My infant steps have trod this green,
These banks my early sports have seen.

O! haunts, long from my sight withdrawn,
Oft to my mind by fancy brought,
How gladly now I trace each lawn,
Where jocund youth its pleasures sought,
Where I was wont in careless play
With Lycon oft to waste the day.

Can'st thou not tell, O limpid stream!
For far we stray'd not from thy side,
How oft to shun the summer beam,
We wont to plunge into thy tide,
How oft we swept thy ice-bound flood,
When winter stirr'd our youthful blood?

Together by the tinkling rill
We bent our sportive bows at morn,
Together round the pine-clad hill
We urg'd the chace with sounding horn,
Or to the hazel bank retir'd,
We sung what oft the Muse inspir'd.

But, ah! how happy was that day,
When love first taught me her soft law,
When in the shades in early May,
The blooming Myra first I saw:
How beauteous was she by that wood!
How gazing on the nymph I stood!

From yonder mead, to grace her hair,
I cull'd the lily and fresh rose,
In yonder bower, to soothe the fair,
Soft numbers for my reed I chose;
We sat beneath yon poplar shade,
These willows heard the vows we made.

But why these scenes should I retrace,
Nor seek to taste such joys again?
The lawn, the grove, each well-known place,
The hill and limpid stream remain;
The poplars green their shadows spread,
And May with fresh flowers crowns the mead.

Then bring to me my polish'd bow,
And bring the pipe of tuneful breath,
And let me crop the flowers that blow,
And let me twine a fragrant wreath,
So shall I all the joys renew,
Which here in youthful days I knew.

But from the softly-whispering reeds,
And from the stream that glides below,
With plaintive voice a sound proceeds,
Whose tender accents feebly flow,
" Forbear, fond man, it seems to say,
Forbear and chase these dreams away.

The hill, the lawn, the well-known bowers,
The mead and silver stream remain,
The breath of Spring calls forth the flowers,
To crown once more the dewy plain:
But, ah! thy youth on hasty wing
Is flown, nor knows returning Spring.

Thy art may teach the pipe to blow,
Thy hand may grasp the bow once more,
But can the pipe or polish'd bow
Thy careless youth to thee restore?
Or can the flowery garland chace
The wrinkles printed on thy face?

Will Lycon now his bed forsake
If thou at dawn shalt wind the horn?
Will Myra at thy call awake
If thy soft flute resound at morn?
Ah! no: dark tombs their ashes keep,
Within the peaceful grove they sleep.

Then rather go to yon dark towers
  Along whose walls pale ivy creeps,
Go thou and deck the spot with flowers,
  Where Lycon near thy Myra sleeps,
An aged yew-tree marks the place,
Each tomb pale stones of marble grace.

There sit, and while thy pensive mind
  Calls back those golden days again
When Myra to thy love was kind,
  When Lycon trod with thee the plain,
Think that thou also soon shalt have
Thy dwelling with them in the grave."

1776.

THE LEAF.

BY THE LATE DR. HORNE, BISHOP OF NORWICH.

We all do fade as a Leaf.
ISAIAH lxiv. 6.

See the leaves around us falling,
  Dry and wither'd to the ground;
Thus to thoughtless mortals calling,
  In a sad and solemn sound:

Sons of Adam, once in Eden
  Blighted when like us he fell,
Hear the lecture we are reading,
  'Tis, alas! the truth we tell.

Virgins, much, too much, presuming
On your boasted white and red,
View us, late in beauty blooming,
Number'd now among the dead.

Griping misers, nightly waking,
See the end of all your care;
Fled on wings of our own making,
We have left our owners bare.

Sons of honour, fed on praises,
Flutt'ring high in fancied worth,
Lo! the fickle air, that raises,
Brings us down to parent earth.

Learned sophs, in systems jaded,
Who for new ones daily call,
Cease, at length, by us persuaded,
Ev'ry leaf must have its fall!

Youths, tho' yet no losses grieve you,
Gay in health and manly grace,
Let not cloudless skies deceive you,
Summer gives to Autumn place.

Venerable sires, grown hoary,
Hither turn th' unwilling eye,
Think, amid your falling glory,
Autumn tells a winter nigh.

Yearly in our course returning
Messengers of shortest stay,
Thus we preach this truth concerning,
'Heav'n and earth shall pass away.'

On the Tree of Life eternal,
Man, let all thy hope be staid,
Which alone, forever vernal,
Bears a Leaf that shall not fade.

TO SPRING.

SPRING, how delighted * in life's early dawn
I trod each bending vale and breezy lawn,
And mark'd each op'ning flower of freshest hue,
That drinks the genial rain or morning dew!
How pleas'd beneath the noontide's silent sky
I heard the feeble lamb's repeated cry,
While the fond mother anxious ceas'd to feed,
And watch'd my careless footsteps o'er the mead!
How pleas'd the calm and sun-warm lane I trac'd †,
Its sides once more with cheering verdure grac'd,
Where 'mid the varied moss, untaught and wild,
The violet sweet and golden lily smil'd,
The snow-drop meek, in virgin white array'd,
And primrose, tenant of the pathless shade!
How pleas'd I wander'd o'er the landscape still,
When dark'ning shadows wrapt the western hill,
While on the eastern slope's contrasted side
By slow degrees the beam of ev'ning died;
What time 'mid swimming mists the dusky spire
And groves and pleasing dells from view retire;

* The reader of Italian may here recollect, and somewhat to my cost, the exquisite "*O Primavera*" of Guarini.

† The grassy lane, so rarely pac'd,
With azure flowerets idly grac'd.
T. WARTON, ODE VII.

I have received much amusement from the poems of this elegant writer. He has far greater merit than many critics are willing to allow. On the poetical shelf of a man of *general* taste, Warton must not be omitted. His pleasing rural images are highly gratifying to an observer of nature.

When sleep the fainting breezes on the shore,
And the last tinkling sheep-bell speaks no more!
SPRING, thou return'st with all thy wonted grace,
The woods re-echo to thy tuneful race,
In ev'ry forest walk and mead are seen
Thy flow'ry chaplet and thy robe of green.
Again, by many a fairy dream beguil'd,
I seek the upland path or shaggy wild,
And drink rich odours * from the furze-clad dale,
That scents at intervals the luscious gale,
Or fresh'ning fragrance of new-moisten'd earth,
When shoots the strengthen'd barley into birth,
When cooling drops the thirsty gold-cup fill,
And the lone fisher seeks the mud-stain'd rill.
Or, far from vulgar cares, I trace the stream
With dripping oars, that catch the noonday beam;
While soothing bells in many a varied round
Fling on the liquid tides their silver sound.
Nor, floating slow and careless, do I dread
To cast a backward view on moments fled;
Whate'er of sweet remembrance there appears,
'Tis doubly pleasing through the mist of years.
So when soft vapours, dimming mortal eyes,
Make pale the cloudless blue of summer skies,
The blending groves, and hills of faded green,
And dark-grey battlements more large are seen.
If aught of mournful bleeding mem'ry find,
'Tis not unwelcome to the musing mind;
While drops of milder melancholy born,
Such as Reflection's drooping cheek adorn,
From the moist-sparkling eye unbidden flow,
And all the bosom melts to softer woe.

* Save that by fits the furze-clad dale
Tinctures the transitory gale.
WARTON'S FIRST OF APRIL.

Thus unperceiv'd glides on the vacant day,
And gradual steal the willow'd banks away.
SPRING, thou return'st; but labour, care, and pain
Might mar thy sweets, and make thy coming vain:
Vain is thy glad return to him, who bends
Beneath hard penury, bereft of friends;
And vain to him, who feeds the wasting fire
Of dim-ey'd, hopeless, pining, wan desire.
The gloomy debtor's heart thou canst not cheer;
Thou canst not wipe the wretched widow's tear;
Thou canst not charm the tyrant, nor controul
The busy pangs, that rend his guilty soul;
And those, who mourn oppression's sullen sway,
With hearts unbeating view thy golden ray:
Nor always gladden'd by thy fost'ring care,
Thy health-inspiring suns, and balmy air,
Does groaning Pain forsake his tedious bed,
Or pining Sickness rear her drooping head.
Nor shine thy rapt'rous moments always fair
To him who droops beneath no private care;
Still shall the gen'rous breast its views extend,
And share the griefs of all, to all a friend.
Dear to the virtuous soul is pity's tear,
Beyond all sensual selfish pleasure dear;
Dear is the sigh, to wailing Mis'ry paid,
And sweet the the toil, that seeks the poor to aid;
Nor is there bliss in all this scene below,
Like his, who rescues want or comforts woe.
Still, as thy hours return, delightful Spring,
These mild emotions to my bosom bring;
The bliss thy charms inspire, chastis'd by these,
Beyond all wild unmeaning joy shall please.
So sweeter than the fev'rish glare of day
Is meek and pensive ev'ning's sober ray,

When the sad bird begins to charm the vales,
And earth revives beneath the cooling gales:
So, when its beauteous tints the rainbow rears,
More fresh and green the moisten'd soil appears;
The show'rs, in silence shed, expand the heart,
And fragrance, peace, and hope to man impart.

E. HAMLEY.

EPIGRAM FROM THE LATIN.

BY THE LATE REV. T. COLE, LL. B.*

War, more inflam'd than civil discord's rage,
Religious war two zealous brothers wage.
This for the faith of Protestants contends;
A Papist THAT the church of Rome defends.
Each rais'd his force; each match'd his foe so well,
Alike both champions fought, alike they fell.
What both desir'd, his brother each subdues;
What fate decreed, their faith both brothers lose.
No cause of triumph either side could boast;
Each victor yields, and takes his captive's post.
Strange war! where both, as vanquish'd, are content,
And both, as conquering, their success lament.

* There were two brothers, John and William Reynolds; one a rigid Papist, the other as tenacious a Protestant: both were inspired with an equal zeal of converting each other. With that view, they had frequent elaborate and learned disputes: at last their controversies had this effect—the Papist became a Protestant, and the Protestant a Papist; which gave occasion to this beautiful Epigram by Dr. Alabaster.

ODE TO HEALTH.

Written at Buxton, in Derbyshire. 1765.

BY F. N. C. MUNDAY, ESQ.

O Rosy Health, heart-easy Maid,
In garments light thy limbs array'd,
In smiles thy jocund features drest,
Of Heaven's best blessings thou the best;
Bright Goddess ever fair and young,
To thee my votive lays belong!
For thou hast fill'd each languid vein
With vigour, life, and strength again,
When pale, enervate, wan, and weak,
Despair and sickness seiz'd my cheek.
O cou'd my voice such numbers raise
Thee and thy healing founts to praise,
As might with themes so high agree,
Praise, worthy them, and worthy thee!
O nymph admit me of thy train,
With thee to range the breezy plain;
And fresh and strong my limbs to lave
Beneath thy nerve-restoring wave.
With thee to rouze the slumbering morn
With opening hound and cheering horn,
With shouts that shake each wood and hill,
While mocking Echo takes her fill.

O lover of the daisied lawn!
'Tis thine, at earliest peep of dawn
The ranging forester to greet,
Or the blithe lass whose tripping feet,
All as she sings beneath her pail,
Imprint long traces o'er the vale.
Nor seekest thou the proud resorts
Of cities and licentious courts,
Where Sloth and Gluttony abide,
With bloated Surfeit by their side;
But humbly scornest not to dwell
With Temperance in the rural cell;
To watch the sheep-boy at his stand,
Or ploughman on the furrow'd land.
These climates cold, these barren plains,
Where rude uncultur'd Nature reigns,
Better thy hardy manners please
Than bowers of Luxury and Ease.
And oft you trip these hills among
With Exercise, a sportsman young,
Who starting at the call of day
Cuffs drowsy Indolence away,
And climbs with many a sturdy stride
The mossy Mountain's quivering side.
Nor fleeting mist, nor sullen storm,
Nor blast, nor whirlwind can deform
The careless scene when thou art there,
With Cheerfulness thy daughter fair.
From thee, bright Health, all blessings spring,
Hither thy blooming Children bring,
Light-hearted Mirth, and Sport, and Joy,
And young-ey'd Love thy darling boy.
'Tis thou hast pour'd o'er Beauty's face
Its artless bloom, its native grace;

Thou on my Laura's lip hast spread
The peach's blush, the rose's red;
With quickening life thy touch supplies
The polish'd lustre of her eyes.
O ever make thy dwelling there,
And guard from harm my favourite Fair!
O let no blighting grief come nigh;
And chace away each hurtful sigh,
Disease with sickly yellow spread,
And Pain that holds the drooping head!
There as her beauties you defend,
Oft may her eye in kindness bend
(So doubly bounteous wilt thou prove)
On me who live but in her love.

ON A LADY FAINTING AT CHURCH.

BY RICHARD FENTON, ESQ.

——— an vitiis carentem
Ludit imago
Vana ———

HOR.

When fix'd in all the zeal of prayer,
Thine eyes no earthly joys pursue,
When all the world and mortal care
Grow less and less upon the view,
What envious shadows intervene,
To cloud thy beatific scene.

What steals insidious o'er thy face,
To rifle there the rose's bloom;
With cold hand shedding on each grace
The lily's paleness in its room?
Or is it death which chills thy breast,
Or is it thus that angels rest?

Be this the mockery of death!
Yet riper for celestial bliss,
Thou shalt resign thy latest breath,
Dissolving in a trance like this:
Then let this pause of life supply
An image how the virtuous die.

If what can charm the waking sense,
Still perseveres to charm the soul,
Where'er she soars in this suspense,
Above the body's gross controul,
What visions now to thee are given,
Which antedate the bliss of Heaven!

How pleas'd thy spirits must retire,
Thus disembodied from their clay,
And on sublimer wings aspire,
To reach the regions of the day;
Where the soul short excursions tries,
To grow familiar with the skies.

When first the new-fledg'd bird essays
His weak and yet untutor'd flight,
He circles round in many a maze,
Ere bold he tempts th' æreal height.
Thus the same path so often trod,
At last will lead thee to thy God.

TO IRELAND.

BY DR. DRENNAN.

My Country!—shall I mourn or bless,
Thy tame and wretched happiness?
'Tis true—the vast Atlantic tide
Has scoop'd thy harbours, deep and wide,
Bold to protect and prompt to save,
From fury of the western wave.
And Shannon points to Europe's trade;
For that, his chain of lakes were made;
For that, he scorns to waste his store,
In channel of a subject shore;
But courts the southern wind to bring,
A world upon its rapid wing.
True—thy resplendent rivers run.
And safe beneath a temp'rate sun,
Springs the young verdure of thy plain,
Nor dreads his torrid, eastern reign.
True—thou art blest in nature's plan;
Nothing seems wanting here but—Man.
Man, to subdue, not serve the soil,
To win and wear its golden spoil;
Man, conscious of an earth his own,
No savage biped, torpid, prone;
Living, to dog his brother brute,
And hung'ring for the lazy root,
Food for a soft contented slave,
Not for the hardy and the brave.

Had Nature been her enemy,
Ierne might be fierce and free.
To the stout heart, and iron hand,
Temp'rate each sky, and tame each land.
A climate and a soil less kind,
Had form'd a map of richer mind;
Now a mere sterile swamp of soul,
Tho' meadows spread and rivers roll;
A nation of abortive men,
That dart—the tongue, and point—the pen,
And at the back of Europe hurl'd,
A base *Posterior* of the world.
In lap of Araby the bless'd,
Man lies, with luxury oppress'd,
While spicy odours blown around,
Enrich the air, and gems, the ground.
But through the pathless burning waste,
Man marches with his patient beast;
Braves the hot sun, and heaving sand,
And calls it free and happy land.
Enough to make a desert known,
Arms and the man, and sand and stone.

DUBLIN MARCH 20, 1796.

IMITATION OF MARTIAL.

Lend Spunge a guinea! Ned! you'd best refuse,
And *give* him half—sure half's enough to lose!

N. B. HALHED, ESQ.

ELEGY

To the Memory of John Courtenay, a Cadet in the Corps of Engineers, who died at Calcutta, December 1794, in the 19th Year of his Age.

BY HIS FATHER, JOHN COURTENAY, ESQ, M. P.

O SHADE belov'd, still present to my sight,
My daily vision, and my dream by night!
In all thy youthful bloom thou seem'st to rise,
With filial love yet beaming from thy eyes.
Such were thy looks, and such thy manly grace,
When late I held thee in a last embrace;
When in my breast presaging terrors grew,
And, sunk in grief, I sigh'd a long adieu.
How soon to thee this plaintive note I owe,
My plaintive note to soothe maternal woe!
" * Those fading orbs their darling view no more,
" And the last charm of ebbing life is o'er."
Dark o'er my head the low'ring moments roll,
For ever set the sun-beam of my soul.
Is this, indeed, the universal doom!
No ray of hope to cheer the lonely tomb!
Perhaps the soul, a pure ethereal flame,
May still survive her frail and transient frame,
And wrapp'd in bliss, the great Creator trace,
Celestial Power! who lives thro' boundless space!
See his benevolence unclouded shine,
Where wisdom, virtue, dwell in joys divine;

* In an Elegy on Captain Courtney.

Search truths sublime; with sacred rapture scan
His gracious views conceal'd from erring man:
But reason vainly would this depth explore,
And fabled systems make us doubt the more.
O Youth belov'd, now mouldering in the tomb,
Each soft progression, ev'n to manhood's bloom,
My fancy paints; in infancy my pride,
With sparkling eyes still playful at my side;
The lively boy then rose with winning grace,
Till ripening ardour mark'd his glowing face.
I saw him shine in every liberal art,
Science and fame the passion of his heart.
Where Granta's domes o'erhang the cloister'd plain,
Studious he mix'd in Learning's pensive train;
There, Meditation lent her sacred aid,
To woo bright Science in the peaceful shade.
Why tempt that burning clime, that fatal shore?
* The glorious motive pains my bosom more.
When bards sublime attun'd the sounding lyre,
His vivid breast display'd congenial fire:
He bade TYRTÆUS' martial ardour shine,
And breathes his spirit in each glowing line;
With Henry's glory gilds his classic lays,
And joins the Prince's in the Hero's praise;
Indignant scorn on Freedom's foe he flings,
And spurns ambition, the mean vice of Kings;
With PRIOR's graceful ease he moves along,
And laughs at fiction in his sportive song;
With pregnant fancy, brilliant wit defines,
And blends examples in his playful lines;

* Extract of one of his letters from Portsmouth, April 20, 1794. "For the idea of being a service to, and of again seeing those who are so dear to me, is the most lively and pleasing sensation I can ever have."

In sprightly numbers chants MARIA'S * sway,
While WALLER'S † groves resound the amorous lay.
How pleas'd with mine to mix thy tuneful strain ‡,
When Freedom's banner wav'd on GALLIA'S plain!
There fervid § courage won thee early praise,
And, wing'd with pleasure, flew our happy days:
Never did Nature's bounteous hand impart
A nobler spirit, or a gentler heart.
How dear to all!—by social love refin'd,
No selfish passion warp'd his generous mind!
When from my breast a sigh reluctant stole,
That spoke the boding sorrows of my soul;
He grasp'd my hand, the parting moment nigh,
A filial tear yet starting from his eye,
And sweetly strove the present gloom to cheer;
These words for ever vibrate on my ear:
"Ah, why repine! the palm of honour won,
"Descends a bright incentive to thy son,
"To spurn at wealth in India's tempting clime,
"If stain'd by bribes, if sullied by a crime.
"O let my voice each anxious care dispel,
"I'll soon return to those I love so well."
That promis'd bliss—that vital beam is past,
Hope's genial shoots all wither'd at one blast;
He'll ne'er return, in shining talents blest,
With duteous zeal to glad a parent's breast.

* Verses addressed to Miss M. L.

† Written at Hail Barn, Beaconsfield.

‡ The Republican and Nuns Song, published in the Poetical Epistles from France.

§ A very young soldier at the door of the National Convention menaced him with his pointed bayonet, which he instantly seized, and wrested the piece out of his hands. One of the Members was fortunately a witness of the transaction, and, after reprimanding the centinel, introduced my son into the Convention, and told me the fact, with high eulogiums on his spirit.

Midst social joy, in festive pleasure gay,
A sudden corse * the blooming victim lay;
While here forlorn I yet exist to tell,
How in the glow of youth my darling fell.
Life's closing scenes no consolation lend,
I've † lost my sweet companion and my friend.
That grief is vain—but tempts me to repine,
Ev'n ‡ Fox's generous tears have flow'd with mine.
O shade benign, still at my couch arise,
Till low in earth thy once-lov'd father lies.
Ne'er from my mind can thy memorial part,
Thy picture's grav'd for ever on my heart:
But India's mould contains thy hallow'd shrine,
Vain my last wish to mix my dust with thine.
For thee sweet EMMA drops the tender tear,
Sighs o'er thy verse, and thy untimely bier;
For thee Sophia heaves her aching breast,
While plaintively she lulls her babe to rest.
For thee thy Mother's eyes incessant flow;
Thy fate alone could touch my heart with woe:
With flow'rs I'll strew thy urn, and clasp thy bust,
With my last numbers consecrate thy dust;

* Captain Grey, to R. J. Esq.—"In answer to your note of yesterday, I am compelled to the painful task of communicating the melancholy account of Mr. C———'s death. At a ball on the 14th of December, being over-heated with dancing, he imprudently drank a glass of lemonade, which proved almost instantly fatal."

† Extract of a letter:—"Cambridge, February 10, 1792: I am more obliged to you than I can express: grateful I am to my father, and ever shall remain: passion may at times have led me astray, yet still did I ever remember his kindness and affection, admire his talents, respect him as a parent, love him as a protector, a companion, and a friend."

‡ Mr. Fox, with generous and consoling attention, and with that sympathizing friendship which distinguishes him, gave me the first intimation of this fatal event.

Dwell on thy praise, and feel, while life remains,
The joy of grief from thy harmonious strains.
Still to thy shade each sacred honour pay,
And to thy grave devote the mournful lay.
'Tis Nature's charm to ease the troubled breast,
And sooth the anguish of the soul to rest;
We fondly hope, by dear delusion led,
To wake our own sensations in the dead,
By sympathy reverse the eternal doom,
Revive the clay and animate the tomb.

ON SOME FLOWERS PAINTED BY A LADY.

BY W. PARSONS, ESQ.

'Twixt Art and Nature long has been the strife,
'Tis rare the copy pleases as the life;
But in Miranda's chaste designs we view
The pictur'd flower more beauteous than the true,
Her every touch can some new grace impart,
And Nature blushing yields the palm to Art!
—Yet Nature hold! for her soft cheek discloses
Still fairer lilies, and still brighter roses;
Art sees abash'd, nor more disputes the throne,
For those O Nature, those are all thy own!

ON A LATE CONNUBIAL RUPTURE IN HIGH LIFE.

I SIGH, fair injur'd stranger! for thy fate;
But what shall sighs avail thee? thy poor heart,
'Mid all the "pomp and circumstance" of state,
Shivers in nakedness. Unbidden, start

Sad recollections of Hope's garish dream,
That shap'd a seraph form, and nam'd it Love,
Its hues gay-varying, as the orient beam
Varies the neck of Cytherea's dove.

To one soft accent of domestic joy,
Poor are the shouts that shake the high-arch'd dome;
Those plaudits, that thy *public* path annoy,
Alas! they tell thee—Thou'rt a wretch *at home!*

O then retire, and weep! *Their very woes*
Solace the guiltless. Drop the pearly flood
On thy sweet infant, as the FULL-BLOWN rose,
Surcharg'd with dew, bends o'er its neighb'ring BUD.

And ah! that Truth some holy spell might lend
To lure thy wanderer from the syren's power;
Then bid your souls inseparably blend,
Like two bright dew-drops meeting in a flower.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

1796.

ADDRESS TO THE BRITISH CHANNEL.

BY ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

ROLL, roll thy white waves, and envelop'd in foam
Pour thy tides round the echoing shore,
Thou guard of Old England, my country, my home,
And my soul shall rejoice in the roar.

Though high-fronted valour may scowl at the foe,
And with eyes of defiance advance;
'Tis thou hast repell'd desolation and woe,
And the conquering legions of France.

'Tis good to exult in the strength of the land,
That the flow'r of her youth are in arms,
That her lightning is pointed, her jav'lin in hand,
And arous'd the rough spirit that warms;

But never may that day of horror be known,
When these hills and these vallies shall feel
The rush of the phalanx by phalanx o'erthrown,
And the bound of the thundering wheel.

The dread chance of battle, its blood, and its roar,
Who can wish in his senses to prove?
To plant the foul fiend on Britannia's own shore,
All sacred to peace and to love?

Hail! glory of Albion! ye fleets, and ye hosts,
I breathe not the tones of dismay;
In valour unquestion'd still cover your coasts,
But may Heav'n keep the slaughter away!

Thou gem of the ocean, that smil'st in thy power,
May thy sons prove too strong to be slaves;
Yet, let them not scorn in the dark-fated hour,
But exult in their rampart of waves.

The nations have trembled, have cowr'd in the dust,
E'en the Alps heard the conqueror's song,
When the genius of Gaul with unquenchable thirst
Push'd her eagles resistless along.

And still they advance; and the nations must bleed;
Then sing, O my country, for joy;
Thy girdle of ocean by Heav'n was decreed
To protect what the sword would destroy.

Roll, roll thy white waves, and envelop'd in foam
Pour thy tides round the echoing shore;
Thou guard of Old England, my country, my home,
And my soul shall rejoice in the roar.

RAMSGATE, NOV. 2, 1806.

IMITATION OF MARTIAL.

COMPELL'D by death his millions to disgorge,
Sir Thomas hardly left a mite to George:
And hence the astonishing report was spread,
That George half-wish'd his father was not dead.

N. B. HALHED, ESQ.

THE USE OF POETRY.

BY MICHAEL WODHULL, ESQ.

Her track, where'er the Goddess roves,
Glory pursue, and generous Shame,
Th' unconquerable Mind, and Freedom's holy flame.
GRAY.

If, blazon'd by the Muse, Calypso's smile,
The Sirens' melody, Acrasia's isle
Peopled with Graces ever blith and young,
Nymphs such as Titian drew, or Ovid sung,
In earlier days my fancy could engage
Ere Time display'd Reflexion's sober page:
At length the gay delusion charms no more:
Haste we those distant ages to explore,
When Poesy, to real merit just,
Around the Patriot's tomb, or Sage's bust,
Twin'd amaranthine chaplets, and withstood
The thunderbolts of fell Oppression's brood.
As once, in Egypt's miserable realm,
Some proud unfeeling Statesman seiz'd the helm,
With specious words assailing Pharaoh's throne,
Deaf to a trampled nation's loudest groan,
Their bricks exacting when depriv'd of straw,
His nod like Jove's, his wild caprice was law,
Till, to perdition doom'd, beneath the tide,
With all his host o'erwhelm'd, the Monarch died:
When under Tyranny the World lay mute,
The Form Divine degraded to the Brute;
A new device the Bards of Phrygia found,
They, e'en to things inanimate, gave sound:

Æsop, a slave, drew from the knotted oak
Harmonious accents, solid marble spoke;
To plead for Man, beneath the vocal grove,
With mingled birds were dragons seen to rove;
The beasts found language to express their wrongs,
And utter'd truths too bold for human tongues.
Here the vile Churl, turn'd Financier, we're told,
Ripp'd up his Goose to snatch her eggs of gold.
The patient Ass, gall'd by a ponderous load,
There slowly jogg'd along the miry road,
Blows mov'd him not: at length, "The Foe draws near,"
His master cried; "O quicken your career!"
The half-starv'd Beast replied: "Why speed my flight?
"Come when they will, I shrink not with affright.
"Can any Foreign Lord, betide what may,
"With greater cruelty my toils repay?"
Through Greece, where Liberty's auspicious shrine
Long blaz'd unsullied with a light divine,
Heights more sublime behold the Muse ascend,
Fair Virtue's harbinger, her Country's friend;
The wreaths from Persia's vanquish'd despots torn
She bore, Minerva's altars to adorn;
Her choral pomp then swell'd the tragic stage,
Where Pella's Bard *, t' instruct the rising age,
Sings his own Theseus, eloquent, and brave,
Who to th' Athenian state its pandects gave,
The Sovereign People's Majesty maintain'd,
Nor less by words than arms the victory gain'd:
Or how the Chiefs, sprung from that dauntless Sire,
Repuls'd the Herald of Eurystheus' ire,
To great Alcides' banish'd children just,
And laid Mycené's Tyrant low in dust.

* Euripides. His Tragedies here alluded to are "The Suppliants" and "The Children of Hercules."

O'er Latian meads, in Freedom's evil hour,
Beneath the zenith of Imperial Power,
Undaunted Lucan roam'd; he nobly paid
The harmonious dirge to vanquish'd Pompey's shade,
And echo'd godlike Cato's loud applause,
Who dar'd to perish in a virtuous cause.
Th' outrageous pride of Stuart Kings to quell,
And crush oppression, from the shades of hell,
When Vengeance, issuing with remorseless frown,
Tore from a Charles's brows the sullied crown,
Britannia's champion, Milton, wak'd the lyre;
Scorning the Pedant's guile, the Bigot's ire,
He sung those Chiefs Fame's sacred annals boast,
Chiefs who to conquest led their patriot host,
And, with a soul unwarp'd by vulgar awe,
Asserted the supremacy of Law:
Nor, when another Charles in pomp restor'd,
By mitred slaves and prostitutes ador'd,
With his gay troop on Freedom's banners trod,
Crouch'd to the Tyrant's throne, or hail'd this earth-
born God.
The torch of Liberty, in later days,
Blazes awhile, and smouldering soon decays.
That energy, which erst was found t' adorn
The youthful * Akenside's illustrious morn,

* Most of Dr. Akenside's Poems were written in his youth: he died at the age of forty-nine, having been several years before appointed one of the Queen's Physicians. The passages noticed may be found in his Odes to the Right Honourable Charles Townshend, to Dr. Hardinge, and on leaving Holland, in which the excellent author of the Characteristics, originally the object of his panegyric, is now passed over in silence; "Ashley's Wisdom" being effaced, to make room for "Somers' Counsels." In the posthumous edition, published 1772, we find the "Pleasures of Imagination" much garbled, and dedicated to Jeremiah Dyson, Esq.

When he, th' apostate Statesman to appall,
Chose for his theme the haughty Strafford's fall,
Or dar'd with manly spirit to unfold
"What day the people's stern decree is told
"To unbelieving Kings;" devoid of power,
Soon shrunk unnerv'd in his meridian hour;
All "Ashley's wisdom," join'd with "Hampden's arms,"
Then from his page effac'd, had lost its charms,
The Heaven-born Muse descended from her sphere,
His parting lays were tun'd for Dyson's ear.
Hull's * Senator, pourtray'd by Mason's hand,
"Walk'd forth vindictive through a venal land:"
How Abdalominus, the Bard pursu'd,
With scornful smile the robes of Empire view'd.
Why then, recanting every generous strain,
Such as old Humber heard, but heard in vain,
When Gallia's Genius, vilely compass'd round
With swarms of Despots, sore through many a wound,
By all forsaken, in convulsive pain
Burst from his nervous arms the galling chain,
Caught this exhausted Veteran the mean hate
Of those who toil'd to crush a rising state?
But from Vertumnus' and Pomona's bowers,
Twin'd with salubrious plants and brightest flowers,
Lo! Darwin comes; around his hoary head
Hath Liberty her verdant trophies spread:
'Twas his to turn from every gaudier theme,
"The painted mistress or the purling stream,"
And sing Columbia rescued from her chains,
The light faint gleaming on Hibernia's plains,

* Andrew Marvell. The reader is entreated to compare Mr. Mason's "Ode to Independence" and the "Episode of Abdalominus in his English Garden" with the "Palinodia" in the third volume of his Poems, published just before his death.

Or France, like vigorous Sampson, when of yore,
Rent from their hinges, Gaza's gates he bore.
With nought but Bourbon's glory Paris rung,
Till Rome's unrivall'd Patriots Corneille sung,
Recall'd his audience to a pristine age,
And rous'd with loftier sentiments the stage:
In after-days Voltaire his steps pursued;
Gay Courtiers first avenging Brutus view'd,
Then hail'd the march of that victorious Dame
Fair Liberty, as down Morat she came *,
And proudly stalk'd o'er slaughter'd Charles the Brave,
Stain'd with the gore of many an Austrian slave.
But ah! he sunk into the silent tomb,
While unexplor'd Futurity's deep gloom
Yet o'er his country hung. What Muse of fire
Shall catch his mantle, with auspicious lyre
Those names recording to whom millions owe
Their rescue from th' o'erwhelming tides of woe?
Loud roar'd the blast, convulsions shook the sky,
Amazement saw no guardian Angel nigh,

* "La Liberté, j' ai vû cette Deesse altiere
"Descendre du haut de Morat en habit de guerriere,
"Ses mains teintes du sang des fiers Autrichiens,
"Et de Charles le temeraire."

VOLTAIRE.

So little of their celebrated Poet's love of Freedom was thought to have been transfused into the breasts of Frenchmen, that we find a British Laureat, one of Voltaire's contemporaries, rashly expressing himself thus:

"The land of Freedom, with the land of Slaves,
"As Nature's friend, must wage eternal War."

WHITEHEAD.

Reasons *equally strong* for setting no bound to hostilities undertaken from motives quite the reverse have lately issued in a profusion hardly credible from the Press, the Pulpit, and the Senate.

When the huge Danube (whose ferocious tribes,
Inur'd to havoc, thirsting after bribes,
Peace and her train of social Arts detest,)
In noon-tide glare display'd his haughty crest,
And, masking vile designs with feigu'd alarms,
Rais'd his hoarse voice, and call'd the World to arms.
But its own bulk dissolves th' unwieldy mass;
Mephitic clouds exhale their stores, and pass:
Let Europe's sons, scarce rescued from dismay,
Welcome these omens of a happier day.
May pure Religion o'er the soul diffuse
Her healing balm, and point to nobler views,
Wrest from the Hypocrite Power's scorpion rod,
Assert the prostituted name of God,
And to that "Holy Mount*," where Aspics change
Their nature, where innoxious Lions range,
Greatest and best of miracles, convey
Reluctant Man more cruel far than they.
To Tyrants, or pretended Saints, too long
Have nations pour'd the tributary song,
While bloated malice, leagu'd with childish zeal,
Is titled ardor for the public weal:
Too long have wild Crusades, yon Statesman's dreams,
Fields drench'd in blood, and conquest's distant gleams,
Of many a venal Bard employ'd the pen:
'Tis time to rouse, think, speak, and act, like men.
For those whom Folly hurries to the snare
No more let Fame her blasted wreaths prepare,
But weave unfading garlands, tribute due
To that sage Chief†, whom grateful Senates view,
Beyond th' Atlantic ocean, in an age
So deeply tinctur'd with Ambition's rage,

* Isaiah, chap. iii. ver. 9, and chap. lxv. ver. 25.
† General Washington.

Quitting the helm, while at his mandate close
The gates of Janus, and the tribes repose:
Or to posterity transmit each deed
Of those who dar'd in Freedom's cause to bleed;
Him * who in Olmutz' cursed dungeons lay,
By Despots long secluded from the day,
Ere Austria's Eagle, of her plumage shorn,
Left ether's heights, and to the ground was borne.
Or brave Kosciusko, in an evil hour
To Poland lost, while, with gigantic power,
The North's foul Harpy seiz'd her struggling prey;
Carnage awhile then dimm'd the solar ray,
Till Death, that great avenger, on her Throne
His banner fix'd, and claim'd her for his own.

FEBRUARY, 1798.

* La Fayette.

IMITATION OF MARTIAL.

THIS print, in Europe's general history bound,
With all its Monarchs scepter'd, rob'd, and crown'd,
(Wrought in the graver's broadest, blackest tone,)
Is Catharine, despot of the frozen zone.
But could the pencil mental features trace,
And give as well her spirit as her face,
This plate would stride o'er portraits, books, and maps,
And swallow all my library perhaps.

N. B. HALHED, ESQ.

INDIAN ODES.

BY THE LATE REV. W. B. STEVENS.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Scenery of the following Odes is supposed to lie in the most wild and unenlightened Parts of India. The Names of the two adverse Countries, Hindvar and Oglu, are fictitious. Rutren, or as he is called, Ishuren, or Ruddiren, is one of the three chief Divinities among the Indians: his Office is that of Destruction, and he is the favourite Deity of the Malabars. The Goddess Chaday, is believed by that Nation to be the Mother of the Dirumurtigol, under which general denomination the three Divinities are included.

RUTREN AND CHADAY.

ODE I.

'TWAS at the sad and and solemn hour,
When Midnight wrapp'd the regions round,
And wayward Hags of secret Pow'r
Charm'd the air with angry sound;
From Indian fires, a dying flame
Gleam'd with faint lustre through the cypress-shade,
Which to the fevered eye of Fear became
A thousand Giant-Forms, in fancied hues array'd.

While hungry panthers urg'd their furious way,
Yell'd to the glooms, and mock'd their shrieking prey;
While, waken'd by the sound, the lordly snake
Rais'd his crown'd head in horror from the brake,
Say, Muse, what spectres darted through the glade?
Where moan'd her fate the visionary maid?

And where the warriour-spirit stalk'd along,
And wav'd his airy bow, and howl'd his hideous song?

First the Sons of Rutren came,
Fierce in arms of fiery show;
Leaders once of mighty name,
All that bare and bent the bow.

Strong to slay and swift to fly,
All that fought, and all that died;
Fearless of the battle-cry,
Hindvar's terror, Oglu's pride.

Rutren led the warrior-crew
O'er the dews of Oglu's field;
Well the valiant power I knew,
By the bow and by the shield.

Red with lightnings glanc'd his spear,
Martial as he mov'd along;
Death-birds scream'd in frighted air;
Clashing javelins join'd their song.

Virgins all that died for Love,
Who embalm'd the crimson'd youth;
Shedding in the cypress grove
Tears of Woe, and Tears of Truth:

Warriour-mothers, warriour-wives,
Warriour-daughters join'd the train:
All who pour'd their patriot-lives
Freely on the' empurpled plain:

All who climb'd the funeral pyre,
(Such the purest offerings come)
Who, enshrin'd in bow'rs of fire,
Sought, spontaneous, Chaday's dome.

These the Nymphs that Chaday led,
Spirits fair of generous flame;
From th' Elysium of the Dead
Warriours thus and Virgins came.

All, to such the boon is giv'n,
Free that live, and firm that die,
Once in every year of Heav'n
Breathe again the Indian sky;

Treading thus their fav'rite ground:
While they dance in mystic throng;
Big with notes of haughty sound,
India's Genius weaves the song.

" Ye fairer souls! ye warriours slain!
" Diffuse around your fire divine!
" So India's sons, a living train,
" Shall lead their rites to Rutren's shrine.

" Shall swiftly sweep the walks of War,
" For ever bold, for ever free;
" And Rutren, from his crimson car,
" Shall give the wreath of Victory.

" So India's Nymphs, on Oglu's plain,
" Shall pay their vows to Chaday due;
" So shall they weep no Lover slain,
" The Lover crown'd, the Virgin true."

He spake,—The golden eye of Day appear'd,
And Rutren led the Heroe-band
All sad and sorrowing from their native strand;
Chaday curs'd the sacred light,
The living God of Fire she fear'd,
And swiftly sought again the bowels of the Night.
Swift with her fled the virgin train;
But India's Genius lov'd no other plain,

On Indian ground for ever shall he stay,
Nor shun the depths of night, nor fear the fires of day.

ODE TO THE SUN.

* ODE II.

HAIL to the God, whose golden ray
Shall beam upon the silky lap of Earth!
Soon shall he sweep his rising way
O'er the old eastern ocean, broad and fair;
Or, borne upon the bosom of the air,
Shall peer along the sky-clad mountains hoar:
Thee, God, the sons of Indian birth,
Wak'd to new life by thee, adore:
They feel thy sacred flame, and own thy glowing pow'r.

No more the sullen shades of Night,
No more the dreary glooms affright;
We hear no more the lion's growl,
Nor panther fierce of fiery soul;

Dispers'd has ev'ry shade of Hell,
And left the Welkin fair and free,
Left for where shapes unholy dwell,
The land of Light and Liberty.

Arise, ye sons of India, rise!
The Lord of Heav'n ascends the skies,
And flings th' empurpling dawn around;
For see, each flow'r of Indian ground,
Fresh-breathing from the dews of night,
Embolden'd by the sacred light,

* This, and the Songs of War and Victory, are supposed to have been sung, or recited, by a Chorus of Bramins, at different times, as the different occasions required.

Springs, op'ning, from its lowly bed,
And meets th' enliv'ning Lord, and lifts the blushing head!

The * Sea-Nymphs leave the sportful plains,
Their traces scarce the dew retains,
Embathed in their watry bow'rs,
To lose again the sultry hours:
Hence to th' Acacia's circling shades,
Swift too have fled the woodland maids,
And there, on velvet herbs reclin'd,
They feel the coming God, and woo the passing wind.

Hence to the woods and seas for prey!
The Nymphs and Maids have led the way.
Now may ye hunt the woods among,
Now may ye fish the rocks along;
No pointed stone the boat destroys,
The Hunter's feet no asp annoys.
The Nymphs and Maids have led the way;
Hence to the woods and seas for prey!
Arise, ye sons of India, rise!
The Lord of Heav'n ascends the skies:
And quench the sacred fires of night;
Already burns th' imperial light.
Arise! and spread the incense-breathing flow'rs!
The God of Day shall smile—the God, the day are ours.

THE LOVE SONG.

ODE III.

WHERE high-brow'd Meli swell'd its mountain height,
And smooth Savannahs drew th' enchanted sight,

* The Indians have their inferior Deities, who preside over the woods and rivers.

With flow'ry blossoms fair, a tulip-grove
Spread its kind branches, and invited Love;
When nearer Suns emblaz'd the noontide air,
The bow unstrung, unbarb'd the idle spear,
Where ampler shades diffus'd a milder day,
Moluck the hunter and the warrior lay;
And there, while stretch'd, supine, his length along,
In these wild notes he pour'd the plaintive song,

" O thou! whose love, with generous vow
" Of mutual flame, my love repaid;
" To whom the genial Gods allow,
" The charms that grace the fairest maid.
" O thou! my Abra, ever dear,
" That own'st the gentle soul sincere,
" With ev'ry purer passion fed;
" Still may'st thou joy with me to rove
" The Fairy fields of happiest Love,
" By kindly pow'rs of Nature led.

" But now what sad unkind delay,
" Can bear thy timorous feet away,
" And force thee from this sheltering glade?
" Where now, while sultrier hours invade,
" For thee I cull each sweeter flow'r,
" For thee I weave the shadiest bow'r;
" Where might we pass each moment free,
" Bestow'd by Love, and due to me.
" Then hither turn thy gentle way,
" The bow'r laments thy long delay!
" And what shall keep thy ravish'd sight?
" What pleasure new, what fond delight
" Shall stay thee from this conscious grove,
" Where first thou own'st thy meeting Love?

" Or do some rude and savage arms
" Seize, ruthless, on thy trembling charms,

" And drag thee to the destin'd cell.
" Where rapes and horrid murders dwell?
" Rise then, my spear of bloody pow'r,
" To thee belongs the vengeful hour!
" And thou shalt give the wretch to know
" The fatal fury of thy blow.

" But ah, how vain the fancied fear!
" No monster wild, no savage near
" Could force her from the seats of Love:
" Around the sons of Oglu move,
" And every scream, and every cry
" Would pierce the verge of yonder sky;
" And Love himself would wider bear
" The sound, on Echo's airy car.

" But yet, tho' brutal force should fail
" To move her from the gentle vale;
" Say, O my soul, with sorrow say,
" Might not the Maid delight to stray,
" Where, (O curse the treacherous tongue
" With cunning sounds of Flatt'ry hung!)
" Some happier and some dearer youth,
" In borrow'd words of seeming truth,
" With all the wily tricks of Art
" Has stol'n upon her easy heart?

" And shall a rival's wanton arms,
" Hang, raptur'd, on her faithless charms;
" And, unreveng'd, the sweets enjoy
" That all my fond desires employ?
" No, by the lightning of my spear,
" By all my hopes of future fame,
" By all my father's shadows drear,
" And holy Rutren's pow'rful name;

" No, never shall my eye-lids sleep,
" But a long weary Vigil keep,
" Till Vengeance, with her sword of fire,
" Shall bid the caitiff wretch expire,
" That dar'd with flame unholy move
" And win a warrior's destin'd Love.

" And she, the perjur'd Nymph, shall feel,
" Howe'er she force the tear to flow,
" Howe'er in artful guise she veil
" Her alter'd faith and broken vow,
" That stubborn Justice holds secure
" The heart from Beauty's witching lure,
" And arms the hand in awful state,
" Th' avenging Minister of Fate.
" And hear, ye Matron-Spirits, hear!
" O by your chastest Loves I swear,
" That she shall mount the lustral flame,
" Dishonour to her mother's name.

" But—can that Maid of artless mien,
" Of open front, and soul serene,
" So mild, so gentle, and so young,
" Can she deceive, whose raptur'd ear
" So joy'd my simple tale to hear,
" Then bless'd the magic of my tongue?
" But Love was all the magic there,
" In thoughtless words of passion drest
" My tale could please the peerless fair,
" And win admission to her breast.
" Can she, whose heart alone could beat
" To Pleasure pure, and genuine Love,
" By studied arts of fore'd Deceit
" Inconstant, faithless, perjur'd prove?

" No, never shall the thought unkind
" Again distract my lab'ring mind.

" In all the pride and bloom of youth,
" My Abra swore, in solemn truth,
" By every stream, by every grove,
" And all the guardian pow'rs of Love,
" That she would bless but me alone,
" While Life and while the Gods allow
" But me her answering heart would own,
" Love heard, and seal'd the generous vow.
" Avaunt, ye meaner thoughts, that move
" The breast, unhumaniz'd by Love!
" For never shall my soul again,
" Impatient of her long delay,
" Of broken vows unkind complain,
" But bless the Maid where'er she stray.
" And sure the gentle Muse may dare
" To breathe for her the warmest prayer,
" May fondly wish, in glad return,
" By laughing hours and pleasures borne,
" That now the Nymph would haste to wear
" Of coral pure and flow'rets fair,
" (It was her Moluck's hand that wove)
" The simple wreath of truest Love."

More had he sung, but from the neighb'ring glade,
In genuine smiles and native charms array'd,
A Virgin form soft won her easy way,
Fair without pride, and without folly gay;
To grace the brow, or please the taste, she bore
The choicest fruits, and every sweetest flow'r:
The Warrior rose, and seiz'd her to his breast,
ıd every laughing Love proclaim'd the lovers blest.

THE WAR SONG.

ODE IV.

When shall ye break, ye Sons of War,
The long sleep of the battle-bow?
When shall your jav'lins give to flow
The hated blood of Hindvar's offspring slain,
(Tho' round in armed state,
Their Guardian * Genii wait)
Curst, and unburnt upon their native plain?
If now your sluggard hands abhor
The sword of Fury, and if now
Tremble your coward feet to tread,
Wherever Rutren loves to lead,
While lusty youth and life allow,
The walks of War, and fiery fields of Fate.

Now by the plumed head no more
Let foul Reproach, and skulking Shame,
And coward Fear, a foreign name,
Scowl with their baleful pinions on our shore,
As when, of old, the sons of Hindvar came
And swept their hostile banners, blood-bedew'd,
Nurst in gaunt Terrors, and upborne by Fame,
While on each helmet glory sate and smil'd:
Thro' every parting rank destruction wild,
With pow'r remorseless, in her bloody car,
Rode fierce upon the lurid air,
And from her vengeful bow,
With many a fatal blow,
Flung swift th' envenom'd shaft where Oglu's champions stood.

* The Indians, in a manner similar to the Romans, believe in good and evil Genii.—They have their Angels to protect, and their Dæmons and Giants to molest them. But they are all in subjection to their three superior Deities.

There then we saw, with surest feet,
The ghastly forms of Fate to meet,
Death stride his horrid sweep along;
And there we heard the sadd'ning cry
Of those that fell, and fear'd to fly,
Yet shall their names for ever live,
(Such the reward that deeds of glory give)
Embalmed in the dews of sacred song.

'Tis o'er—but hark! the lingering cry *
Pierces still yon troublous sky,
Of those, whom Fate refus'd to lead
And number 'mongst the mighty dead;
To each, with coward-hand she gave
Chains, and stamp'd the name of Slave;
Still shall we hear, and not our arms assail
To stop the captive-cry, that rends the neighb'ring vale?

And now we see, and now we hear,
(To purer eyes and ears alone 'tis giv'n,
Warriors, and Priests, and bards belov'd of Heav'n)
The unembody'd forms of War,
And the thin notes that float upon the air.
The trembling shades of Hope are fled;
Amazement wild, and Desolation drear
Rush forth, and strike with thrilling dread
The savage hosts, to Fame no longer dear;
And stern Reproach, with angry cry,
Mocks, in her airy call, the hostile sky;
And Death, in all his Indian Terrors drest,
Sends forth his Spirits strong, who gladly go,
Laughing at ev'ry mournful sound,
To deal the destinies around
From the long Jav'lin, and the bounding bow,
While Shame pursues them close, and waves her bloody vest.

* See the Song of Defeat and Captivity.

Such are the forms that fleet before mine eyes;
Visions of Fame that wake the bold emprize,
While from each airy car
They beckon to the war,
And lead our hero-troop where Freedom lies:
And still the sounds remurmur thro' the land,
Heard only by a few, a chosen band,
Triumphant sounds of Fate,
That 'round our warriors wait,
And swell the beating heart, and arm the desperate hand.

" Heroes! ye who lately trod,
" (Your feet bedew'd in kindred blood)
" The adverse fields of Hindvar's plain,
" The spirits of your fathers slain
" Call aloud, in solemn sound,
" Revenge; revenge the hoarser echos 'round
" Redouble quick in martial mood.
" Arise! where once your fathers stood,
" And from many a warrior-row
" Flung the spear, and bent the bow.
" Arise! 'tis yours, my sons, to lead
" The souls of War and Vengeance to the meed
" That Rutren, with a generous hand,
" Prepares for those, a favourite band,
" Who bravely for their country fight,
" Bravely fight and nobly die,
" Such shall escape the shadowy realms of Night,
" Shall live in Rutren's Hall, and breathe a better sky.

" But you, to whom your fate shall give
" Again to fight, again to live,
" Shall deeply drink your Country's praise;
" And ev'ry sainted Bramin 'round,
" In words of more than mortal sound,
" Shall deck each honour'd name with hallow'd lays.

" Wake then to War! for such the meeds
" That crown, by Rutren drest, the youth that bleeds,
" And such the sacred wreaths that glory gives
" The patriot-youth that fights and lives:
" Wake then to war! your fathers' spirits cry,
" Your Country's Genius calls to triumph or to die."

The magic works—the pow'rful strain
Thrills in every breathing vein.
I see, I see the life-blood, mantling high,
Glow in each cheek, and revel warm
In ev'ry heart—I know the master-charm
That bids your bloody banners fly
Unfolded to the ambient sky,
With eager force that fires th' enthusiast band,
And * maddens ev'ry spear in ev'ry martial hand.

'Tis Liberty that leads you on,
Around her sovereign form await,
Attendant on her awful throne
The arbiters of Fate.
Revenge of talon fell, of haughty name
Courage, and lusty Force, and Glory's sacred flame.

THE SONG OF VICTORY.

ODE V.

Ye Spirits of our fathers slain!
Who lately breath'd your thrilling words around;
Thou Genius of the Indian plain!
That hauntest still thy Oglu's favour'd ground;
And thou, stern † God of mightiest power!
For lately, at the deathful hour,

* Δαῳν μαιτῆλαι εν πολεμοισι.—HOM.
† Rutren.

When with her troubled eyes, and streaming hair,
Fury, the fiend, stalk'd o'er the bloody field,
Thou, thou didst send our warrior-chief, Despair,
Who, rushing with our legions mad
That scorn'd to lift the saviour-shield,
With haughty arm and hasty tread,
To Victory soon and purple Glory led:
If such your gifts, to you by right belong
The Warrior's votive spear, the Poet's sacred song.

Weep not, ye virgins, tho' around
The Lover's blood embathe your native ground!
Now let no private and no partial tear
Unseemly steal adown the matron's cheek!
The murder'd husband, or young hero dear
Shall in some future hour bespeak
Th' embalming dew which Love and Pity shed:
But now let Hindvar's widow'd plain
Lament the foul inglorious stain
That marks her abject sons, whom haggard fear
Led from the wrath and spirit of the spear:
Now let her count her heroes dead,
Then veil in Sorrow's vest her head,
Haughty no more! her tow'ring pride
And giant strength are gone, for ever gone.
Hear it thou Genius of our native plains,
With pleasure hear! her pride no more remains,
Her strength is lost—O hear her coward moan!
On her torn bosom now no more abide
The souls of war. Now shall she view around,
While recent memory feeds her anguish'd sight,
And the keen pow'r of shame re-animates her fright,
Where sad Defeat and Death have mark'd her hostile ground.

Now let her weep—a better task
Ye matrons hoar, and virgins fair shall ask
Your prompted pow'rs—The Warrior's praise
Demands your noblest and your sweetest lays;
Your country's triumph calls the answering strain,
) let the sounds of Joy re-echo to the plain!

Hark! in accents loud and clear,
Stealing on th' entranced ear,
Thrills around the rapt'rous strain;
Now on Love and Pleasure dwelling,
Now with joy and triumph swelling,
"We have fought and we have slain."

The song shall sooth the Warrior's mind,
On th' inverted spear reclin'd,
To all the milder thoughts that move,
And melt the purer soul to love;
But mark, while martial notes around
Lap the soul in magic sound,
The Warrior's eye, by Fancy led,
Views the field with foes bespread;
His ear imbibes, with horror, nigh
The dying shriek, the conquering cry;
His hand, again alarm'd by Fear,
Bends the bow, and grasps the spear:
But ah! the while there breathes a solemn air,
he captive croud stand mute, the statues of despair.

O let them drink the sullen sound!
With many a fatal garland bound;
And let the holy Bramins come,
And lead them to the deadly dome
Where Rutren's sacred altar stands;
And there, when 'round the captive bands
With curses climb the funeral fire,
And while their victim souls expire,

Our song in mockery of their state,
(Such vengeance on our foes await)
Shall echo to the captive train,
" We have fought, and we have slain."

We have fought, and we have slain;
The bow of strength, the spear of fate,
Have left upon the hostile plain,
Many a head in gory state;
And many a hero's blood around
Streaming on the thirsty ground;
The noblest, choicest, best bequeath
In vengeance for our fathers' death.
Their sainted spirits, hov'ring nigh,
The dear revenge may joyous spy;
And from their hallow'd hall descending,
O'er the mangled corses bending,
Deride the purple stream that flows,
Th' accursed gore of warrior-foes.

Descend! descend! for they are slain,
They have bit the fatal ground,
They, whose fathers on the plain
Gor'd you deep, with many a wound.
Descend! descend! your Sons shall prove
Their lineal courage on the field;
Nor shall our Maids in faithful love
To all your boasted matrons yield.
And see, the laughing Nymphs prepare
The sacred wreaths of glory fair;
And see the Warrior's hallow'd head
With many a laurel leaf bespread.
The groves and genial shades among,
Answering to the joyful song,
The dance the mingled troop shall lead;
Or as they trip it on the meed,

Rise, Echo! tell it to the plain,
" We have fought, and we have slain."

THE SONG OF DEFEAT AND CAPTIVITY.

ODE VI.

Now when the God his wav'ring light withdrew
And darker shades were doubled to the view,
Loose from the martial labours of the day,
Around their nightly fires the conquerors lay.
By painful march, by sultry heats oppress,
They woo'd the balmy dews of genial rest:
Rapt joy was theirs, and strains triumphant rung
From sacred shells, the neighbouring groves among.
But, mid' these sweetest sounds of dear delight,
The hand of glory pointed to their sight
A dreary cave, by darkling shades o'erbrow'd,
The seat of sorrow, and the captive crowd;
Where, rankling in the glooms accurs'd, remain
Lost by defeat, and mark'd by vengeful pain,
The warrior-slaves that, fir'd by furies, wait
The long keen horrors of a coming fate;
And there, while 'round the savage guards reclin'd,
The darkest Dæmons of the troubled mind
Added new tortures to their servile chains,
Play'd with their wounds, and doubly edg'd their pains.
Thus while they labour'd with the anguish'd smart,
As shame or passion wrung the conscious heart,
While on the cavern's rude and shaggy brow
The night-bird scream'd, and mock'd the notes below,
Here breath'd the settled sounds of deep despair,
And rav'd the din of madd'ning fury there;
Grief's deaden'd Voice, and Terror's shriller cry
Gave their wild echoes to the murm'ring sky.

And thus while 'round the various accents broke,
In louder tone a lip of sorrow spoke.

" Farewell! for ever now farewell,
" Where my fond soul once joy'd to rove!
" Ye fields! where gentlest pleasures dwell,
" And O ye seats of happiest Love!
" Each genial grove, each haunted stream
" Nurse of my song, and of my song the theme,
" Farewell!—O ye no more are mine,
" The tort'ring chains your ruin'd Lord confine!

" No more with free step shall I tread
" The smooth Savannah's velvet green;
" The Loves and Pleasures all are fled
" That bore me to the blissful scene.
" All, all are fled! oh sad and heavy loss!
" And Zara weeps, unpitied and unknown;
" Shall tears and griefs my Zara's soul engross?
" O she was form'd for love and love alone.

" Now haply shall the dear maid roam,
" Her cheek distain'd with many a tear,
" That cheek where Beauty's choicest bloom
" Lent lustre to the soul sincere.
" She now shall roam, dear mindful maid,
" The lone vales wild, the dreary woods among,
" And court, with sorrowing step, the deepest shade;
" Or at the ev'ning hour,
" Beneath the cypress bow'r,
" Pour, all reclin'd, her sweetest saddest song;
" And there to weeping maids relate
" The mournful stories of our fate:

" But ah, no art shall move her stubborn grief,
" The maids shall tell—but vain the tried relief—

" How oft in yonder wood
" My hand the shaggy forms subdued;
" Or in the wild waves nigh
" My little bark outbrav'd the angry sky;
" And she herself, the sorrowing Nymph, shall tell
" How oft beneath mine arm have bled
" The savage troop, and how the warrior fell,
" And join'd with yelling groan the nations of the dead.

" But hence the light and trifling strain!
" The listless voice of praise how vain!
" For now what boots it that my martial care
" Form'd her brave youths, and gave them to the war?
" What boots it now? for me remains
" A death inglorious, or the servile chains,
" Me, who can boast my spear
" Fix'd Malgru to his fate, and fill'd his sons with fear.

" And shall not the big sounds of war again
" Wake my fond heart, and shall my spear
" Leap to new life no more? Must dull Despair
" Waste my sad length of hours away,
" Shut from the eye of Pleasure and the Day?
" Perish the thought, or to the wretch remove
" That dreams away the soul of life in vain!
" Whose heart ne'er felt the luxury of Love,
" Nor fear'd of Infamy the pain.

" O cursed, cursed hour! when first my spear
" Fell faithless to its Lord. O cursed hour!
" When Vict'ry's spirit, hov'ring near,
" Fled from my call, and the sad courted power.
" Of Death, unheedful to my cry,
" Lowr'd stern a sullen frown, and pass'd contemp-
" tuous by.

" Still let my foes encrease the galling chain,
" The warrior's soul unfetter'd shall remain,

" Smile at each wound, each torture calmly bear,
" And only curse the cruel chance of war:
" Now let them lead me to the fires of fate,
" Where round, in horrid shew, the furies wait,
" No lab'ring sigh my secret pain shall speak,
" No stealing tear disgrace my manlier cheek;
" Forbad to conquer, and forbad to bleed,
" I ask but Death, and court no other meed.

The warrior ceas'd—the Lord of Light again
Stretch'd his proud ray along th' empurpled plain:
Fell the sad sounds, tho' still to Pity's ear
The murmuring winds the sorrowing accents bear;
There the Muse caught her artless strains of woe,
And bade them still in native measures flow;
And there, tho' fate the warrior's brow had crown'd
With baleful leaves, and wreath'd her cypress round,
Firm to herself, and steady to the truth,
The Muse, impartial, bless'd the hapless youth;
She bade his name with their's inscrib'd to lie,
That lov'd with Fame to live, that dar'd with Glory die.

THE DEATH SONG.

ODE VII.

Hark to the loud and dismal sound!
That bursting from the glooms around,
Scattering wide the saddest fear,
Assaults, in troubled cry, the startling ear!
And now each short but dreary pause between,
From the deep bosom of the silent shade
What spiry flames with frequent force are seen,
Flashing their liveliest horrors on the glade?

O say! what rude and clamorous breath
Rent with mad shriek the neighbouring sky?
What fiery columns, flaming high,
Enrich the radiant air with deadly state?
Ah me! it was the voice of Death,
It is the fire of Fate.

Some hapless youth, whom Glory never led,
By Fortune's smile, and Victory's palm unblest,
Yet one who scorn'd the flow'ry bed of rest,
A warrior youth, that lov'd to tread
With firm foot on th' embattled plain
The bloody dews of War, whom cruel Fate
Averse beheld, nor with the sainted slain,
Nor yet with those whose happier heads await
The conqu'ring wreaths, enroll'd his mighty name,
By laurel'd Death unown'd, and living Fame:
Him, hapless youth, has dire Defeat
Borne captive to her drear retreat,
And now while Vengeance, with remorseless hand,
Leads the lost wretch amid' the torturing band,
(Nor yet shall pains the secret spirit bare)
A fallen victim to the chance of war,
Such his sad fate, and so the Gods require,
He mounts with step unforc'd the deadly fire.

But hark! again the mingled sound
Of shouts and shrieks around,
Hollow and fearful echoes through the vale;
And ah! amid' the ling'ring cry,
Where 'round the griesly chiefs in triumph lie,
Hear how, in awful voice, the destin'd head
To the sad pyre by funeral Passions led,
Pours long its dying sound, and loads the passing gale.

" Ye conquering chiefs! ye leaders of your train!
" Who as ye lie, embath'd in bliss along,
" Mark with exulting eye our warriors slain,
" To you I call—O hear th' indignant song!
" What tho' by happier chance, or by the pow'r
" Of kinder Gods that bless your genial skies,
" Ye boast the victories of the present hour
" Have giv'n you to the noblest heights of fame,
" Some vengeful and some bloody morn shall rise,
" And sink you low again to death, defeat, and shame.

" Then, O my spirit! wand'ring blest around,
" Point thou the shaft, and aid the fatal blow,
" Then fix, with joy, the deep inglorious wound
" That marks, with baser scar, the abject foe!
" O then be thine the pleasurable sound,
" The yell of battle, and the murderous cry,
" The forc'd dull groans of Death, and shrieks of Agony!

" Nor boast, proud Chiefs! a fated victory won
" By forms unseen, and virtues not your own!
" No aid I ask'd, and now no loss deplore,
" Firm, from myself, I call the generous store,
" The sense inflexible to pain,
" The mighty mind, impatient of controul,
" The stern resolve, the fix'd disdain,
" And all the manlier powers that feed a warrior's soul.

" And say, ye fathers of the fight!
" Ye whose high bosoms labour'd for the deed,
" Say, saw ye not amid' the battle bleed
" Your sons of prowess, and your chiefs of might?
" Say, felt not then your ranks unusual fear,
" While your arm'd nations crowded on the plain,

" When, borne by pow'rful fate, th' unerring spear
" (For this for ever be that spear renown'd,
" For this my latest hour with pleasure crown'd !)
" Laid low your warrior-chief and level'd with the
" slain ?

" I saw him fall—I heard the groan
" That pierc'd your ranks with hollow moan ;
" Mine the spear, and mine the hand
" That smote him from your murderous band,
" Who on my country's bleeding plains from far
" First planted deep the withering steps of war.

" Ye sons of Oglu ! and ye Indian Maids !
" I led your hosts, I lov'd your soothing shades,
" But perish from my soul the idle strife
" Of glorious perils, or of wanton joys,
" Begone, and with ye go your glittering train of toys !
" Ye flattering hopes ! ye foolish fears !
" The warrior's praise ! the virgin's tears !
" What colour'd once with joy, or sour'd the springs of
" life !

" Though once, with fondest vow,
" I bless'd the sweets of Zeyra's peaceful grove,
" Yet what those sweets bestow,
" The sylvan chace, or gentler charms of Love
" I ask not now—and this dread hour disdains
" The song of Pleasure, and the flow'ry strains,
" The day of revelry, the easy night,
" And all the rapt'rous scenes of past delight ;
" Lord of myself, I boast a better claim,
" Th' unconquerable soul that scorns the funeral flame.

" Not a tear and not a sigh
" Shall weakly to my pangs reply,
" No coward wretch, no dastard foe
" Meanly trembles from the blow,

" But he who bore, unmov'd, your chains,
" With scorn derides your deadliest pains;
" And tho' denied that happier fate
" Triumphant fame, and martial state,
" Or, yet more glorious still, to lie
" With those that for their country die,
" No plaintive sorrows load the mind
" To fortune lost, to fate resign'd;
" And where my gallant spirit turns
" An equal share of ardour burns,
" The genuine glow that once could lead
" A warrior to the doubtful mead,
" Shall arm the soul with haughty pow'r,
" And lift it in the torturing hour.

" Tho' now I feel your searching pains
" Fierce and more fierce convulse my lab'ring veins,
" Tho' fall'n that hand (O bless the deed!)
" That forc'd your Warrior-chief to bleed,
" Still my true heart in equal motion leaps,
" And my firm soul its wonted freedom keeps.

" Hail to the dawn that rises on my soul!
" All hail the coming day!
" I feel, I feel the fiery torrents roll
" That sweep my purple life away.
" Ah now I come! prepare, ye spirits blest,
" Your bow'rs of pleasure and your beds of rest!
" Yet—ere the bow of life be quite unstrung,
" While the sounds tremble on my fault'ring tongue,
" Receive, ye chiefs! that 'round the pyre have stood,
" Lavish of fate, and prodigal of blood,
" 'Tis all a dying warrior knows to give,
" My last sad curse, ye warrior chiefs, receive!"

Stopp'd is the voice by Fate—and ah again
The shouts of Triumph echo from their train.
O mourn the youth that led our native band!
O rise, and curse with him the deadly hand!
For this, where'er your savage troops ye lead,
'Mid your own groves, or on the martial mead,
May Discord meet you on the haunted plain,
Point the lost maid, and shew the parent slain!
For this, whene'er ye tempt some fatal field
Whose happier sons the conquering sword shall wield,
May Rutren lead his vengeful host along,
And loose his furies on your bleeding throng.

SONG.

Oh! let not suspense, with its fetters of ice,
The free-flowing current of pleasure enslave;
The winter of age will be here in a trice,
And death freeze us for good in the grave.

How long shall each touch with a tongue be inspir'd,
How long shall my eyes roll their language in vain,
With each eloquent pulse when will Jessy be fir'd,
And interpret what Jessy alone can explain!

But, because it may deepen the rose on her cheek,
Should my charmer the fond explanation decline;
Let me, sparing a trial so delicate, seek,
And be told from her eyes what she gathers from mine.

R. FENTON, ESQ.

THE GOLDEN AGE*,

A Poetical Epistle from Erasmus D———n, M. D. to Thomas Beddoes, M. D.

BY THE AUTHOR OF TWO HEROIC EPISTLES TO DR. PRIESTLEY.

The French, that most injured and most enlightened people upon earth, within these few years (since Despotism has been overawed by Liberty) have improved Science more than all other Nations put together. BEDDOES'S REASONS, &c.

May we not, by regulating the vegetable functions, teach our Woods and Hedges to supply us with Butter and Tallow?

BEDDOES'S OBSERVATIONS ON CALCULUS, SCURVY, &c. p. 29.

BOAST of proud Shropshire, Oxford's lasting shame,
Whom none but coxcombs scorn, but fools defame,
Eternal war with dulness born to wage,
Thou Paracelsus of this wondrous age;
By sage M. D.'s and LL. D.'s approved,
† By Great SOC.'s praised, by little soc.'s beloved,
BEDDOES, the philosophic chymist's guide,
The bigot's scourge, of democrats the pride,

* First published in 1794.

† Dr. Beddoes not only ranks among his intimate friends one or two Gentlemen of the University of Oxford, who *at present* can only be characterized as *the little fellows of a little College*, but likewise many illustrious Members of various Literary Societies, particularly the celebrated Dr. Priestley, whose splendid titles (*even as modestly abridged by himself*) are, LL. D. F. R. S. Ac. Imp. Petrop. R. Paris. Holm. Taurin. Aurel. Med. Paris. Harlem. Cantab. Americ. & Philad. *Soc.*

Accept this lay; and to thy brother, friend;
Or name more dear, a Sans Culotte attend,
While in Rhyme's Galligaskins I enclose
The broad posteriors of thy brawny prose,
And sing, * brimful of thee in tuneful strain,
The blest return of Saturn's golden reign!
Oh had I, silly swain, the rage and fire
Of some, whom Frenchmen's bloody deeds inspire;
Could I, ascending on the wing of sound,
Pleas'd with the grand, the lofty, and profound,
Soar above mortal ken in rapturous glow,
Leaving poor pursy Sense to pant below;
Could I, for ever studious to refine,
Prank with my pearly phrase each pretty line,
Or like an empty bottle, deep immers'd,
Whence bubbles after bubbles bustling burst,
Amus'd to view my noisy nothings swell,
In the sweet vanity of thought excel;
Now rising o'er the bounds of vulgar rhyme,
Gracefully great and terribly sublime;
Trolling in full-toned melody along
With all the clattering clang of modern song;
I'd hail the progress of those blissful days,
When fair Philosophy's meridian rays
Shall brighten Nature's face, shall drive the moles
Of blinking Error to their secret holes,
Disperse the darkness of primæval night,
And bid a new Creation rise to light!
Proceed, great days! and bring, oh! bring to view
Things strange to tell! Incredible, but true!
Behold, behold, the Golden Age appears:
Skip, skip, ye Mountains! Forests lend your ears!

* Quo me rapis, *tui plenum?*

See red-capt Liberty from heaven descend,
And real prodigies her steps attend!
* No more immers'd in many a foreign dye
Shall British wool be taught to blush and lie;
But all our pastures glow with purple rams,
With scarlet lambkins, and their yellow dams!
† No more the lazy ox shall gormandize,
And swell with fattening grass his monstrous size;

* Nec *varios* discet *mentiri* lana *colores:*
Ipse sed in pratis *Aries* jam *suavè rubenti*
Murice, jam *croceo* mutabit vellera luto:
Sponte suâ *sandyx* pascentes vestiet agnos.
VIRGIL.

The renovation of the world under the benign influence of French Freedom has been long foretold by prophets of every description, by some who manufacture verses, others who manufacture cotton, by maudling Mrs's, and mincing Misses, by enlightened Lawyers and more enlightened Physicians; but by none more fully expected, more ardently longed for, than by *Dr. Beddoes* and * his "*Dear Giddy!*" The great Dr. assures us, that not only science in general will shortly advance towards perfection, but that in particular "a new Medicine will arise from the ashes of the old with healing in its wings." How this revolution is to be effected we are informed in the dedication of his Observations on Calculus, &c. p. 4. "We are just beginning to catch a glimpse of the laws of animal Nature; *and now when the human mind seems in so many countries about to be roused from that torpor, by which it has so long been benumbed, we may reasonably indulge the expectation of a rapid progress in this the most beneficial of all the sciences.*" An infinitely small portion of genius has hitherto been exerted to diminish the sum of our painful sensations; *and the force of society has been exclusively at the disposal of Despots and Juntos, the great Artificers of human Evil. Should an entire change in these two respects any where take place, every member of society might soon expect to experience in his own person the consequence of so*

* A Gentleman of Pembroke College, Oxford, to whom Dr. Beddoes addresses a late elaborate work by this familiar appellation.

No more trot round and round the groaning field,
But tons of beef our loaded thickets yield!
The patient dairy-maid no more shall learn
With tedious toil to whirl the frothy churn;
But from the hedges shall her dairy fill,
As pounds of butter in big drops distil!
The sottish Jews, who in a God believ'd,
And sometimes blessings, oftener plagues receiv'd,
Shouted a miracle, when on the ground
Their boasted bread the greedy grumblers found:
By no dry crusts shall infidels be fed,
Our soil producing butter to our bread!
* See reverend Thames, who God of Rivers reigns,
And winds meand'ring through our richest plains,
To treat the Cits, that many a sixpence give
Once in a week like Gentlemen to live,
Resign his majesty of mud, and stream
O'er strawberry beds in deluges of *cream!*

happy an innovation; and should the example be generally followed, there is no improvement in the condition of the World, for which we might not hope from the bloodless rivalship of nations." But we are told, that the same influence of Liberty and Genius will not only in other respects effect equal wonders, but produce greater blessings. "We know," exclaims this egregious Chymist, "that vegetables are capable of forming oils either exactly the same as those of animals, or very nearly resembling them. Thus we have the suet of the Croton Sebiferum, the butter of the Phœnix Dactylifera and of the Butyrum Cacao. *When, from a more intimate acquaintance with them, we shall be better able to apply the Laws of organic bodies to the accommodation as well as preservation of Life, may we not, by regulating the vegetable functions, teach our woods and hedges to supply us with butter and tallow?*" Observations on Calculus, &c. p. 109.

* Το παλαιον παντ' ην αλφιτων και αλειφατων πληρη, καδαπερ και νυν οινος και ερημαι δ' ερημοι, αι μεν υδατος γαλακτος δ' αλλαι· και αι ορεινης αι μεν μελιτος αι δ' οινου, τινες δ' ελαιου.

Calanus Indus apud Strabon. lib. 15.

See tallow candles tip the modest thorn,
Candles of wax the prouder elm adorn!
See the dull clown survey with stupid stare
Where leaves once grew, now periwigs of hair!
While fluids, which a wondrous change betray,
Ooze from the vernal bud, the summer spray,
Differing from animals alone in name,
(As botanists already half exclaim).
See plants, susceptible of joy and woe,
Feel all we feel, and know whate'er we know!
View them like us inclin'd to watch or sleep,
Like us to smile, and, ah! like us to weep!
Like us behold them glow with warm desire,
And catch from Beauty's glance celestial fire!
Then, oh! ye fair, if through the shady grove
Musing on absent lovers you should rove,
And there with tempting step all heedless brush
Too near some wanton metamorphos'd bush,
Or only hear perchance the western breeze
Steal murmuring through the animated trees,
Beware, beware, lest to your cost you find
The bushes dangerous, dangerous too the wind,
Lest, ah! too late with shame and grief you feel
What your fictitious pads would ill conceal!
While plants turn animals, man, happy man,
To ages shall extend life's lengthen'd span.

* "If this supposition were just, might not some means be discovered to protract the period of youth and vigour *indefinitely*? Whether true or false, and even though we should never be able to restore new excitability to the system, there can be no doubt of the immediate practicability of prolonging life considerably; and what is much more desirable, of maintaining a firmer state of health." *Observations on Calculus*, &c. p. 106. "Nor, however remote medicine may be at present from such perfection, do I see any reason to doubt, that by taking advantage of various and continual accessions as they accrue to science, the same power

Bane to our bliss, no more the wrinkled face
Beauty's bewitching circles shall disgrace;
But see the reigning toast half kind, half coy,
Her rivals' envy, and her lover's joy,
Skill'd to allure, to charm us, and beguile,
In all the bloom of eighty sit and smile!
Thus shall each Belle a lovely L'Enclos prove,
Drive boys of future cent'ries mad with love;
The marriage table its degrees extend,
And to our great, great grandmother ascend.
Poor Pope, who griev'd "that Life could scarce supply
"More than to look about him, and to die,"
Had he but flourish'd in these Halcyon days,
Might long have bid Life's little candle blaze,
Have grown straight, handsome, brisk, and debonnair,
The Muses' favourite, favourite of the Fair!
Happy the Poet's lot, who can prolong,
Till time shall be no more, his deathless song;
And live himself to see his swelling name
Roll, like a snowball, gathering all its fame!
Happy, thrice happy he, who at his will
Can drink of Life's sweet cup his constant fill;
* Who, if excess of oxygene create
Symptoms, which lean consumption indicate,

may be acquired over living as is at present exercised over some inanimate bodies; and that not only the cure and prevention of diseases, but *the art of protracting the fairest season of life, and rendering health more vigorous*, will one day half realize the dream of Alchemy!"—*Beddoes's Letter to Darwin*, p. 29.

* Dr. Beddoes, in a little tract addreſſed to the Author of this Epistle, entertains us with a long history of how he made himself very lean, very fair (his complexion having been before of an uniform brown), very pretty, and very consumptive, by the use of a certain "Cosmetic" called *Oxygenous Air*; and how he afterwards cured himself of the said Leanness and Consumption at his

A sure specific can procure with ease,
Rich cream and butter from his herd of trees:
Or if he find excess of * hydrogene
His body load with fat, his mind with spleen,
True health and vigour to restore, can take
From some regenerate oak a savoury steak,
Sliced off the slaughter'd monster's quondam stump,
Converted now into a real rump,
And, blest with an accommodating maw,
Devour the luscious bit, red, recent, raw!
Now rise, my Muse, and, warm with rapture, dart
From men to manners, "fancy to the heart."
Transporting sight! to view the sons of Pride
Their little heads with shame and sorrow hide,
Ranks and distinctions cease, all reeking lie
In the mean muck of low Equality!
Favourites of freedom, sons of frisky France,
Who never learnt like British bears to dance,
And, while their Premier's humdrum bagpipes sound,
Led by the nose, jog growling round and round;
But more like monkeys, airy, light, and gay,
Pleas'd on your master's head to skip and play;
Ye pious Atheists, Moralists, who deem
The Christian's Heaven and Hell an idle dream,
Delighted to deride all vulgar fears
Of Beelzebub's black claws, cropt tail, and ears,
With manly scorn and dignity to tread
On prostrate Superstition's hoary head;

Friend's, Quaker Reynolds's, in Colebrook Dale, by a diet in which *Butter and Cream* bore the largest proportions. See pages 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, and 55.

* To prevent our sailors from growing fat, and afterwards falling into the scurvy (of which obesity, we are informed, is the first symptom), Dr. Beddoes proposes that the jolly tars should eat their food *raw! Observations*, p. 60.

Who, foes to power despotic, dare defy
The King of Kings, that bugbear of the sky;
Dreading for present crimes no future rod,
Self-praise your worship, vanity your God;
Oh how my eyes with tears ecstatic fill,
What new felt transports through my bosom thrill,
When I behold you with gigantic blow
The pigmy pride of Royalty lay low,
With pikes and guns this moral dogma teach—
Virtue consists in nudity of breech!
Soon shall we view no more the glittering things
" Bestarr'd, begarter'd, and befool'd by kings;"
The pretty twinklers that so sweetly shone,
And deem'd their lovely lustre all their own!
No more the despot view, whose mighty nods
Shook nature, and proclaim'd him God of Gods;
Drunk with applause who rais'd his rolling eyes,
And seem'd, whene'er he mov'd, to tread the skies!
Despis'd, detested, all shall wing their flight,
And sink, no more to rise, in endless night!
Arm'd with a bristled end and glittering awl,
Behold a minor Monarch in his stall!
No circling gold his royal brow surrounds,
A yard of room his sphere of action bounds;
His sole ambition and his prime pursuit,
With skill a shoe to patch, to stitch a boot!
Nor deem his fate severe! The time may come
When many a pious King in Christendom,
Dash'd from his throne, and made dame Fortune's fool,
Shall envy little Capet's cobbling stool!
Mark with the Peer and Prince the * canting priest,
Forbidden on his country's fat to feast,

* " It is a law of human nature, the less of ecclesiastical influence, the less of deadly animosity among men."—" It is rea-

While peace looks down sweet smiling on the swains,
And untax'd Plenty crowns the fruitful plains!
No more that lazy lubbard shall we pay,
With phiz so farcical to preach and pray;
No more behold that harpy of the land
Lay on our largest sheaves his greedy hand;
With Bigotry's black banner wide unfurl'd,
Fright into gothic ignorance the world:
But truth and light shall come, with hostile rage,
"To drive the holy Vandal off the stage."
See tythes expire, and ancient slavery fail;
Proud Superstition turn her vanquish'd tail;
No zealous Minister the Church befriend,
But all her sorceries with the Beldame end:

sonable to presume that the majority of French Priests in England partake of the spirit of their brethren; and to a large portion of the popish priesthood, Christianity is believed, *upon good grounds*, to be as much *foolishness* as it was to the Greeks. Their faith in the advantages of the immense emoluments which those *Reverend Robbers*, their predecessors, had extorted from superstitious Barbarians, never suffered any abatement; hence probably that conduct to which their sufferings are to be imputed."—"Through all the calumny that has been vomited forth against the French, the most injured and most enlightened people upon earth, it is easy to discern *some* advantages which the nation owes to Liberty—Tythes, *the accursed relic of Popery*, have been abolished.—France is purged not only from *Ecclesiastical Drones*, which consumed the sweetest honey of the hive, but also from the monstrous debauchery of the richer, and the beggarly insolence of the poorer Noblesse."—Dr. Beddoes's admirable *Reasons for believing the Friends of Liberty in France not to be the Authors and Abettors of the crimes committed in that country; humbly addressed to those who from time to time constitute themselves Judges and Jury upon affairs public and private, and, without admitting any testimony but the gross lies of Beldame Rumour, damn their neighbours individually, and the rest of the world by the lump*; the celebrated hand-bill circulated in Shropshire, which eventually occasioned his resignation of the Chemical Chair in the University of Oxford.

Lo! Babylon is fallen! That mystic ——
That sink of wickedness, is now no more!
Great Babylon is fallen! Shout, shout, ye meads!
And, oh! ye corn-fields, wave your happy heads!
Ye lovely lambkins, strain your feeble voice,
And with your dams in loudest Baas rejoice!
Calves, join your notes to swell the gladdening sound!
Cows, let your lowings from the skies rebound!
Prolific ducks, quack mid the mighty noise!
Hens, more prolific, cackle out your joys!
And ye, oh! swine, lift up your little eyes,
With rapture riot round your rotten styes!
Stretch your triumphant throats, and strive to make
The frighten'd welkin with your gruntings shake!

VERSES

Written in a LADY'S POCKET-BOOK, 1761.

WHILST hour to hour and day succeeds to day,
And weeks, and months, and longer years decay;
May'st thou, my favourite, and my friend, employ
Each hour in happiness, each day in joy!
May weeks, and months, and years those joys increase
With health, (best blessing) and domestic peace!
Whilst here thy actions mark'd on every page
Shall teach employment to a future age.
Here every page shall amiably declare
Thy mind, thy manners, like thy person fair.

F. N. C. MUNDAY, ESQ.

LINES

On the Death of Lieutenant Colonel Buller, killed in Flanders in 1795.

WRITTEN BY MR. SHERIDAN, AT THE REQUEST OF HIS PRESENT LADY.

SCARCE hush'd the sigh, scarce dried the ling'ring tear,
Affection pour'd upon a brother's bier * ;
Another loss bids Laura's sorrows flow,
As keen in anguish as a sister's woe.
Unknown to me the object of her grief—
I dare not counsel, did she ask relief;
Yet may the wish no vain intrusion prove,
To share her grief, for all who shar'd her love.
Yes, gallant victim! in this hateful strife,
Which pride maintains 'gainst man's and freedom's life,
If quick and sensible to Laura's worth,
Thy heart's first comment was affection's birth;
If thy soul's day rose only in her sight,
And absence was thy clouded spirit's night,
If 'mid whatever busy tumults thrown
Thy silent thoughts still turn'd to her alone;
If, while ambition seem'd each art to move,
Thy secret hope was Laura, peace, and love;
If such thy feelings, and thy dying prayer,
To wish that happiness thou could'st not share;
Let me with kindred claim thy name revere,
And give thy memory a brother's tear!

* Mrs. Sheridan had just lost a brother.

But, ah! not tears alone fill Laura's eyes,
Resentment kindles with affliction's sighs;
Insulted patience borrows passion's breath,
To curse the plotters of these scenes of death!
Yet sooth'd to peace, sweet mourner, tranquil be,
And every harsh emotion leave to me!
Remembrance, sad and soft regret be thine,
The wrath of hate, the blow of vengeance mine.
And oh, by Heav'n! that hour shall surely come,
When, fell destroyers! ye shall meet your doom!
Yes, miscreant statesmen! by the proud disdain
Which honour feels at base corruption's reign,
By the loud clamours of a nation's woes,
By the still pang domestic sorrow knows,
By all that hope has lost or terror fears;
By England's injuries, and Laura's tears;
The hour shall come, when, fraud's short triumphs past,
A people's vengeance shall strike home at last!
Then, then shall fell remorse, the dastard fiend,
Who ne'er pollutes the noble soldier's end,
And dark despair around the scaffold wait,
And not one look deplore the traitor's fate!
But while remembrance shakes his coward frame,
And starts of pride contend with inward shame;
The mute reproach, or execration loud,
Of sober justice, or the scoffing crowd,
Alike shall hail the blow that seals his doom,
And gives to infamy his memory and his tomb.
Turn from the hateful scene, dear Laura, turn,
And thy lov'd friend with milder sorrow mourn!
Still dwell upon his fate; for still thou'lt find
The contrast lovely, and 'twill soothe thy mind—!
Fall'n with the brave, ere number'd with the slain—
His mind unwounded calms his body's pain!
Half rais'd he leans. See Friendship bending o'er,
Her sigh suppress'd, as to his view she bore

Thy much-lov'd image, whose all-soothing smile
Could pain disarm, and death's last pang beguile!—
Hopeless, but not dismay'd, with fearless eye
He reads the doom that tells him "he must die"—
Lays his brave hand upon his bleeding breast,
And feels his glory while he finds his rest!
Resigns the transient breath which nature gave,
And sure of prouder life o'erlooks the grave.—
Sweet is the meed that waits his laurel'd bier,
'Tis Valour's hope, 'tis Honour's praise sincere,
'Tis Friendship's sigh, and gentle Beauty's tear!

1796.

AN ELEGY

To the Memory of a Friend: written a Year after his Death.

BY RICHARD FENTON, ESQ.

—— *Cui pudor et justitiæ soror*
Incorrupta fides, nudaque veritas,
Quando ullum invenient parem.—HOR.

At midnight hour, why gleams with sullen sweep
Thy visionary form across my mind,
To scare me from the soft embrace of sleep,
And chill me, waking, with thy frown unkind?

Com'st thou severe my tardiness to chide,
With stern reproach for many a trifling song?
Methinks I hear thee say, "If thou hadst dy'd,
"I had not left thee thus unwept so long!"

Forgive, dear shade, if twelve long moons are fled
Since to the earth thy dear remains we gave,
(Tho' witness Heaven how much my heart has bled!)
Nor yet my pious Muse has dress'd thy grave.

While lighter sorrow prompts th' impassion'd strain,
Severer, all the powers of fancy stints;
The flower, that drown'd would die beneath the rain,
Drinks the thin dew, and spreads its brighter tints.

And how could I insult thee with a lyre,
Whose strings had not forgotten yet the lays
Which love and youth united to inspire,
When health and pleasure frolick'd through our days:

By many an agonizing groan betray'd,
By many a suffocated sigh confest
(Thy rites not unremember'd, tho' unpaid,)
Thy memory long was buried in my breast.

But now my breast gives up its dead to rise,
And pierce new-born through grief's surrounding gloom,
As thy own dust when summon'd to the skies,
Awak'd, shall spring exulting from the tomb.

Pain's recent sting, beyond endurance keen,
Sheath'd in the balm of years, forgets to rage,
And grief's stern form, through time's soft amber seen,
To melancholy mellow'd, may engage.

Then, Recollection, all the scene recall,
And bid each kind endearment to return
Which link'd our hearts, for I can bear them all,
In grief ecstatic whilst I clasp thy urn.

Recall the music of the early horn,
The tale well-form'd our wanderings to deceive,
When rosy exercise awak'd the morn,
Or social converse led us out at eve.

The spot revisit where our youth was spent,
  Where joys were for maturer years prepar'd;
Where I had wish'd to live and die content,
  To share those pleasures had thy life been spar'd.

There in each hill, each valley, and each tree,
  That rises frequent on my sad review,
Never to fade, I mark each fair degree
  By which our friendship to perfection grew.

Their shadowy arms where yon twin-beeches throw,
  Oft hast thou caught thy favourite HOMER's rage,
As oft exchang'd it for the temperate glow,
  The milder rapture of the MANTUAN sage.

There, fir'd by thee, I first essay'd to sing,
  My earliest strain is dated from that shade,
And there, temptation to retouch the string,
  The simple verse thy candid smiles o'erpaid.

Oft have we plann'd the pine's umbrageous rows,
  Where opens to the wind yon naked plain;
And many an oak to fancy's eye arose,
  The future shelter of the Dryad train.

In ooze obscure, where yonder Naïd sleeps,
  Or in the covert of the hazel shade,
Where, scarce awake, ingloriously she creeps,
  We plann'd the torrent fall of the cascade.

Twin'd like our hearts, where yonder boughs unite,
  With care we trimm'd the arch of the alcove,
A shade devoted to the pure delight
  Of noblest friendship, and the chastest love.

It falls—for ah! what hand will now supply
The culture to mature this fair retreat?
No more, alas! beneath the mutual eye,
The meditated scenes shall rise compleat.

Hills, vales, and groves! ye but retain a name;
Scenes once belov'd, ye boast no charms for me!
So joyless now, say, are they still the same,
Or did they borrow all their charms from thee?

'Twas not that other vales were not so fair;
'Twas not that other streams less clear were found;
'Twas not that richer sweets perfum'd the air;
Thy presence only, made it fairy ground.

Friendship like thine to ZEMBLA's waste of snow
Could all the beauties of the south impart—
No sickly shoot! in any clime would grow
The vigorous native of thy Roman heart.

Yet was it *here*, of such excelling price,
A hoard thy philosophic bosom glean'd,
And was it *here*, untainted with its vice,
Thy young affections from the world were wean'd!

Here still some inspiration may remain,
Thy spirit here may loiter for my sake;
And every object yet enough retain,
To keep thy fair example still awake.

Each wonted scene then constant I'll frequent,
And leave each giddy vain pursuit behind;
Delightful solitude; if thou be lent
In heavenly visions whispering to my mind.

The stinted portion of the world's renown,
Teach me from conscious virtue to supply;
Teach me alike on Fortune's smile or frown
To turn, with resignation in my eye.

By trust in heaven each anxious wish compos'd,
Teach me thy life, from thankless murmurs free;
And on the bosom of my God repos'd,
Teach me to smile away my life like thee.

What tho' thy genius led thee to admire
The silent joys which charm the good and wise,
And bade thee in the prime of youth retire,
And pomp and vain applauses to despise;

Yet not austere, nor of the cynic band,
Thine was the feast of soul, from crowds apart;
Far as thy fortunes stretch'd thy bounteous hand,
Wide as the' extended world thy ample heart.

The flower, Spring's daughter, fed with Heaven's best dews,
And wooed by Zephyrs which unfold her dyes;
Thus far from man's worn path her perfume strews,
Thus breathes her secret incense to the skies.

What tho', my friend, unhonour'd be thy tomb,
No pious verse, nor living marble there;
Well may'st thou, favour'd with no vulgar doom,
The pride of epitaph and sculpture spare.

Yes, while maturing from their second birth,
Thine atoms rest beneath th' unnoticed clod,
The Muse shall point to man the hallow'd earth,
The Virtues lift it to the care of God.

INSCRIPTION

For an Arbour at Forcett in Yorkshire. 1756.

BY F. N. C. MUNDAY, ESQ.

By me, a Dryad of the grove,
This shade-imbrowned scene was wove:
By me, the woodbine and the vine
Were taught their mingling arms to twine.
Amid the leafy shrine I dwell,
Disposing life, or bloom, or smell,
To every flaunting shrub or flower
That helps to form my secret bower.
Far from my borders I exclude
Each harmful weed, or bramble rude.
Nor noxious adder here, nor toad,
Nor bat nor owl hath her abode;
No monster foul of human-kind,
Nor vice, the vermin of the mind.—
But here the tender linnet sings;
Here the gay goldfinch plumes her wings:
And fair and free my entrance lies
To all that's virtuous, good, and wise:
Nor decent Mirth be banish'd hence;
Nor Joy the child of Innocence.
But chiefly on this hallow'd ground
Sincerity and Truth be found;
With each plain virtue of the heart,
Unsullied by the tricks of art.
—With these, and more, my seats are bles'd,
When young MARIA is my guest.

THE MENAGERIE OF THE GODS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF BURGER.

Our lap-dogs and monkeys, our squirrels and cats,
Our parrots, canaries, and larks,
Have furnish'd amusement to many old maids,
And once in a while to young sparks.

In heaven, where time passes heavily too,
When the gods have no subject to talk on,
Jove calls for an eagle, he keeps in a mew,
As an old English baron his falcon.

He lets it jump up on his sofa and chair,
And dip its crookt beak in his cup;
And laughs when it pinches young Ganimed's ear,
Or eats his ambrosia up.

Queen Juno, who fears from rough play a mishap,
Keeps peacocks with rainbowy tails;
And when she's dispos'd to grudge Saturn his nap,
Their screaming or screeching ne'er fails.

Fair Venus most willingly coaxes the doves,
That coo, woo, and wed on her wrist;
The sparrow, her chambermaid Aglae loves,
As often is fondled and kist.

Minerva, too proud to seem pleas'd with a trifle,
Professes to keep her old owl,
The crannies and chinks of Olympus to rifle;
For rats, mice, and vermin, to prowl.

Apollo above stairs, a first-rate young blood,
Has a stud of four galloway ponies;
To gallop them bounding on heaven's high road,
A principal part of his fun is.

'Tis fabled or known he instructed a swan,
One spring, to outwhistle a blackbird,
Which sings the Castalian streamlet upon,
Like any Neapolitan lack-beard.

Lyceus in India purchas'd a pair
Of tygers delightfully pyball'd,
And drives them about at the speed of a hare,
With self-satisfaction unrivall'd.

At Pluto's black gate, in a kennel at rest;
A mastiff so grim has his station,
That fearful of reaching the fields of the blest,
Some ghosts have made choice of damnation.

But among all the animals, little and great,
That are foster'd and pamper'd above,
The ass old Silenus selects for his mate
Is that which so fondly I love.

So quiet, so steady, so guarded, and slow,
He bears no ill-will in his mind;
And nothing indecent, as far as I know,
Escapes him before or behind.

So fully content with himself and his lord,
He is us'd with good humour to take,
Whatever the whims of the moment afford,
Be it drubbing, or raisins and cake.

He knows of himself ev'ry step of the way,
Both down to the cellar and back;
A qualification, I venture to say,
No butler of mine is to lack.

So large is his rump, so piano his pace,
'Tis needless the rider to gird on;
Tho' fuddled the god, tho' uneven the ways,
He never gets rid of his burden.

An ass such as this all my wishes would fill;
O grant me, Silenus, one prayer,
When thou art a-dying and planning thy will,
Good father do make me thy heir!

IMITATION OF MARTIAL.

WHENE'ER you invite me, dear Will, to a treat,
—'Tis to stuff me with verse, while you stint me of meat.
On my entrance, a pompous long ode you recite,
While the dinner stands cooling and spoiling outright.
Your second embargo detains the first dish
With a stanza, at least, for each mouthful of fish.
A third of like terrible length intervenes,
While we languish in vain for the mutton and greens.
A fourth—nay a fifth—(never deigning to carve)
Unmov'd you repeat us. We listen and starve.
—To be short, while your damnable poems exist,
Invite whom you please:—but strike me from the list.

N. B. HALHED, ESQ.

THE BUTTERFLY's BALL,

AND THE

GRASSHOPPER's FEAST.

Written by William Roscoe, Esq. M. P. Liverpool, for the Use of his Children; and set to Music by Order of their Majesties, for the Princess Mary.

COME take up your hats, and away let us haste
To the Butterfly's Ball, and the Grasshopper's Feast:
The trumpeter Gad-fly has summon'd the crew,
And the revels are now only waiting for you.

On the smooth-shaven grass by the side of a wood,
Beneath a broad oak which for ages has stood,
See the children of earth, and the tenants of air,
To an evening's amusement together repair.

And there came the Beetle, so blind and so black,
Who carried the Emmet, his friend, on his back;
And there came the Gnat, and the Dragon-fly too,
And all their relations green, orange, and blue.

And there came the Moth, with her plumage of down,
And the Hornet, with jacket of yellow and brown,
Who with him the Wasp, his companion did bring,
But they promis'd that ev'ning to lay by their sting.

Then the sly little Dormouse peep'd out of his hole,
And led to the feast his blind cousin the Mole;
And the snail, with her horns peeping out of her shell,
Came, fatigu'd with the distance, the length of an ell.

A mushroom the table, and on it was spread
A water-dock leaf, which their table-cloth made.
The viands were various, to each of their taste,
And the Bee brought his honey to crown the repast.

Then close on his haunches, so solemn and wise,
The Frog from a corner look'd up to the skies;
And the Squirrel, well pleas'd such diversion to see,
Mounted high over head, and look'd down from a tree.

Then out came the Spider, with fingers so fine,
To shew his dexterity on the tight line;
From one branch to another his cobwebs he strung,
Then quick as an arrow, he darted along;

But just in the middle, oh, shocking to tell!
From his rope in a moment poor Harlequin fell;
Yet he touch'd not the ground, but his talons he spread,
Hung suspended in air at the end of a thread.

Then the Grasshopper came with a jerk and a spring,
Very long was his leg, though but short was his wing;
He took but one skip, and was soon out of sight,
Then chirp'd his own praises the rest of the night.

With steps most majestic the Snail did advance,
And he promis'd the gazers a minuet to dance;
But they all laugh'd so loud that he drew in his head,
And went in his own little chamber to bed.

Then, as ev'ning gave way to the shadows of night,
Their watchman, the Glow-worm, came out with his light:
So home let us hasten, while yet we can see;
For no watchman is waiting for you or for me.

LOVE AND WINE SEPARATED.

Lines written in a blank Page of Anacreon.

I ASK no cup of glowing wine
To move a heart so warm as mine,
When on thy bosom's lovely swell
I bid the restless world farewell:
I ask no goblet sparkling high
To fire this fond, this doating eye,
That, fix'd beyond the power to move,
Half closes with excess of love,
While kisses mix their eager play,
And drink th' impatient soul away.
Why need I press the blushing vine,
When blushes lovelier far are thine?
Why bid the rosy bev'rage flow,
When those dear lips still rosier glow?
Let those in whose reluctant heart
Dull nature must be rous'd by art,
Keep with the grape their pulse alive,
And feel their drowsy flames revive:
To me not all the madd'ning bowls
That ever woke those languid souls,
Were sweet as that nectareous dew,
That proves the kiss to feeling true;
Or one blest tear, which fondly starts
In the mute gaze that mingles hearts.

LEIGH HUNT.

ODE TO DISCRETION.

BY MICHAEL WODHULL, ESQ.

Αδικον ωτε υ-
-πειροπλον ηδαν θρεπων σωφι-
-αν δ' εν μυχοισι πειριδων.

PINDAR.

I.

THRO' every period of Life's fleeting day
Some different passion fills the breast,
From morn till night Hope leads astray,
Nor ever guides us to the port of rest:
Love's visionary joys inflame
Youth's eager wishes; next Ambition's rage
Presents, in man's maturer stage,
Prospects of power and fame;
Old age comes tottering last, unnerv'd and cold,
Grasping with palsied hand his ponderous bag of gold.

II.

The raptur'd Poet deems his earliest praise
To Fancy, sweet enchantress, due;
Amidst whose trackless groves he strays,
While fresh creations strike his dazzled view:
But soon the flowers of Genius fade,
And bold Invention in her mid career
Feels, like Ithuriel's wondrous spear,
Dread Envy's fangs pervade
Her frail contexture with a ghastly wound
Or sinks an Icarus plung'd in the vast profound;

III.

Unless, O Goddess of the furrow'd brow,
Thy admonitions stay her flight,
And urge her first t' address her vow,
Where thy pale shrine emits a glimmering light:
Too long, unmindful of thy power,
In Fiction's airy palaces I trod;
At length, observant of thy nod,
To thee I kneel, O shower
Thy dews impregnated with heavenly rest,
And let thy leaden mace fall weightier on my breast.

IV.

Thee the recluse Philosopher, whose frame
Shrinks at each northern blast, reveres;
Elixirs his attention claim,
And warmest flannels huddle up his ears:
Nor art thou distant from the Maid
Whose unsought chastity maintained its hold
While o'er her forty suns have roll'd;
Yet anxious for thy aid,
On thee she calls, whene'er before her eyes
Hibernian beaux or too resistless coronets rise.

V.

Swift rush the fiery steeds, loud sounds the car,
When Homer brings, severely just,
Assembling Demi-gods to war,
And lays proud Troy's adulterous towers in dust:
Had Menelaus search'd thy laws,
He there had learnt without an augur's skill
That women stray not 'gainst their will,
And, loth to furnish cause

To * Peleus for his slaughter'd son to chide,
Had wisely staid at home and sought another bride.

VI.

Who from thy fount his inspiration draws
Describes no Paladins in arms,
Nor paints, to gain the crowd's applause,
Armida's wiles, or Una's heavenly charms;
Nor lifts a Fairfax to the skies,
In Freedom's devious mazes led astray;
But haunts some courtly shrine, to pay
His duteous sacrifice;
Or sings in Tusser's stile of golden grain,
Of harrows, oxen, carts, and all the schemes of gain.

VII.

Since my green years, by some unhallow'd strain,
Have made thee frown upon my suit;
Not where the snarling critic train,
Fierce as a dragon guard fair learning's fruit,
Nor in the busy walks of trade,
Nor will I seek thee brooding o'er thy store,
Behind the Miser's churlish door,
Worn to a meagre shade,
Nor in yon stalls, where th' orthodox divine
Snores, and with ven'son cramm'd extends his brawny chine.

VIII.

But to the regions of the Lunar sphere
My daring passage will I wing,
Where all things lost by mortals here,
Are found, if rightly Ariosto sing:

* In the Andromache of Euripides, Peleus is introduced, ridiculing the absurdity of Menelaus's expedition against Troy, and reproaching him with being the cause of the death of Achilles, and many other brave Grecians.

There haply, in some lonesome vale,
Where dark yews bending from the rocky steep
O'erhang the lake, whose waters sleep
Mov'd by no ruffling gale,
Shall I behold thee weeping o'er the tomb
Of Cassius, harshly charg'd with Freedom's timeless doom:

IX.

Vanquish'd, he rais'd to Heaven his haggard eyes,
And bar'd his bosom to the stroke;
Calm gown-men say, "Had he been wise,
"And lived, Rome yet had scap'd Octavius' yoke."
Next, in thy shades, a prey to grief,
Perchance the learn'd Christina may I see,
On earth who proudly slighted thee;
Now, lost beyond relief,
On Papal snares and venal Poets frown,
And wail with fruitless plaints her abdicated crown:

X.

Yet since from death thou canst not these unbind,
Their greatness claims no second birth,
To penitence incline thy mind,
And deign to waft me back again to earth;
Guarded by thee from every snare,
So shall I frame secure my placid lay;
Or, if in Satire's walks I stray,
With tutelary care
Arrest her vengeful arm just raised to strike,
Smiling on friends, and foes, and all mankind alike.

1767.

SONNET.

As one whom the dark phantoms of the night,
  Troubling his wilder'd phantasy, have led
  Amid the dim damp mansions of the dead,
Or from some precipice's giddy height
Abruptly thrust; when morning's orient ray
  Wakes him to safety, loves to ponder o'er
  The vision'd terrors terrible no more;
So I look back on the departed day:
When as I journeyed along Life's dull road,
  Hope fled my wounded bosom, sullen Care
  Sat on my brow, and sternly sad Despair
Courted to rest within his dark abode;
The sad lyre echoed then the pensive song,
Yet sooth'd the wearying hours that lingering lagg'd
    along.

B.

1796.

SONNET.

PLEASANT it is awhile to linger here,
Amid the woodlands, list'ning to the breeze,
That bathes my throbbing temples, to mine ear,
As fitfully it sweeps along the trees,
Moaning not immelodious. Sacred shade!
I would fain dwell in your most dark recess,
Far from the din of folly, where distress,
With dim eye, never more should ask the aid
Not mine to grant. Here would my jaundic'd heart
Soon heal and harmonize: but I again,
Perforce, must sojourn in the haunts of men,
Loth from these lonely, lovely scenes to part;
Alone, in crowds, my solitary breast
Would fain, by apathy, be chill'd to rest.

B.

1796.

SONNET.

THEY tell me that, in opening life, the hue
Of rosy health bloom'd on my glowing cheek;
That my full eye sparkled with liquid blue,
And seem'd with strong intelligence to speak:
They tell me, too, that in luxuriance wild
Wav'd my dark locks: perchance, they tell me truth;
For 'tis an adage, that the loveliest child
Makes, in advancing age, the sorrier youth.
So has it been with me. In vain I seek
To trace the roseate hue of healthful red;
Dull is my eye, and colourless my cheek,
And gone the flowing honours of my head!
But still remains, unchang'd, my better part,
Still true to Love and Laura is my heart.

W. ROUGH.

1797.

SONNET.

Written on the Pier at Dover, after a Visit to Denton Court, the Seat of S. E. Brydges, Esq.

BY T. PARK, ESQ.

DENTON! thy tranquil bowers have tun'd my heart
To such pure love of sylvan quietude,
That the gay tumult of this crouded mart
Seems irksome, and for solace much too rude.
Yon armed mounds, where rush the sons of war
To the trump's clangor, bode no calm delight;
And round this peopled pier, a strife-like jar
Of voices, puts all soothing thought to flight.
Thy wood-crown'd walks, dear Denton! brought the coo
Of the mild dove on my unstartled ear;
Thy airy uplands did my slow step woo,
Thy verdant vallies could my dim sight cheer:
And all thy charms were heighten'd still to me
By life's prime charm—refin'd society!

SONNET.

Addressed to an Eolian Harp, constructed by the Author of "The Farmer's Boy," "Wild Flowers," &c.

WHAT magic sweetness charms my raptur'd ear,
Like choirs of airy spirits heard on high?—
Now as some cherub-voice each note is clear,
Now swells into celestial harmony!—
'Tis charmed Zephyr wakes the varied sound,
As on each string he breathes a trembling kiss;
His viewless pinion wafts the music round,
Whose swell is ecstacy, whose close is bliss!
Oh, sweetly raise thy more than mortal tone
To *him* who gave thy frame melodious birth,
The bard whom Nature greets as all her own,
And Virtue honours for his inborn worth:
For him, sweet harp! thy dulcet strains prolong,
Since pure and artless is, like thine, his song.

MARIA HESTER PARK.

ON MISS SEWARD'S SONNETS.

Published 1799; and with particular Allusion to her 21st and 22d.

CRITIC; hast thou fastidiously proclaim'd
(Mis-judging from such humble verse as mine)
The lyre's lost energy, the sad decline
Of genius in this island, early nam'd
In classic heraldry, and foremost fam'd?
From Greece, from Latium, came th' impatient Nine,
Here to revive their laurels, and entwine
Their shoots; rewards, of envy only blam'd.
And here they still rejoice; here still abides
Imagination in her mountains strong,
While Harmony, beneath, her stream divides,
And thou wilt blush, vain Critic, for thy wrong,
Tasting these sweets, which the Queen-Muse provides,
With rarest elegance of sex and song!

F. N. C. MUNDY, ESQ.

MARKEATON, APRIL 25, 1799

SONNET.

ON HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

MASTER so early of the various LYRE
Energic, pure, sublime!—Thus art thou gone?
In its bright dawn of Fame that Spirit flown
Which breath'd such sweetness, tenderness and fire!
Wert thou but shewn to win us to admire
And veil in Death thy Splendor?—But unknown
Their Destination who least time have shone
And brightest beam'd.—When these the ETERNAL SIRE
—Righteous and wise and good are all his ways—
Eclipses, as their Sun begins to rise;
Can mortal judge, for their diminisht days
What blest Equivalent in changeless skies,
What sacred glory waits them?—His the praise;
Gracious, whate'er he gives, whate'er denies.

C. LOFT

24 OCTOBER, 1806.

SONNET.

MAJESTIC Tasso, whom cerulean skies
And genial suns for ever clad in gold,
(Where the glad seaman's wond'ring eyes behold
O'er smiling waves delightful Naples rise;
As in her calm smooth bay he fearless plies
His glitt'ring oar) to match the bards of old
Inspir'd in verse exalted rich and bold,
What boot the cold and drowsy pedant's cries?
In the same myrtle shades and fragrant bow'rs
Immortal Maro sung: would he disdain
To own a lofty rival's glowing lay?
On Jordan's banks, when shadowy ev'ning low'rs,
Pleas'd would he hear the lovelorn maid complain,
Or through the groves of bright Armida stray.

E. HAMLEY.

1795.

SONNET.

Now Night's dim hours a solemn silence keep,
Save that strange sounds the startled ear assail;
And waves, slow-broken by the feeble gale,
With plaintive murmurs dash the rocky steep;
Or Watch-dog, starting from disorder'd sleep,
Bays the high moon, whose circle mild and pale,
Wrapt in a fleecy cloud's transparent veil,
Pours a faint glimmer o'er the desert deep.
The soul collected, all her tumults cease;
Her only wish, the day's vain business o'er,
To drown her cares in sweet forgetful peace:
Till fresh-ey'd morning clothes in mantle hoar
The dewy hills, and cheerful day's increase
Summons the lighten'd heart to toil once more.

E. HAMLEY.

1795.

SONNET.

Poor Steed! in whom the faint remains I trace
Of noble courage, scarce in mis'ry fled;
Though doom'd an abject tyrant's lash to dread,
And drag thy cruel load with tardy pace:
Ah! what avails thee now thy high-bred race,
Thy proudly-arching neck and stately head,
That oft with light'ning's speed triumphant led
To the warm glories of the gen'rous chace?
Of all thy faithful toils what meed is thine?
Thy thankless master, who, when stiff'ning years
Chill'd thy high blood, with sordid av'rice gave
To hard unpitying hearts thy frail decline,
Expects a happier lot: thou, doom'd to tears,
Hast thou no hopes but in the gloomy grave?

E. HAMLEY.

1795.

SONNET.

HANDEL, whose strains the captive soul command,
Oft as by life's ungrateful cares oppress
I droop, or, sorrows brooding in my breast,
The prey of speechless melancholy stand:
Rouz'd by thy solemn sounds my thoughts expand,
And ev'ry wild emotion sinks to rest;
On balmy clouds I float amid the blest,
And share the raptures of the heav'nly band.
Cold moralists! to whom sweet Music's pow'r
Is but a charm to smooth the rugged way
Of guilt: from her, reclin'd in pensive bow'r,
Oft has the Poet caught his noblest lay;
Her magic bids in many a torpid hour
The waking soul's sublimer passions play.

E. HAMLEY.

1795.

SONNET.

THOU rural source of Medway's silent stream,
By ev'ning's sober light I range along
Thy rocky banks; when now the louder song
Of day is hush'd, and Hesper's tranquil beam
Calls forth the sorrowing night-bird's tender theme
Of love and cruel loss. Here not the throng
Of noisy trade does yet thy pastures wrong;
And still they suit the lonely poet's dream:
Grateful to them, whose unambitious soul,
Far too refin'd for loud tumultuous joys,
Those empty pleasures of the vulgar great,
But asks for days, that calm and silent roll
Like thee; while no rude gust of grief annoys
Their simple course, a low, but happy state.

E. HAMLEY.

1795.

SONNET.

BY ROBERT HOLMES, M. A. * OF NEW COLLEGE, OXFORD.

HEAR, how the rural pipe of yonder mead,
From underneath the solitary thorn,
Breathes a sweet whisper to the ears of Morn.
Up to this silent lawn, O Shepherd, lead
Thy daily flocks, and wake thy matin-reed;
To Heav'n be welcome thy devout return
Of soul-felt melody—thy fertile bourne,
Purg'd of each blossom rank, and baneful weed,
For this, and doubly fed with genial dews,
Fresh from her teeming lap shall largely give
The knot-grass moist, and thyme of savor kind,
And still thy crouded folds shall richly thrive—
The bounteous Giver never will refuse
Thy purest worship, a contented mind.

1778.

* Subsequently D. D. and Professor of Poetry.

SONNET.

BY THE SAME.

MEEK bird, whose breast, as village-legends shew,
The house-hold God with ruddy-grained down
Cover'd of yore, to seal thee for his own,
Approach familiar, for the wild winds blow,
And bake with stiff'ning gust the sheeted snow—
Be thine the shelter of my hearth's warm stone,
With pulp of bruised seeds, and crumbs bestrown,
Dissolv'd in savory milk: no secret foe
Doth lurk, where Pity dwells—with eyes of love
More fond, I hail thy visit at my doors,
And mix the morsels for so sweet a guest,
Then when at morn th' imperial bird of Jove
Full in my view on sturdy pennon soars,
Braving with stedfast ken the blaze of th' East,

1778.

SONNET.

BY THE SAME.

WELCOME, propitious Eve, thy breathing hour,
When Twilight scatters from her humid wing
Prolific freshness on the buds of spring—
From the sweet cup of each exhausted flow'r,
Salubrious incense on my spirit pour
That sickens at the world, whose dissonant ring
Jars on my wounded ear, till timely sing
Thy soothing Nightingales—from yon lone tower,
His shelter from the broad tumultuous day,
Steals forth with me the sober bird of Night,
Beating with secret wing the shadows pale—
Oft shall he meet me, when the garish light
Declines, and faded into solemn gray
To silence leaves the dim unpeopled vale.

1778.

SONNET.

BY THE SAME.

Go, tuneful Lark, on quiv'ring pinions borne
To dewy-bosom'd skies, and win thy way
Up to Heav'n-gate, while now the young-ey'd Day
Peeps underneath the veiling lids of Morn,
With warble sweet of early notes to warn
The ling'ring Sun—then, as thy liquid lay
Steals softly o'er the mountain-summit gray,
Thy mate, light-tripping on the grassy bourne,
Shall listen to thy song with amorous ear,
And hail thee to her bosom—O might I,
Emulous of thee, an equal favour win!
I would awake my tender minstrelsy,
And whisper sweetest music to my Fair,
Had I a mate to listen, fond as thine.

1778.

SONNET.

WRITTEN IN AN HERMITAGE.

BY THE SAME.

O Thou, whose heedless foot doth hither stray,
Begone—it is the region of Despair—
Lest the bleak mildew of the with'ring air
Hang o'er thy flight, and blast thee on thy way—
But if stern fate hath numb'd thy bosom, stay,
To fast with me on parched bread of Care
In silence, and to drink the bitter tear,
Till Death, whose shape more near, each close of day,
Strides up, and dark'ning into tenfold night,
Dilates his stature onward to my cave,
Shall strike one tenant of this lonely shade:
Then He, whom yet the Monster spares to smite,
Widow'd, shall bear his partner to the grave,
And grudge the earth, that pillows his sad head.

1778.

SONNET.

BY THE SAME.

O FOR some potent charm to stay thy wing,
O Time, whose envious haste hath half o'erfled
My length of years, while now my daily tread
Yet prints the swerd, where rosy hands of Spring
On bud of Youth refreshing incense fling;
That some few sweets, upon thy pinion shed,
Ere long may greet thee, that thy sense unfed
With prime of odour pass not, till the sting
Of venomous blight shall wound the tender core—
Meanwhile, ye Spirits of Health, sustain the shoot
With fondest hand, that no crude blast dissever
The stripling blossom from the parent-root
Too soon, e'er yet life's Zephyr breathes no more,
And Nature's lingring Sun is sunk for ever.

1778.

WINTER.—AN ELEGY.

BEGUN AT WINCHESTER SCHOOL, 1757.

BY F. N. C. MUNDY, ESQ.

FAREWELL those genial seasons of the year,
Young Spring, who fill'd with flow'rs the willing soil;
Summer, whose sun-beams nurs'd the foodful ear;
With Autumn grateful to the reaper's toil.

For lo, sad change! from yonder gathering cloud
Stern Winter wildly drives his dark array:
From the keen North the winds are piping loud,
As through the yielding woods they sweep their way.

High on a storm, with visage fierce and pale,
The barren Eurus rides; the rain descends:
Far, far resounding through the floated vale,
Its hoarse rough howls the dashing torrent sends.

Where are those rural charms that fed my eyes,
The cowslip'd meadow, and the hedge-row green?
In one wide waste the snow clad landscape lies;
And frost with withering hand deforms the scene.

I sought the copse, the joyous thrush's haunt;
For much I wish'd her melody to hear:
In vain I woo'd her to begin her chaunt,
Nor joyous thrush, nor melody was there.

In social troops the silent larks are found,
Picking with busy bill their scanty food:
Ah me, I hear the gun's destructive sound,
And the snow blushes with their harmless blood!

Sweet bird! are these the sports of reas'ning man?
Thus doth his savage hands thy songs repay,
Which bade his joys awake when spring began,
Which cheer'd in summer's heat the toilsome day?

The red-breast, wisely confident, presumes
To screen his weakness in the peopled cot;
And sweetly thankful for the scatter'd crumbs
Pays the cheap bounty with his warbled note.

Now dull and dreary wakes the tardy morn;
The sickly Sun resigns his noon-tide power;
Night comes; and Fear, of Melancholy born,
Adds a new horror to the darkling hour.

At every bush, at every sudden breeze,
Starts the lone traveller on his wilder'd way;
In his own shade a thousand deaths he sees,
And stops, and pants, and listens in dismay.

The night bird's thrice-flapp'd wing, and shriekings fell,
Denounce the pining sick man's hopeless doom;
In the hush air imperfect whispers dwell
Of Dæmons prowling through the midnight gloom.

Stone-hearted Murder bathes his sword in blood,
Rapine, foul fiend, leads forth his lawless band;
Insatiate Hunger calls amain for food;
While pale-eyed Famine howls along the land.

Where are thy haunts, O Chearfulness? the bower
Of spring no more invites thee; nor the walk
At summer's eve, beneath thy guardian power
Where late I listen'd to my Laura's talk.

Nor art thou seen within the courts of pride;
Ambition drives thy peaceful image thence:
Tho' feast, and sport, and laughter there abide,
Excess and riot pall thy nicer sense.

At length thy coy retirement have I found,
Where smokes the cottage in the shelter'd vale;
Where, whilst his rustic friends the hearth surround,
The simple swain recounts his frolic tale.

His heart is humble as the garb he wears,
Like his coarse daily food, his manners plain;
Contentment's blessing the dull season cheers,
And the storm beats upon his roof in vain.

The smiles of innocence his temper guard,
And from his threshold banish home-bred strife;
Fresh health, and honest gain his toils reward;
And one continued summer rules his life.

Learn hence, ye vain, ye idle, and ye proud,
When the dark storms of bleak misfortune lour
'Tis Virtue only can dispel the cloud
And bless with cheerfulness the wintry hour.

IMITATION OF MARTIAL.

Should these few timid lines betray
The wishes of a love-sick breast;
My sighs, dear Nancy, kind repay,
And grant the blushing fond request!
But shouldst thou slight thy lover's care,
And all his trembling suit deny;
Ah, frown not to receive his prayer!
Our incense ne'er offends the sky.
Think not thy face or shape impart
The charms that now thy power sustain;
Adorers make thee what thou art,
And give existence to thy reign.

N. B. HALHED, ESQ.

HORACE'S FIRST SATIRE MODERNIZED,

And addressed to JACOB HENRIQUES.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1762.

BY THE LATE GEORGE CANNING, ESQ.*

ADVERTISEMENT.

It is hardly necessary to apprize the attentive Reader that the honest Hebrew is by no means introduced in this Satire as a real Miser, but merely as an Actor, extremely well qualified by his comic Powers to personate the Character.

"Pray, Gentlefolks, ceafe your scoffing."—SWIFT.

PRAY tell me, friend Jacob, how comes it to pass,
That, say what we will, every man is an ass?
Against his own lot everlastingly braying,
And for change of condition still whining and praying?
The Soldier worn out with fatigues and with scars,
As he hobbles to CHELSEA, cries, "Curse on the wars!"
He envies the Merchant the ease of his gain,
As acquir'd without toil and secur'd without pain.
The Merchant at mercy of winds and of waves,
When he thinks upon war, all its dangers he braves;

* Father of the Right Hon. George Canning.

" What's in it?" he cries, " Why, you hear the bombs
thunder,
" Death relieves you at once, or you're loaded with
plunder."
The Lawyer indulging his afternoon's nap,
When he starts from his chair at his client's loud rap,
To burn all his briefs, in a rage makes a vow,
And swears by St. EDWARD—he'll follow the plough.
While the poor country Clown, dragg'd by writ to
the City,
As he gapes at the signs, cries, "O la! 'Tis so pretty!"
His eyes full of wonder he greedily feasts,
With St. PAUL'S, and the GIANTS, the BRIDGE, and
the BEASTS;
On return to his cot, 'tis his glory to tell,
How all pleasure's confin'd to the sound of BOW BELL.
But enough of examples—No more can be wanted;
That all men are grumblers, we'll now take for granted:
For to ransack each breast, where this curst spirit
lodges,
Would wear out the windpipe of ORATOR HODGES.
So, not to fatigue you with vain declamation,
I'll unfold the design of this motley relation.
Suppose then OLD JOVE should proclaim by his cryer,
'Twas his pleasure to grant all these knaves their desire,
Make the merchant a soldier, the lawyer a plowman—
Pass—presto—'Tis done. " Ha! What ails you now
man?
" What the devil! Not stir?—Give a shake to that
fellow,
" The dog has been drinking, and got himself mellow—
" 'Twould be cruel to force, and what signifies arguing?
" Now their prayers have been heard, they repent of
their bargain.

" Why such shuffling as this would provoke a Divinity!
" Ye damn'd rogues! What ye ask'd—don't ye see I'd
ha' gi'n it ye?
" Now—mind what I say—Should you teaze me here-
after,
" Your prayers will be only received with horse-laugh-
ter."
But, joking apart, for you'll say 'tis beguiling—
Yet I know not that truth ever suffer'd by smiling;
Nay, a laugh gilds a pill, makes it sweeter to swallow,
Your dry stuff won't be read, were it writ by APOLLO;
Even schoolmasters teach us—and who can be grimmer?
Don't they lecture their boys from a gingerbread prim-
mer?
However, good Sir, as you seem to look serious,
And my subject begins to grow somewhat mysterious;
Come, curl up your whiskers, and stroke down your
beard—
Right—for sober discussion we now are prepar'd.
To return to our soldier, our plowman, and trader,
Not forgetting their worthy companion the pleader;
Though at first sight they differ so widely, yet rot 'em!
I find the same principle rules at the bottom;
Put the question home to 'em with sense and discretion,
And, my life to a *Blank*, you'll obtain a confession,
That with patience all perils and toils they engage,
To provide in the spring for the winter of age.
" Well, and prudently thought on! Oh! Bravo!"
cries JACOB—
Fair and softly—Now you shall the argument take up;
By debating the point we may both become wiser:
Come, I'll be OLD FLACCUS, while you play the MISER.

JACOB.

Of industry's cares, if an instance you want,
I can furnish you soon—Cast your eyes on the ANT,

To human endeavours a quickening example,
Her form how minute! yet her labours how ample!
Incessant in toil, all around see her scrape,
Then bear off the burden to add to her heap;
The man who is wise will pursue her good maxim,
Though the idle and thoughtless with avarice tax him.

AUTHOR.

Well mov'd, DOCTOR SQUARETOES! Ha, old ANNO DOMINI!
I see you regard these affairs with no common eye.
But hark you, my friend—To avoid all delusion,
Your memoirs of the ANT we must bring to conclusion;
In our sense of her work not a tittle we vary,
So the *quomodo's* granted—but now for the *quare*;
You've describ'd her task nobly, mark the end on't as well—
When winter comes on she keeps snug in her cell;
There, unlocking her storehouse, regales on each dainty,
So, while misers are starving, she revels in plenty.
Thus you see your comparison breaks in the middle,
Like SAM BUTLER's old tale of the Bear and the Fiddle;
For the wretch, who by MAMMON's curst magic is taken,
Can no more touch his treasure than you can touch Bacon;
In his toil to the ANT you may justly compare him,
For no pain can deter, and no danger can scare him;
Fire and sword, sea and air, strive in vain to controul him;
All is well, so he gets but a plum to console him:
And why does he take all these pains to provide it?
Grant me patience, kind heaven!—For no end but to hide it.

JACOB.

Not so hasty, young man—If you take from the treasure,
You destroy the round sum—Then adieu to your pleasure!

AUTHOR.

Well, unless you do so, for my life I can't see
In the overgrown pile what enjoyment can be.
Suppose your JAMAICA plantation produces
Fifty hogsheads, or more, of the sugar-cane's juices;
Of all this abundance your head gives no sign,
Should you drink to excess it would ache just like mine.
You contract—Be not angry, 'tis but supposition—
To victual our fleet for the next expedition;
What slaughtering of oxen! what butchering of hogs!
Yet for your part all this might be thrown to the dogs.
To what purpose this superabundance of plenty,
When an humble beef-steak at PONTAC's can content you?
RABBI, yield up the point—A PANTHEON OF GODS
Shall never persuade me it can make any odds
Of Nature's good gifts to the temperate partaker,
If he plows forty thousand, or one single acre.

JACOB.

But the joy to see heaps of bright gold as they lie!
How they ravish the sense! how they dazzle the eye!

AUTHOR.

Ah! GREAT OFFERER OF SCHEMES! sage descendant of MOSES!
How weak prejudice here your sound judgment opposes!

If I have but enough, for that sure is the test,
Then my purse serves as well as your huge iron chest.
Should you chance to be thirsty, and chuse to drink water,
With a jug to the THAMES would you send your blest DAUGHTER?
Just to boast that from London's fam'd river you quaff'd
When the good pump of ALDGATE might answer your draught.
Besides that 'tis needless, there's danger attending,
Lest, while o'er the river's frail bank you are bending,
The swoln torrent it's channel should cease to obey,
And, o'erwhelm'd by its rage, sweep you headlong away.
But he, who content to the spring can repair,
May satisfy nature, unruffled by care;
Its clear silver streams, unpolluted with mud,
Run bubbling along, nor e'er rise to a flood;
The beverage is wholesome—do but try it—you'll find
It gives health to the body, and peace to the mind.
To a GOSLING these figures might call for explaining,
But with half an eye, JACOB, you'll spy out my meaning.
I know 'tis a maxim receiv'd in CHANGE-ALLEY,
(But their scales with my standard sure never will tally)
That nothing but wealth without measure can raise you,
For—the sum you are worth—at so much they appraise you.
Why these people are mad—VOLUNTEERS for a mad-house—
Ah JONATHAN's! JONATHAN's! thou art a sad house!
By one single sentence thy mystery's explor'd—
"TRUTH AND JUSTICE ARE LAUGH'D AT AND MAMMON ADOR'D."
For a frenzy like this what relief do we know?
Son of ISAAC! 'twould baffle the art of MONRO.

Let the wretches proceed then without molestation,
Since they chuse to be damn'd—let them go to damnation.
I remember a griping old LOMBARD-STREET BANKER,
Whose heart was eat up by this gold-loving canker;
His fraud and oppression so flagrant became,
Men, women, and children detested his name;
Mobs with hisses pursued if he stirr'd from his portal,
Yet hear the consolement of this wretched mortal;
" Let them cat-call and hiss as they will," cries old HUNKS,
" So their hisses and cat-calls invade not my trunks;
" There my GOD lies enshrin'd, when his radiance I spy,
" Heaven's angels are not half so happy as I."
Perhaps you may never have heard of the story
Of poor master Tantalus—here 'tis before you—
Tormented with hunger and thirst, tho' his board
With delicate dainties was always well stor'd,
As he stretch'd forth his hand still they flew from the table—
What the Devil! old GRIPUS, you laugh at the fable!
Consider it closely, then laugh if you can—
Let the name be but alter'd and THOU ART THE MAN.
In miserly dotage you brood o'er your bags,
Your food is a crust, and your cloathing is rags;
For your curst MOLTEN IDOL your reverence is such,
Tho' with rapture you gaze, yet you dare not to touch;
Nay I hear you cry out, in the rage of devotion,
" Blasphemer! there's sacrilege even in the notion."
Would you know the true use of your wealth? Why I'll tell you—
Your back calls for cloaths, and for food calls your belly;

First grant their petitions, then look to your neighbours,
Merit often neglected in indigence labours;
Many species of woe claim the rich man's attention,
Some seek for redress, and some for prevention;
In relieving these wants be your riches employ'd,
What before lay quite useless will then be enjoy'd.
Come, come, my good friend, be your notions enlarg'd—
For to sit up all night with your blunderbuss charg'd,
Ready prim'd, ready cock'd—with your eye on the latch—
If a mouse scrape the wainscot, to cry out, "Watch! "Watch!"
To dread murderers and thieves—nay each newsman that's passing,
Think each servant a spy, and each slave an assasin—
Are these all the blessings by wealth to be got?
Then be quiet and poverty ever my lot.

JACOB.

Fine talking indeed! But talk's a deceiver—
Suppose you're laid up with an ague or fever;
Then, my pennyless friend, not a soul will come near you,
But if solid Rouleaus fill your chest never fear you!
To deny you assistance what heart is so cruel?
A PEER OF THE REALM shall prepare you your gruel;
Physicians are jostling night and day on your staircase,
The public feel for you as if it were their case,
The news-writers wait to make known with impatience,
You're restor'd by kind Heaven to your friends and relations.

AUTHOR.

Friends, thou wretch! thou hast none—thy relations
all flee thee,
Wife and children with pleasure at TYBURN would see
thee;
Thou art hooted and hissed at where'er thou can'st
turn thee,
And all thy good neighbours in effigy burn thee.
How canst thou give way to this fatal delusion!
You pay court to your gold—I admire your conclusion.
Your money engrosses your only regard,
Yet th' esteem of mankind is to be your reward!—
Have seventy-nine years made the Patriarch no wiser?
Can JACOB's grey hairs want a beardless adviser?
A hawk never yet was the sire of a dove,
So kindness must still be the parent of love.
If you think to preserve all your kinsfolk's affection
Without mutual returns—you'll destroy the connection;
Tho' nature does her part, yet you must do your's,
Or order and harmony soon fly your doors;
By closing the purse-strings to hope it effected,
Is the damnablest scheme thou hast ever projected;
Just as wisely you might on an ass get a-straddle,
And bet fifty to one you keep firm in the saddle.
But, for God's sake, fix somewhere a bound to your
craving,
Nor go on thus for ever still griping and saving;
As you labour and add every day to your store,
Shall your terror of starving encrease more and more?
Name your sum—and resolve, when you've reach'd to
the mark,
No longer to toil like a mole in the dark.
Beware of the fate of old FESCUE, the Frenchman,
Who himself under ground with his gold did intrench,
man!

Oh! there think what horrors the caitiff surround!
Alive self-entomb'd! no retreat to be found!
Death's horrible jaws open'd wide to receive him!
In vain he cries out to his gold to relieve him!
The base earth-born IDOL, sole end of his cares,
Is blind to his weeping, and deaf to his prayers.
Thus, curst with the enjoyment of all his desires,
In the arms of his god he blaspheming expires.

JACOB.

What then? would you have me enroll'd with the martyrs,
Who are sacrific'd nightly to IDOLS at ARTHUR'S?
Or boldly advance on the turf with Sir JAMES?

AUTHOR.

Hold, Hold, Sir—defend not your cause by extremes;
Tho' I think it a scandal too far to extend thrift,
Conclude not from thence that I honour a spendthrift.
Must you never taste flesh 'cause forbid to eat pork?
Can't you hit on a mean between ****** and *****?
There's a medium in all things; the line that divides
Points out the right path; error lies at the sides.
But let us be candid. Is none but the Miser
A slave to his fears? Pray are other folks wiser?
If we cast our eyes round, and regard every station,
We see nought but confusion, disgust, and vexation;
Each man after some untried blessing is panting,
And, all else possess'd, still that something is wanting?
Pressing forward with eyes pointed eager, he's blind
To the crowd of poor wretches that hobble behind;
He counts not the numbers whose fortune's inferior,
Nor can e'er be content while he sees a superior.

Thus you've seen at NEWMARKET—that fair field of fame,
Where my lord and his groom to all eyes are the same—
When o'er the green turf the swift race-horses fly,
On the foremost each jockey still rivets his eye,
While he only regards with contempt and with laughter,
The batter'd old jade that comes stumbling on after.
Hence, at Life's various feast, we shall hardly be able
To point out one guest rising pleas'd from the table;
We may just as soon see, by your patriot cares,
Peace establish'd through EUROPE for ninety-nine years.
Now adieu, my friend JACOB—I'll close up my case-book,
Lest you think I've purloin'd some old DUTCH common-place book.

IMITATION OF MARTIAL.

THE nurse and parson both retir'd,
The doctor took his parting fee:—
All thought Hunks actually expir'd,—
All knew he left his wealth to me.

Yet he reviv'd, for one half hour;
Espous'd his wench, avow'd her son;
Gave him a fortune, her a dower,
And left me—utterly undone.

N. B. HALHED, ESQ.

To ———.

Oh! banish far those anxious sighs!
And dry, my fair, those tearful eyes:
Thus while we love, while thus we live,
Heaven must our truant joys forgive!
Not by the tye that fails to bind
A perjur'd murmuring race, confin'd;
Us, freedom gay, and mild delight,
In tenderest constancy unite.
I love, because to love—I will;
And free to choose, shall love thee still.
But—'tis the temper of my soul
To spurn Compulsion's base controul:
Once led, like other fools! to say
" I'll love thee to life's latest day!"—
From that dull moment, I confess,
I should begin to love thee less!
True though my heart, yet can I swear
That *always* thou wilt triumph there?
Since looks, and thoughts, and feelings change,
From thee that *nothing* shall estrange?
Grateful, that now the passing hour
We still can snatch from Sorrow's power,
Delighted live—Time may the term
Of all our pleasures long confirm!
Delighted live! nor seek to know,
While blest, anticipated woe.

P. L. C.

AUG. 29, 1804.

STANZAS.

On receiving a Pair of Garters from my Sister, which she knit, during a long Confinement by Sickness—1766.

BY F. N. C. MUNDY, ESQ.

To me, nor trifling, nor of common worth,
Are these dear pledges of a sister's love;
A sister more in friendship than by birth:
Nor may this lesson uninstructive prove.

That she, whose life its youthful journey ran
Free from the follies of such days as these,
Gentle and meek as when that life began,
Ne'er form'd a wish but to oblige and please.

That she could live unenvied tho' admired
(Such blessing such humility attends!)
By men approved, 'twas all her heart desir'd:
And tho' a woman, women were her friends;

That she, (such trials here the virtuous find)
Now worn by sickness, and by pain oppress'd,
Sustains th' afflictive shock with hopes resign'd;
A tortured body, but a mind at rest;

That she, while this poor chamber is her all,
Can o'er its little world diffuse a smile;
Bid Industry arise within its wall,
And with these tasks the hour of pain beguile.

The cloister'd nun, who, scorning earthly joys,
To God her thoughts devotes, her time, her heart,
Thus the few moments stolen from prayer employs,
And thus excells in piety and art.

FROM THE GREEK OF

LEONIDAS OF TARENTUM.

BY THE LATE REVEREND GILBERT WAKEFIELD.

Ah! dear hapless boy, art thou gone?
Sole support of my languishing years!
Hast thou left thy fond mother alone
To wear out life's evening in tears?

To forsake me thus old and forlorn,
E're thy youth had attain'd its gay bloom!
Thy sun was scarce risen at morn,
When it set in the night of the tomb.

Alas! the fresh beam of the day
Happy mortals with thankfulness see;
But I sicken, O Sun! at thy ray:
It brings sadness and wailing to me!

Oh! might the dear child but return,
From despair his lost mother to save!
Or might I but share in his urn!
Might I flee in his arms to the grave!

WRITTEN IN 1790,

DURING AN AUTUMN SPENT IN TOWN.

UNPASTORAL fate! condemn'd to bear
Town, and its noise, its dust, its care,
In this best season of the year,
When Autumn holds her sway!
Sweet Autumn! friendly to the Muse,
In vain dost thou thy tints diffuse,
Thine evening sun—no rural views
To court its parting ray.

Nought but the mansions of the great,
Windows of gloom and walls of state,
The proud inhospitable gate
Whose hinges slowly move;
(Slow as when wretches urge their plea,
And Av'rice grasps its scanty fee)
Autumn, are scenes like these for thee?
Thee whom the Virtues love!

Oft' I recall thy social feast,
No russet-garb excludes the guest,
And Plenty in her golden vest
Smiles on the sun-burnt train.
Music perchance may tune the reed,
And Grace some loose-robed damsel lead
Round the tall oak or verdant mead,
Though bred on lowliest plain.

How changed the group! a wrangling throng
Jostle with many a curse along,
Squabbling for places loud and strong
In sultry streets at noon;
To see some mortal, plump and wise,
Cram in a quart his portly size,
Walk o'er the Thames, or tempt the skies
In the new-found balloon.

Far off the tufted hill, and far
The glimpse of village steeple there,
Chiming its single bell for prayer;
Far off the simple scene
Dear to the simple heart—the glade
That meeting boughs o'erspread with shade,
And the low bench for converse made
With vista down the green.

S. W.

IMITATION OF MARTIAL.

A WEIGHTY lawsuit I maintain;
—'Tis for three crab-trees in a lane.
The trees are mine there's no dispute,
But neighbour *Quibble* crops the fruit.
My counsel *Bawl*, in studied speech,
Explores, beyond tradition's reach,
The laws of Saxons and of Danes;
Whole leaves of Doomsday book explains;
The origin of tithes relates,
And feudal tenures of estates;
If now you've fairly spoke your all,
—One word about the crab-trees, *Bawl!*

N. B. HALHED, ESQ.

ELEGY.

Written when a long Course of Ill Health threatened the Author with a Consumption,—1762.

BY F. N. C. MUNDY, ESQ.

WHERE now are all my golden hopes of youth?
Youth, nor its hopes are mine, for Health is fled:
On my green years Disease hath fix'd her tooth,
And Sickness bows like Age my vanquish'd head.

Slow on my life the secret mischief preys,
Numbs my sunk soul: my manly spirit dies;
The hand of Melancholy marks my days,
And Joy with all his blythe attendants flies.

No more with shouts I rouse the slumbering morn,
The life, the leader of the hunter train:
The young, the bold, obey the sprightly horn,
But leave me fainting on the couch of pain.

At noon my short and cheerless day begins;
My friends in silence croud the foodful board;
No mirth of mine their pleased attention wins;
No life to me the circling cups afford.

Gay shines the ball and Pleasure leads the dance;
But moping Solitude attends me there;
No sparkling eye invites me to advance;
Nor Wit, nor Beauty, hath for me an ear.

On me, sad picture of man's woeful state,
On me the stranger casts his eager eye;
Reflection points his own uncertain fate;
And as he turns he heaves the selfish sigh.

Fair was my morn of life, and to my view
Blazed the full prospect of unmix'd delight;
Ah, dreary change! at noon the tempest blew:
—Yon blackening clouds denounce a sudden night.

Hence with the triumph of the strong and gay!
To the same certain end our lives will run:
Mine the short course of one poor wintery day;
They boast a lengthen'd, but a setting sun.

To ——

Smile not thus, ador'd deceiver!
Since those eyes if right I read,
They to me—no unbeliever!—
Preach of love's ensnaring creed.
Smile not thus, ador'd deceiver!

Smile, yet smile, O sweet deceiver!
Though my soul with anguish bleed,
Still must I—too fond believer!—
Kneel to love's enslaving creed.
Smile then, smile, O sweet deceiver!

F. L. C.

LINES

For the ANNIVERSARY *of the* LITERARY FUND,

MAY 8, 1806.

BY HENRY JAMES PYE, ESQ.

WHEN thro' the air the thundering tempest roars,
And earth rebellows from her farthest shores,
Tho' the rude tempest with destructive blow,
Scathe the proud oaks that shade the mountain brow,
The laurel, sacred to the brave and wise,
Dares with unblasted leaf the angry skies;
O may this Isle with either laurel grac'd,
Mighty in arms, and arbitress of taste,
Still mock the bolts by wild ambition hurl'd,
Herself unhurt amid a warring world!
Much could the Muses sing of Albion's fame,
Her dauntless chiefs, her unextinguish'd flame,
Nor would she, while the note of praise she hears,
Check the proud Pæan with her flowing tears.
Untry'd in war, in youth's first opening bloom,
When promis'd worth meets an untimely tomb,
Weeping the harvest spoil'd of future hours,
The sorrowing virgin strews the hearse with flow'rs;
Sad the funereal rite like that of yore
When young Marcellus pass'd by Tiber's shore.
But when the Spartan King with patriot pride,
Stemming of inroad's flood the enfuriate tide,
Press'd in his country's cause the crimson plain,
His warlike few entomb'd by myriads slain—

Their blood for Freedom when the Decii shed,
For Freedom when the Theban victor bled—
The sighs a grateful people votive pay
Are lost in sounding Fame's triumphant lay;
And the dark cypress, emblem sad of Death,
Is hid, by Glory's amaranthine wreath;
Wreaths such as Britain's bleeding Conquerors bore
From Abraham's heights, and Egypt's wat'ry shore;
Such as TRAFALGAR, bending o'er the flood,
Saw god-like NELSON purchase with his blood,
While Fame, exulting, lifts his name on high,
A load-star to the youthful warrior's eye,
By which through danger, toil, and death he steers,
Where her bright guerdon deathless Glory rears.
But, ah! Britannia's victor arm in vain
Is stretch'd to rescue Europe's recreant train,
Vain is the Northern Hero's generous aid,
By timid friends and treacherous chiefs betray'd;
Gaul o'er the ravaged realms in dreadful flood,
The swelling torrent rolls of human blood;
While the fell scene of unresisted strife
Robs weeping Britain of her Patriot's life,
From disappointed Hope he turns his eyes,
And, mourning Albion's woes, for Albion dies.
O you, for whom this generous band prepares
Balm for your wounds, and solace for your cares;
Ye sons of Science! from the dangerous art
Of specious sophistry, O shield the heart:
With visionary schemes which charm the mind,
"Yet shut the gates of Mercy on mankind."
While Gallia's sophists with misjudging hand,
Ideal forms of perfect systems plann'd,
Lo! from the mingled mass with wild surprize,
They see the Fiend of Power despotic rise;
See from the maniac Fury that began,
By calling Anarchy the Right of Man;

Man's real rights contemn'd with impious scorn,
By tyrants trampled, by Oppression torn.
Equality, the fool's, the madman's theme,
Now realizes Folly's frantic dream:
There,—no distinction,—where a despot waves
An iron sceptre o'er a horde of slaves,
Slaves by a ruthless tyrant's will transferr'd,
In gift or barter like the bestial herd.
Britons, to you, in this disastrous hour,
The last, best refuge of her hallow'd power,
Lo, Freedom calls! Each force that Heaven bestows,
Oppose a bulwark to her giant foes;
Unite, to form an adamantine bar,
The head of Science, and the arm of War,
Protect your fields, your altars, and your throne,
Its power your safeguard, and its rights your own.
And should—but Heaven avert it!—should the cloud
Of dark Oppression vanquish'd Europe shroud;
Still on these shores may wondering nations see
One Monarch happy, and one People free!

IMITATION OF MARTIAL.

"To hear old Martha wheeze and cough,
"To see her spit and drivel,
"A child would say she's going off
"Tantivy to the Devil."

—Be not too sanguine, honest John!
Your wife's a precious treasure:
She knows you long to see her gone,
And shams to give you pleasure.

N. B. HALHED, ESQ.

THE DAWN OF MY PEACE.

BY LAURA SOPHIA TEMPLE.

My youthful hours are almost past,
But not one joy has grac'd them;
I weep to think they fly so fast,
And yet I strangely waste them.

The sport of ev'ry vain desire,
Of bubbles how unmeaning!
Form'd virtue deeply to admire,
And yet to weakness leaning.

How have I fritter'd life away
In wild and idle dreaming—
How is my fancy prone to stray
Thro' worlds with falsehood teeming!

Fair Hope, that syren! young and gay,
My heart was wont to cherish:
But if she win again the sway,
That instant may I perish!

And Friendship too hath sweetly sung,
Charming my soul to gladness,
And Oh! that soul hath sorely wrung,
Leaving it nought but sadness.

Love too hath dash'd my bloom of years
With many a cup of sorrow—
A wand'rer thro' this vale of tears,
I've hail'd the grave's dark morrow.

Yes, I have long'd for that deep rest,
The Sabbath of the weary,
For to this sad dejected breast
All was o'ercast and dreary.

The rosy smile of waking light
Awak'd me not to pleasure,
And with the thick descending night
Return'd my grief's full measure.

But what avails it to be sad?
The Fates may yet befriend me,
And if my lot should still be bad
Patience her garb shall lend me.

And Reason too, with look severe,
Shall curb the throb of feeling,
Whilst gentle Peace—companion dear!
Shall on me pour her healing.

EXETER, DEC. 12, 1805.

TO A DAUGHTER

SUFFERING FROM A SEVERE CALAMITY

To him whose book of life is almost read,
Whom some few leaves will close among the dead,
Misfortune comes with its severest blow;
Hope shines no more, but with its faintest glow.
But still to Youth, the loveliest boon of Heaven,
Shall many a splendid ray of light be given;
And if the heart with keenest anguish bleeds,
The gentle anodyne of Time succeeds;

The landscape opes again with fragrant bowers,
Spring after Spring awakes its fairest flowers;
And Hope, and Joy, and Rapture, in the train,
Will beam on Youth, nor always beam in vain.

Then cheer, dear girl, once more the languid eye,
And view this chequered life with constancy:
Still much remains, thy future hours to bless,
And Heaven implor'd, may yet give happiness:
Religion first presents her sacred balm
Of holy faith, the troubled soul to calm:
Parental fondness with unceasing care
Is still at hand, thy grief to sooth and share:
Friendship on every side, with placid smiles
Or sympathetic tear, thy woe beguiles;
Nor will the Muses e'er be wooed in vain,
When call'd by Genius in the hour of pain;
Then may this day, my Jane, that gave thee birth,
Transport thy soul beyond the cares of earth;
Prepare thy nobler faculties to rise
By progress due, and fit thee for the skies!
Oh! that my wish, my ever-fervent prayer,
Might guard thy future hours from grief and care!
Then should no cloud obscure the balmy sky,
But hour on hour should pass extatic by.
But, ah! thou knowest the wish is weak and vain,
Nature must weep, and sorrow will complain.
Yet, in its orb, the next revolving year
With scenes more gay and cheerful may appear;
The tear may check, the rising sigh suspend,
Begin with smiles, with tranquil visions end.

W. BELOE.

PROLOGUE

NG JOHN, *acted at Reading School, October* 14, *and* 16, *Written by* H. J. PYE, *Esq. Spoken by Valpy, in the Uniform of the Reading Association, mpliment to the Berkshire Volunteers reviewed by Majeſty on Bulmarsh Heath.*

GHT our scene from British annals shews
ritish warriors brav'd their country's foes,
er their hardy bands with martial toil
he proud Gaul upon his native soil,
his ravag'd plains and prostrate tow'rs
triumphant march their conqu'ring pow'rs,
their own insulted fields defied
ielming deluge of Invasion's tide.
Muse dramatic, with an angel's tongue
ms the ills from civil Discord sprung.
ound by Union, ENGLAND's heroes stand
of each wave-worn shore and hostile land,
varp'd by faction—sunk, dismay'd—they mourn
airest wreathes by foreign inroad torn—
e this truth on ev'ry English breast
nantime characters impress'd,
England never did, and never shall,"
a victor foe's inglorious thrall,
own sons seduc'd, by Faction's sound,
her heart the parricidal wound.
scenes of happier omen—England draws
in their Monarch's and their country's cause,)

From rural toil, and life's domestic charms,
Her native swains to voluntary arms.
Ye heaths of Bulmarsh—hail! for you have seen
Th' embattl'd Sons of Berkshire tread your green,
When ev'ry hill and dale and verdant plain
Pour'd in refulgent arms a gallant train,
From Windsor's royal tow'rs that stand on high,
Illustrious seat of blazon'd chivalry,
To the green vale where Isis' waters flow,
And, distant Faringdon, thy humbler brow;
Each manly bosom, kindling with delight,
Proud to appear in George's fav'ring sight;
And see the gen'rous Patriot, who presides
O'er Britain's Senate, and it's Council guides,
Now shining in the radiant van, prepar'd
Those rights, which Freedom gave, by arms to guard.
Say, shall not Reading shed the heartfelt tear,
When Deane lies stretch'd on the untimely bier,
Whose gen'rous soul, by patriot zeal inspir'd,
With kindred warmth her brave defenders fir'd,
Whose prompt affection to his country's cause,
Adorn'd her morals and maintain'd her laws.
O let his bright example, deep impress'd,
To deeds of honour rouse each manly breast.
Then, Britain, launch thy Navies on the main,
Send forth thy warriors to the hostile plain,
To rescue, from Oppression's iron hand,
Batavia's shore and Egypt's watr'y strand;
Since with united zeal thy valiant swains
Stand firm protectors of their native plains,
While Britain's Monarch, by the tyrant fear'd,
By Virtue lov'd, by Liberty rever'd,
Sees his triumphant banner wide unfurl'd
The blest palladium of a rescued World.

THE DEATH OF JOSHUA.

CHILDREN of Israel! Death, with torpid hand,
Chills the slow current of your chieftain's blood;
Draw near—attend with awe the last command
Of him who knows your God—the great—the good!
List to that voice, whose shout amid the war
So oft has fill'd the hostile host with dread,
When Anak's giant offspring hid their head,
When Canaan fled afar.
Tho' now by age unstrung, its feeble sound
Yet still it breathes for you. Friends—children—gather round!

So Joshua spake; intent, around,
The assembled nation caught the guardian sound,
Silent in pious grief.
And many a bosom heav'd the sigh,
And swoln with tears was many an eye,
For well they lov'd the Chief.
Alone untrembling, and serene,
The aged warrior's face was seen,
A milder fire illum'd his fading eyes;
Mild as the dim-decaying ray,
When faintly o'er the evening skies
Beams the last radiance of departing day.

Friends, who beneath my banners oft have pour'd
On Canaan's impious chiefs red slaughter's tide;
When, clad in terrors, the Almighty Lord
Call'd forth his storms, and blasted tyrant pride:
Still from the God of gods protection crave,
When Joshua's nerveless arm shall moulder in the grave.

Nor deem the high-heap'd votive pile,
Eternal Justice can beguile;
Or victim smoke in mantling mist can hide
The secret crimes that stain the heart,
Each lawless lust and self-deceiving art,
From him whose energy, dilated wide,
Spreads thro' unbounded space its sovereign sway,
Where, drown'd in darkness, dies yon sun's exhausted ray.

What time amid the land where pours the Nile
Far o'er the plain his fertilizing flood,
Oppression rear'd his gore-cemented pile,
Your fathers bow'd opprest,
And terror wither'd each hope-widow'd breast;
Then stretch'd Jehovah forth th' almighty hand,
And Nilus roll'd a tainted tide of blood;
And darkly-brooding o'er the land,
CONTAGION, with her blasting breath,
Breath'd o'er the king-curst realm the gales of Death.

Calm on his couch reclines the tyrant king,
And tranquil as the sleep of Innocence!
At once in loud and frantic cry,
The midnight shrieks of agony
Burst on his startl'd sense:
For now in darkness, on the whirlwind's wing,
The angel of destruction rides along!
The monarch hangs, in anguish wild,
Low o'er the blasted carcase of his child.

He wakes to rage—the despot's force,
Israel! pursues thy heavenly-guided course;
Where God restrain'd th' obedient sea,
Rush'd Pharoah's impious army swoln with pride.
The impetuous tide
Burst then its magic boundary;
On roll'd the stream, with gather'd waters strong,
And steeds and chiefs, in death commingled, float along.

Power all benignant! still thine aid
To Israel's chosen sons display'd,
Demands the choral song of Gratitude;
When in the desert wastes they stray,
And Famine follow'd on the perilous way,
Thy goodness gave the food:
The bread of Heav'n descends, on fated wing
The airy tribe to Israel fly;
And when for thirst to thee they cry,
From the hard rock gush'd forth the abundant spring.

Nor then was known Jehovah's power
Alone in Want's despondent hour:
The Eternal's might directs the fight;
Where the fierce Anak in the battle led,
And Og gigantic died, and Canaan fled.

In Jericho's strong towers, th' insulting foe
Our hallowed host defied;
For firm her walls, and firm on every side
The frequent fort arose:
Six days secure, on Jericho's high wall,
They saw the ark in mystic circle borne,
And mock'd the sacred rites. The sabbath morn
Arose, and now again the foe
Beheld where Israel's warriors, still and slow,
In seven-fold circle past.
At once they paus'd—a long and louder blast

The trumpets pour'd—a deep and general cry
Join'd the loud blast in dreadful harmony;
Earth heav'd her bosom with convulsive throe,
And prone, with all her towers and chiefs, fell Jericho.

God is with ye, O Israel! fear not ye,
Tho' Slaughter, in his regal car,
Lead on his barbarous bands to war;
Tho' chiefs allied on every side
Encircle—God shall give the victory.
Remember, when the orbs of Heaven stood still!
Remember, when my voice forbade the night
To shield the vanquish'd tyrants in their flight!
In vain they hid them then;
The darksome cave then fail'd to save,
The eye of Vengeance pierc'd the secret den,
They met their doom deserv'd; denied a grave,
To all the winds of Heaven their loathly bodies wave.

But though the trump of war no more affright,
Fly the soft enticing measure,
From the magic lute of pleasure;
Fly the soft sounds deceitful of delight:
For thro' your veins th' enerving charm shall creep,
Drowning each nobler thought in Vice's deadly sleep.

These foes avoid—my children fly
The dimpling smile—the languid eye—
The languid eye, whose liquid roll
Thrills thro' the fascinated soul.
Fly the soft touch—the soul-subduing sight—
Israel—conquer here by flight.

Go, Israel, break th' oppressor's rod,
And fight and conquer in the cause of God.

ODE.

BY MR. SHAW.

THE measure of twelve years at last,
O gentle youth, thy age attains;
And the long season now is past
Of infant life, and infant pains.
The sullen shadows are withdrawn,
Whose darkness could obscure the dawn;
Now bright shines forth the morn;
Health prints thy bold steps on the green,
And opening fair the flowers are seen
That thy young breast adorn.

O, while fresh youth glows on thy cheek,
And purer blood thy veins inspires,
Go, and each sprightly pleasure seek
That most thy sportive age requires.
Now urge the ball, now with bold hand
Aspire the proud steed to command,
That sweeps the sounding plain;
Now bend the bow with graceful pride,
Or with strong arm the wave divide,
First of the youthful train.

The Muses shall not long delay
Thy steps more favour'd to surround;
To lead thee to their groves away,
Where songs from silver harps resound.
Led by the Muses, thou shalt rove
Delighted through the magic grove,

And see fair forms divine,
And hear celestial music breathe,
While round thy youthful brow a wreath
Of flowers the Muses twine.

Thine is life's chearful morning ray;
And taught what care attends its noon,
We may not too impatient pray
That the fair morn may pass too soon.
Now like the gay birds on the wing,
That play amidst the beams of spring,
With heart too light for sorrow,
Like them thou sportest in thy May,
Pleas'd with the sunshine of to-day,
And careless of to-morrow.

The days of life thou yet wilt know,
Too oft no certain tenor keep;
But like the river stream they flow,
Which, as it journeys to the deep,
Now clear with floods untroubled glides,
Now rolls more vext in darker tides,
Where rocks oppose its haste,
Now winds thro' fields and meadows gay,
And now pursues its joyless way
Along the lonely waste.

O may thy days unruffled glide
In smoothest stream, thou gentle boy!
Most like the Thames, whose passing tide
Has oft beheld thy infant joy.
Serenely clear the Thames is seen,
While now it strays thro' valleys green,
Now visits princely towers,
And as the wave steals gently down,
The streams enrich the busy town,
And bless the shepherd's bowers.

1776.

An Epistle *to Miss* Sarah Fowler, *with Rousseau's New Eloise.*

BY MICHAEL WODHULL, ESQ.

Cease, loveliest Nymph, to ask which wings the dart
Of surest aim to pierce the bleeding heart;
If Pallas' wit or Cytherea's charms
Bestow a keener edge on Cupid's arms:
O born with Beauty's cestus to controll
The stubborn heart; with elegance of soul
Worthy a Claren's famed Platonic grove,
Accept this legend of disastrous love.
If in these scenes of philosophic thought,
By Passion colour'd and by Genius wrought,
Where filial duty, penitential shame,
Can reinstate a more than virgin fame;
Where Honor scorns the mean constraint of art,
And Friendship acts an unsuspecting part;
Haply the Fair, in whose pure breast we find
Each emanation of the noblest mind,
While Youth's gay season prompts, in mid career,
Just linger ere she reach high Virtue's sphere,
Her faults (nor frown, ye puritanic race)
Slight as the spots on Cynthia's clouded face,
The wise, the good, the generous, will forgive,
Pity her woes, and bid her memory live.

Like his own Alps; where all around is great,
And rifted fragments threat in horrid state;
To scatter plenty o'er the meads below,
From whose huge top the Rhone's swift eddies flow;
Meanwhile the shepherd whom his fate ordains
To tend the flock on those sequester'd plains,
Charm'd with the prospect of the various scene,
Reclines enraptur'd on the flowery green;
And when kind Morpheus seals his wearied eyes,
Fresh to his soul the dear ideas rise;
Larger than life each object is expressed,
And still the last seems lovelier than the rest—
So Rousseau's beauties strike, now part by part,
And now collected, rush upon the heart;
Wrapt in his Julia's fortunes, while the Sage,
Who scorns the little notions of his age;
Who to the *whole of Virtue* makes his claim,
And loves the essence better than the name.
As thro' this wild instructive walk he strays,
Now flush'd with hope, now starting with amaze,
By each humane, heroic passion tost;
In a vast labyrinth of enchantments lost,
Sees a fresh rose spring from each ragged thorn,
And every blemish serve but to adorn.
Health to the shade of that illustrious dame
(If such there was); and may her injur'd fame
Obtain the palm it merits!—in a land
Where Mercy sits enthron'd, with pious hand
This unavailing wreath to shade her tomb
I consecrate,—while from its inmost gloom
Nature's resistless impulse cries aloud,
"O spare *that veil*, and reverence her shroud."
Ah me! by Phœbus this aspiring strain
Rejected, grasps its patron's knees in vain.

See Justice poize in balance too severe,
The Fair-one's doom, and, with averted ear,
O'er-weaning Sanctity her worth disown,
Clouding each ray that gilds bright Mercy's throne.
Pale with chagrin and faltering as I stand,
While the soil'd wreath deserts my feeble hand;
Strict Truth, whose mandates ever pleas'd t' obey
Low at her feet I cast this votive lay,
To sound your arduous praise, yet bids me speak,
Tho' harsh my lyre and every chord too weak:
(Nor would I shrink appall'd, tho' Envy lay
Arm'd with a thousand snakes to bar my way.)
While in Perfection's fruitless search employ'd,
In all around the Sage beheld a void;
His Julia borrow'd with an Angel's air
Slight peccadillos from the Gallic fair:
O that his wandering feet had earlier stray'd
To seek retirement in the British shade;
And in those regions where *the Graces* dwell,
Near Severn's banks had haply fix'd his cell:
With loftier images his genius fraught,
While matchless Virtue, matchless charms, he sought,
Had placed them blended in their happiest view,
And heighten'd every tint by copying you.

1766.

IMITATION OF MARTIAL.

Ann buries all her husbands, George his wives:
Their spouses pay the nuptials with their lives.
Here let them stop, and plight a mutual troth;
One common exit thus would finish both.

N. B. HALHED, ESQ.

MONODY,

To the Memory
of the
Right Hon. William Pitt.

To the surviving friends
of the
Right Hon. William Pitt,
this Poem
is inscribed
by one who knew him at an early period of life,
and has ever since
observed his brilliant career
with admiration
and affection.

His saltem accumulem donis et fungar inani
Munere—

BY W. BOSCAWEN, ESQ.

Resound, my Muse, resound the song of woe!
When Britain weeps, she bids thy sorrows flow.
Late, sadly gazing on the troubled main,
With tears she mourn'd heroic Nelson slain,

Yet mourn'd triumphant; by her glory fir'd,
In vict'ry's arms the intrepid chief expired.
But lo; where death prepares a keener dart,
To pierce more deeply still each British heart!
Amidst a nation's groans, a nation's cries,
Her STATESMAN, PATRIOT, GREAT PRESERVER, dies!

Resound, my Muse, resound the song of woe!
When Britain weeps, she bids thy sorrows flow.
Proud in her country's hope, the Muse's lay
Mark'd the first dawn of his resplendent day,
When tuneful Mason *, with prophetic fire,
Hail'd in the son each virtue of his sire.
E'en then alluring faction † spread her charms
To win the youthful patriot to her arms;
But genuine Freedom claim'd him for her own,
And bade him guard a patriot Monarch's throne.

Resound, my Muse, resound the song of woe!
When Britain weeps, she bids thy sorrows flow.
As when, oppress'd by winter's torpid power,
Languid, expiring, droops the fearless flower,
But, soon as vernal suns illume the skies,
Puts forth its sweets, displays its vivid dyes:
Thus Britain, wither'd by misfortune's blast
Mourn'd half her lustre dimm'd, her glory past,
Till Pitt's bright genius like the solar ray,
Restor'd the splendour of her name and sway.

* See Mason's Ode to the Honourable William Pitt, first published in the year 1782, and since reprinted in the third volume of his works.

† The court paid to Mr. Pitt, at his first entrance into public life, by the party then in opposition, and their attempts to enlist him into their corps, must be in the memory of all who remember those times.

Resound, my Muse, resound the song of woe!
When Britain, weeps she bids thy sorrows flow.
What new *Charybdis* * threatens to devour,
Sunk, whelm'd and lost, Britannia's fame and power?
'Tis *Debt's abyss*—Not all the wealth that pours
From western isles, or India's golden shores,
Not all the streams of commerce, can assuage
The monster's thirst, or glut her fatal rage.
'Twas Pitt alone whose well-directed zeal
From this worst foe redeem'd the public weal;
Form'd, as he borrow'd, a perennial source,
Which, year by year, augments its growing force;
Till public wealth return, and place secure
Britannia's envied power, for ages to endure.

Resound, my Muse, resound the song of woe!
When Britain weeps, she bids thy sorrows flow.
By his mild counsels won, see † Gallia pour
Her native wealth on envied Britain's shore!
Behold increasing commerce spread the sail
For every clime, and court each favouring gale!
Awhile with hostile front the nations lower ‡;
Till wreck'd Batavia owns his saving power;
Till peace, preserved with glory, deigns to smile,
And shed new lustre on his cherish'd isle.

Resound, my Muse, resound the song of woe!
When Britain weeps, she bids thy sorrows flow!

* The establishment and subsequent improvement of the sinking fund are among those acts of Mr. Pitt's life which have extorted applause from the most determined of his adversaries, and especially of Mr. Fox, who, on that subject at least, has done ample justice to his memory.

† The commercial treaty with France is here alluded to.

‡ The armament in 1787, and the consequent emancipation of Holland from her connexion with France, gained the approbation of all parties.

What heart-felt * grief Britannia's sons oppress'd!
What sighs burst forth from every loyal breast?
When, to severe disease th' unconscious prey,
While the FATHER of his COUNTRY lay:
'Twas then Ambition plumed her eagle wings,
And Faction grasp'd in hope the throne of kings,
While the base servile crew that wait her nod,
O'er Virtue's friends, exulting, shook the rod.
What statesman then, what patriot dared withstand
Firm on the breach, the bold rapacious hand?
'Twas thou, immortal Pitt!—the task was thine,
With stedfast zeal, with eloquence divine,
Serene, undaunted in the sacred cause,
To guard thy sovereign's rights, thy country's laws,
Till pitying Heaven the patriot king restored,
And "joyful nations hail'd their rightful Lord."
Resound, my Muse, resound the song of woe!
When Britain weeps, she bids thy sorrows flow.
Again † the threatening trump of war alarms;
Iberia's insults rouse our youth to arms.
Cautious, yet firm, behold the statesman steer,
Alike remote from pride or abject fear!
Resolved his country's glory to maintain,
Assert her rights, yet soothe repentant Spain;
His vigour awe'd, his mildness won the foe,
And gain'd the conquest, yet withheld the blow.
Resound, my Muse, resound the song of woe!
When Britain weeps, she bids thy sorrows flow.

* The reader need scarcely be told that the first illness of the King, and the contest that arose respecting the intended regency, are the circumstances here meant to be described.

† Armament in 1790, on the occasion of the dispute with Spain respecting Nootka Sound.

Rapt in the scenes of horror that display
Infuriate Anarchy's resistless sway,
Scarce can the Muse record on trembling strings,
The guilt of nations, and the fall of kings,
When wrath divine to scourge a guilty age,
Bade the dire fiends of desolation rage,
And Gallia, drench'd in blood, her myriads pour,
To spread her reign, her crimes, from shore to shore.
Nor yet with open force the daring band
Assail'd the bulwarks of this envied land,
A fiend more dangerous by her specious art,
Infused her subtle venom in the heart:
Delusive sophistry! thy flattering guile
Who dar'd expose *? at all thy efforts smile?
Who bade our minds above thy empire soar?
The great, the illustrious statesman, now no more!
Resound, my Muse, resound the song of woe!
When Britain weeps, she bids thy sorrows flow.
Foil'd in their arts, when Gallia's savage train
Enrag'd, defied us to th' embattled plain,
Our troops †, though oft deserted and alone,
Ne'er stain'd their country's honour or their own;
O'er mightier bands prevailed, by glory fired,
Or prest by hosts, reluctantly retir'd.
Britain, by Pitt inspired, still fought to save,
Dauntless on land, triumphant on the wave.
What sea, howe'er remote, what hostile shore,
Heard not her dread victorious thunders roar?
Let Gaul's, Iberia's, and Batavia's coast
Proclaim her triumphs o'er each vanquish'd host;

* The resistance of Mr. Pitt to revolutionary principles, and his triumph over them, in this country, form, perhaps, the most glorious æra in his life.

† Wherever our troops were separately engaged with the enemy, and not greatly outnumbered, they invariably prevailed.

Let Nile, the far-famed Nile, whose purpled stream,
Saw deeds surpassing every poet's theme!
While heroes conquer, Pitt's still mightier soul
Pervades, directs, and animates the whole.
Resound, my Muse, resound the song of woe!
When Britain weeps, she bids thy sorrows flow.
Unhappy Erin! torn by civil broils,
Behold fierce Gallia spring to seize thy spoils!
Think'st thou, remote from Britain's sheltering care,
Peaceful and free, to breathe thy native air?
No; Gallic hordes once wafted o'er the wayes:
Thy generous sons, o'erpowered, must sink to slaves.
Oh then, revere * and bless the friendly hand.
Stretch'd forth to save a desolated land!
And see! united in the sacred cause,
Of glory, virtue, free and equal laws,
The sister isles in firm affection join;
While Wisdom's voice, with eloquence divine,
Bids every mist of error glide away,
Dispell'd, like phantoms by th' approaching day,
Such blessings, Pitt, from thy great genius flow!
Such thanks to thee the rescued nations owe.
Resound, my Muse, resound the song of woe!
When Britain weeps, she bids thy sorrows flow.
Awhile retired from active cares of state,
Private he watches o'er his country's fate;
Private not slothful; for when war returns
Bright in new arms the patriot soldier burns;

* The benefits of the Union are now, it is believed, generally, if not universally, acknowledged. How apposite was the following quotation of Mr. Pitt from his favourite author, Virgil:

"Non ego nec Teucris Italos parere jubebo,
Nec nova regna peto: paribus se legibus ambæ
Invictæ gentes æterna in fœdera mittant."

Flies to the spot where danger threatens most *,
And forms a generous band to guard our coast.
Till by the public dangers, public voice,
Recall'd, at once his King's and country's choice,
Firm he asserts their rights †, though doom'd t' oppose
His dearest friends, combined with ancient foes.
Resound, my Muse, resound the song of woe!
When Britain weeps, she bids thy sorrows flow.
Not Britain's friend alone, his mighty mind
Grasps ampler hopes, the freedom of mankind,
Aspires to curb the Gallic tyrant's sway,
And from his fell ambition wrest the prey.
At Pitt's inspiring call see myriads pour
From Russian climes and Scandinavia's shore!
Whilst in the front of danger Austria stands,
And calls her brave, but ill-directed bands.
But ah! the dread misfortunes that befell
Lost Europe's cause, what tongue, what pen can tell?
When by weak councils, recreant chiefs, betrayed,
Unhappy Austria saw her glory fade.
When, to the foeman's wiles compell'd to yield,
Russia's brave monarch sorrowing left the field,
While Britain, reckless of th' impending blow,
Still braves the menace of the victor foe.
Not from thy error ‡, Pitt! the source arose
That deluged Europe with a world of woes:

* His patriotic exertions on the Kentish coast for the defence of the country.

† The same question, on the right of the King to choose, or reject any person as minister, which had been decided by the nation in 1784, was attempted to be revived in 1804, but soon stifled by a majority in Parliament, without any necessity of recurring again to the sense of the people.

‡ The treaties and other papers produced seem to justify this opinion; but the author does not presume to anticipate the decision of Parliament.

Of wavering councils or a treacherous chief,
Not thine the guilt,—but thine (alas) the grief!
Thy hopes thus blasted, thy great purpose cross'd,
Germania ravaged, Europe's freedom lost;
All, all, conspir'd to fix th' envenomed dart,
Which rankling deep consumed thy feeling heart.

Resound, my Muse, resound the song of woe!
When Britain mourns, she bids thy sorrows flow.
Stretch'd on the bed of death, with haggard eyes,
Pale, breathless, faint, th' illustrious Statesman lies!
Where now the full-toned eloquence that charm'd,
The taste that soothed us, or the fire that warm'd?
Where now the crowds that oft, enraptured, hung
On the loved accents of that tuneful tongue?
Each, sadly waiting with an anxious mind,
Sees in *his* fate the doom of half mankind.

E'en then, for Britain, not thyself, distrest,
Thy country's weal, great Patriot! fired thy breast:
E'en then, perchance, thy soul derived one ray
Of joy, of comfort, from *Trafalgar's day*,
And by "the King of Terrors" undismay'd,
Prepared to join heroic Nelson's shade:
E'en then thy voice exclaim'd, with parting breath,
"*Oh* *, *save my country, heaven!*"—and sunk in death.

Then, sever'd from its load of mortal clay,
Thy purer spirit fled to realms of day,

* "And thou, brave Cobham! at thy latest breath,
Shalt feel thy ruling passion strong in death,
Still at that moment true to all the past,
'Oh, save my country, heaven!' shall be your last."
POPE.

How much more applicable were the above lines to the death of Mr. Pitt; whose last words (as Mr. Rose, in a speech that does him the highest honour, has attested) were "OH, MY COUNTRY!" The same gentleman is said to have declared his firm persuasion that the life of Mr. Pitt was as completely sacrificed to his country as was that of Lord Nelson.

And, freed from earthly cares, in blissful state
Dwells with "the good," and "*far above the great.*"
But shall thy deeds, thy virtues, rest alone
On sculptured forms, and mark th' unconscious stone?
No: worth so tried in British hearts shall raise
A nobler monument of deathless praise.
"Lo, here" (thus, sadly musing o'er thy tomb,
The pensive mind shall oft recal thy doom)
"Lo here the Statesman just, the Patriot pure!
"Wise to direct, and faithful to endure:
"His country's choice, when raised to envied power,
"His country's refuge in misfortune's hour,
"Wealth, title, favour, scorn'd by honest pride,
"In virtuous poverty he lived—and died."
Resound, my Muse, resound the song of woe!
When Britain weeps, she bids thy sorrows flow!
Thus the great guardian of Britannia's laws
Expired, like Nelson, in his country's cause.
And hark!—her sons another loss deplore,
With loud laments, on India's distant shore;
Where, braving sultry climes and threatening death
The great, the good, Cornwallis yields his breath:
Brave warrior! virtuous statesman! prompt t' engage
In generous public toils, from youth to age.
But lo! what fair majestic form appears,
Serene in grief, and smiling through her tears?
'Tis loved Britannia!—with benignant air
She chides the Muse, and wakes her from despair.
"Think'st thou," she cries, "the land that gave *them* birth,
Fertile in heroes, rich in patriot worth,
Shall mourn for ever in desponding strain
E'en Pitt's untimely fate, or generous Nelson slain?"

* In this respect also the great rival of Mr. Pitt has borne testimony to the purity of his character.

She bids no more "resound the song of woe;"
But let our strains with brighter prospects glow,
Tells how the statesman's honours, warrior's meed,
Shall prompt our youth to emulate each deed,
How, by their fame inspired, a glorious band
Of heroes, patriots, shall adorn the land!
"True to herself," united, free and brave,
How Britain long shall triumph on the wave;
While other Nelsons shall defend her cause,
And other Pitts arise—to vindicate her laws.

1806.

STANZAS.

How swift the pinions Time puts on
To urge his flight away!
To-day's soon yesterday; anon,
To-morrow is to-day.

Thus days, and weeks, and months, and years,
Depart from mortal view;
As sadly, through this "Vale of Tears,"
Our journey we pursue.

Yet grieve not Man that thus he flies;
He hastes thee to thy rest:
The drooping wretch that soonest dies,
Is soonest with the blest.

MILTON.

BOLE-HILL TREES

A Plantation of Sycamores, encircling a School-house and Play-ground, on a barren eminence, facing the High Moors of Derbyshire, on the one hand, and on the other overlooking a richly cultivated, well-wooded, and mountainous district; near the Seat of a Gentleman, where the Writer has spent many pleasant hours.

BY MR. MONTGOMERY.

Now peace to His ashes, who planted yon trees,
That welcome my wand'ring eye!
In lofty luxuriance they wave with the breeze,
And resemble a grove in the sky:
On the brow of the mountain, all barren and bleak,
They flourish in grandeur sublime;
Adorning his bald and majestical peak,
Like the lock on the forehead of Time.

A land-mark they rise:—to the stranger forlorn,
All night on the wild heath delay'd,
'Tis rapture to spy the young beauties of morn,
Unveiling behind their dark shade:
The homeward-bound husbandman joys to behold,
On the line of the grey evening scene,
Their branches yet gleaming with purple and gold,
And the sunset expiring between.

The maidens that gather the fruits of the moor,
As weary and fainting they roam,
Thro' the blue dazzling distance of noon-light explore
The trees that remind them of home:
The children that dwell in the valley suspend
Their sports, and in ecstacy gaze,
When they see the broad moon from the mountain ascend,
And the school-house and grove in a blaze.

Ah! sweet to my soul is that beautiful grove,
Awakening remembrance most dear;
—When lonely in anguish and exile I rove,
Wherever its glories appear,
It gladdens my spirit, it soothes from afar,
With tranquil and tender delight,
It shines thro' my heart, like a hope-beaming star
Alone in the valley of Night.

It tells me of moments of innocent bliss,
For ever and ever gone o'er;
Like the light of a smile, like the balm of a kiss,
They were—but they will be no more.
Yet wherefore of pleasures departed complain,
That leave such endearment behind?
Tho' the sun of their sweetness be sunk in the main,
Their twilight still rests on the mind.

Then peace to His ashes who planted yon trees!
Supreme o'er the landscape they rise,
With simple and lovely magnificence please
All bosoms, and ravish all eyes:
Nor marble nor brass could emblazon His fame
Like his own sylvan trophies, that wave
In graceful memorial, and whisper his name,
And scatter their leaves on his grave.

Ah! thus when I sleep in the desolate tomb,
May the laurels I planted endure,
On the mountain of high immortality bloom,
'Midst light'ning and tempest secure!
Then ages unborn shall their verdure admire,
And nations sit under their shade,
While my spirit in secret shall move on my lyre
Aloft on their branches display'd.

Hence, dream of vain glory!—the light drop of dew
That glows in the violet's eye,
In the sun-beams of morn, to a fugitive view,
May rival a star of the sky;
But the violet is pluckt, and the dew dropt is flown,
The star unextinguish'd shall shine:
Then mine be the laurels of virtue alone,
And the glory of Paradise mine.

SHEFFIELD,
JULY 25, 1807.

Criticisms.

POETRY.

MISCELLANEOUS POETRY.

Epistles, Odes, and other Poems. By Thomas Moore, Esq. 4to. pp. 341.

It is almost unnecessary to say that in this volume the lover of poetry will find much to afford him pleasure. The style of Mr. Moore is uncommonly graceful and polished, he has a happy command of language, and his versification is of the most musical kind. Nothing can be more elegant than some of the poems in this volume. It is much to be regretted that he should have admitted into it many pieces which, in a moral point of view, are strongly exceptionable.

Ballads and Lyrical Pieces. By Walter Scott, Esq. 8vo. pp. 182.

The pieces contained in this volume are so well known, and so justly admired, as to render criticism unnecessary. They were, for the greater part, originally published in the "Tales of Wonder," and the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," and they gained

for Mr. Scott the name of a poet, even before the appearance of his "Lay of the Last Minstrel." Few ballads in the English language are of equal merit with those by Mr. Scott.

The Pleasures of Love. A Poem. By John Stewart, Esq. Small 8vo. pp. 117.

"DARWIN himself he has out-Darwin'd!" Mr. Stewart appears to be an enthusiastic admirer of Dr. Darwin's style, which he imitates till his imitation absolutely becomes disgusting. It is impossible to tolerate the eternal recurrence of such expressions as "silk cheeks," "tumid nectar," "silken hair," "silk arcade," "twinkling joys," "pink lips," "fine shaft," "fine string;" or of such lines as,

"Now dip the white foot in the gelid edge."

"Soft as he prest thy cheeks so rosy fine."

This abominable affectation is the more provoking, as Mr. Stewart is certainly a man of talent. Let him choose a better model of style, and he will write what may hope to be remembered. He has very considerable descriptive powers and command of poetical language. His principles are unexceptionable.

The Birds of Scotland, with other Poems. By James Grahame. Small 8vo. pp. 248.

MR. Grahame is the author of "The Sabbath," a poem which, in our last volume, we mentioned with well-deserved commendation. "The Birds of Scotland," will not detract from his character as a poet. It contains many passages of great beauty. The other poems are not equal to it in merit; but they are, nevertheless, above mediocrity.

Wild Flowers; or Local and Pastoral Poetry. By Robert Bloomfield, Author of the Farmer's Boy, and Rural Tales. Small 8vo. pp. 132.

THOSE who have read Mr. Bloomfield's former works, and what lover of poetry has not read them, will not find their expectations disappointed by his present volume. They will be charmed by the same simplicity of style, the same happy talent of describing pastoral objects and feelings, and the same benevolence of heart, which they admired in his preceding publications. Mr. Bloomfield is, in every sense of the word, the poet of Nature.

Tales in Verse; critical, satirical, and humourous. By Thomas Holcroft. 12mo. 2 vols. pp. 331.

THE things contained in these two volumes may, perhaps, be entitled to the name of "Tales," but that they are generally "in verse," we positively deny. We affirm that they are very often neither verse nor prose. Their "critical and satirical" claims are not of a high order; and to the epithet of "humourous" they have no more claim than the multiplication table has. It is really wonderful what could induce Mr. Holcroft to publish such miserable trash.

Poetical Amusement on the Journey of Life; consisting of various Pieces in Verse; serious, theatric, epigrammatic, and miscellaneous. By William Meyler. 8vo. pp. 211.

THE first thirty five pages of Mr. Meyler's volume are occupied by "serious" pieces, which we advise the reader to pass over, as they seldom rise above me-

diocrity. In the remainder of the volume he will find much to amuse him. Mr. Meyler, when he attempts the gay, the ludicrous, or the epigrammatic style, is by no means unsuccessful. Some of his epigrams are very good; and in theatrical addresses he is far superior to the majority of his competitors. It is but just to state that Mr. Meyler is humble in his claims, even beyond what it is necessary for him to be.

English Lyrics. Third Edition. By William Smyth, Fellow of St. Peter's College, Cambridge. Small 8vo. pp. 149.

This little volume contains two parts, the first of which was originally published in 1797; the second, with the exception of a few poems, which appeared in the Metrical Miscellany, is new. It is difficult to account for the circumstance of these English Lyrics having passed through only three editions in nine years. They deserve a rapid sale much better than many volumes which have obtained it. The reputation of Mr. Smyth, however, will be a durable one, and to a man with a mind like his, this is sufficient. We recommend his volume to the perusal of every lover of true poetry.

The Causes of the French Revolution, and the Science of governing an Empire. An epic and philosophical Poem. By George Sanon. 8vo. pp. 134.

This poem is unfortunately published at the price of fifteen shillings. Had it been published at somewhat less than one fifteenth of that price, we should have recommended to our readers to purchase it, in order that they might possess one of the most curious and perfect specimens of folly, vanity, and bad writing,

which ever issued from the press. Mr. Sanon will not soon, probably never, be surpassed in absurdity. At present, "none but himself can be his parallel."

Poems and Plays. By Mr. Jerningham. A new Edition. Small 8vo. 4 Vols. pp. 668.

Mr. Jerningham has now been many years before the public, and has acquired the character of a pleasing writer, but not that of an eminent poet. His poetical abilities are, in truth, but of a secondary order. To originality of conception, to sublimity, or to a high degree of pathos, he never reaches, nor, indeed, often aspires. He confines himself to cloathing obvious ideas in polished language, and in verse, which is generally harmonious. Here he meets with considerable success. One great fault, however, he has—that of expanding into four lines what might be much better said in the compass of two. The volumes which are under our notice comprehend the whole of his poetical works. Of the compositions which they contain, those which were earliest written are the best. In those of a late date the falling off is considerable. Satire we advise him never again to meddle with; he has not the least portion of satirical talent.

Poems. By Mr. Polwhele. Small 8vo. 3 Vols. pp. 701.

In the volumes before us, Mr. Polwhele has collected together many of those productions which he had at different times published, and which are so well known to every lover of poetry as to render any comment unnecessary. We hope that Mr. Polwhele has not determined to lay down the lyre.

Miscellaneous Poetry. By Edward Coxe, Esq., of Hampstead Heath, Middlesex. Crown 8vo. pp. 265.

Mr. Coxe's volume contains pieces in very various styles of composition. A few of the serious pieces might have been advantageously omitted. In some of his imitations of Horace, Mr. Coxe has been very happy; and many of his original epigrams are neat and pointed.

The Harper, and other Poems. By Quintin Frost, Esq. Small 8vo. pp. 104.

Quintin Frost, the preface informs us, is a fictitious name, the author concealing his real one from "professional motives." The concealment is wise, and the author will do right to persist in it. He is likely to gain little credit by his poetry. "The study of law and the study of poetry," he observes, and at the same time proves, "are not congenial." His poems are marked by mediocrity. We hope he will find more success in Westminster Hall than he has found upon Parnassus.

Palmyra, and other Poems. By T. L. Peacock. Small 8vo. pp. 148.

Mr. Peacock, with whose compositions we are now for the first time made acquainted, is an author of very promising talents. His poems are deficient neither in vigour nor elegance. His two principal pieces, "Palmyra," and "Fiolfar, King of Norway," have great merit. Even a fastidious reader may peruse them with pleasure. Mr. Peacock succeeds as well in ludicrous as in serious poetry. The song of "Levi Moses" is highly comic.

Human Life; a Poem, in Five Parts. Small 8vo. pp. 167.

THIS poem is fraught with lessons of the purest morality; nor are its claims to poetical merit inconsiderable. It contains numerous picturesque, animated, and forcible passages, conveyed in elegant language and harmonious versification. Following the example set by Dryden in the "Annus Mirabilis," the author has written his poem in quatrains, and has contrived, by a judicious variety of pause, to prevent the stanza from becoming monotonous.

Poems; and Theodore, an Opera. By the late J. H. Colls. 8vo. pp. 225.

THE poems of Mr. Colls never rise above mediocrity, and sometimes sink below it. His opera has the same fault. Mr. Colls was, we believe, an amiable and worthy man, but he was not a poet.

Poems. By Edward Rushton. Small 8vo. pp. 163.

AMONG the minor poets, Mr. Rushton is entitled to a respectable station. There is much ease, simplicity, and feeling, and occasionally vigour, in his poems. His naval songs are among the best of the kind.

The Sorrows of Seduction; in Eight Delineations, with other Poems. Second Edition, considerably improved. Small 8vo. pp. 158.

THE morality of "the Sorrows of Seduction," is unexceptionable. The poem, indeed, proves that the author is a man of virtue and feeling: more we cannot with justice say in its praise. Verses that are for-

gotten as soon as the book which contains them is closed, will never entitle their author to the name of poet. Such are the verses contained in the volume before us.

The Seasons in England. Descriptive Poems. By the Rev. William Cooper Taylor, A. M. Small 8vo. pp. 91.

THE author of "the Seasons in England," is an accurate observer of nature. Some of his descriptions of rural objects and scenery are picturesque and pleasing. His poems, however, stand much in need of revision. The versification is often prosaic, and there is at times a disagreeable abruptness in the transition from one description to another.

Maurice the Rustic; and other Poems. By Henry Summerset. Small 8vo. pp. 111.

IF Mr. Summerset be a young author, hopes of his producing something far superior to his present volume may reasonably be entertained. There is much in him to praise. He has a lively fancy, considerable power of expression, and a style of versification which, though it is sometimes rugged, is frequently polished, and is seldom deficient in vigour. We trust that he will study the best models, and correct his taste, without becoming a slavish copyist.

The Citizen; a Hudibrastic Poem. In Five Cantos. To which is added, Nelson's Ghost; a Poem. In Two Parts. By Edward Montague. 8vo. pp. 165.

WHAT, in the name of wonder, could induce the author to think that the two things, which he calls

poems, were worthy of publication? They have neither rhime nor reason. Poor Author! he is certainly in a sad way!

> "Let him be kept from paper, pen, and ink;
> So may he cease to write, and learn to think."

Poems; chiefly descriptive of the softer and more delicate Sensations and Emotions of the Heart; original and translated, or imitated from the Works of Gesner. By Robert Fellowes, A. M. Oxon. Small 8vo. pp. 151.

As a theologian, Mr. Fellowes has acquired a merited reputation. As a poet, he must not expect to gain much credit. Many of his ideas are good, but he has put them into such an uncouth dress, that they have almost a ludicrous appearance. In labouring to avoid "a bloated and overstrained phraseology," he has fallen into the opposite defect. His versification also is frequently flat and unmusical. These faults, however, may, we are convinced, be attributed, in a great degree, to the carelessness of the author. He can write better if he will resolve to do it.

Poems. By the Rev. Richard Mant, M. A. and late Fellow of Oriel College. Small 8vo. pp. 133.

These poems deserve to find a place in the library of every person of poetical taste. They are chastely elegant, and at the same time not deficient in animation. We may, however, spare our criticism, as our readers have had an opportunity of forming their own estimate of Mr. Mant's talents. In our volumes for 1802 and 1803, some of his pieces were inserted. Those he has now published are at least of equal merit.

Poems, on various Subjects. Dedicated by Permission to the Right Hon. Countess of Essex. By Henrietta Harris. Small 8vo. pp. 158.

Mrs. Harris is secured, as far as regards this volume, from all pecuniary loss, by a respectable number of subscribers, and we feel, therefore, less hesitation in saying that her verses are not such as can be honestly praised. She has little or no fancy; her descriptive powers hardly rise to mediocrity; and her style is exceedingly incorrect. A poet she certainly is not, but she appears to be an amiable woman, of social feelings and unimpeachable morality.

Hours of Solitude. A Collection of original Poems, now first published. By Charlotte Dacre; better known by the Name of Rosa Matilda. Small 8vo. 2 Vols. pp. 276.

Rosa Matilda has some imagination, some command of language, and some talent for rhyming and versifying, but she is, at present, lamentably deficient in taste and judgment. She would, we think, have acted more wisely had she excluded from her collection nearly one half of her poems, and bestowed on the remainder a careful revision. It is quality, not quantity, that gains the poetical crown.

Original Poetry. By a Member of Christ College, Cambridge. Small 8vo. pp. 108.

In the whole of this volume there is not a single line which can with any justice lay claim to the title of poetry. Of originality or elegance there is none; of insipidity, bad taste, and clumsy composition, there

is an abundance. The volume has indeed one merit, that of being small in size, and loosely printed.

Poems, written on different Occasions. By Charlotte Richardson. To which is prefixed some Account of the Author, together with the Reasons which have led to their Publication; by the Editor, Catherine Cappe. Printed by Subscription, for the Benefit of the Author. Crown 8vo. pp. 153.

These poems were not written, nor are they published, to obtain for their author a poetical reputation, but to solace her past sorrows, and provide for her future subsistence. The writer well deserves to be patronized. She is not a poet, but she possesses a good heart, good morals, and a mind superior to her station. Her verses are by no means destitute of merit. It is to be hoped that the efforts of her benevolent editor will procure a sufficient sum to place Mrs. Richardson above the reach of want.

The Wild Harp's Murmurs; or Rustic Strains. By D. Service. Dedicated, by Permission, to his Grace the Duke of Argyle. Crown 8vo. pp: 92.

Mr. Service has, we believe, a "calling," which it will be prudent in him not to abandon for the "idle trade" of poetry. Let him amuse himself with writing verse, but let him not publish his compositions in the hope of their procuring him subsistence, as they are not of a kind to authorize such a hope. Considered, however, as the production of a self-educated man, who has sedulously laboured to improve his mind, this volume deserves to meet with a share of patronage.

Tristia; or the Sorrows of Peter. Elegies to the King, Lords Grenville, Petty, Erskine, the Bishop of London, Messrs. Fox, Sheridan, &c. &c. By P. Pindar, Esq. Small 8vo. pp. 169.

Dulness, vanity, and scurrility, are all that the unfortunate reader will be able to find in the largest part of Peter Pindar's volume. Poor Peter makes many efforts to be witty, but they are all abortive. The most laughable parts of his volume are those where he seriously talks of his virtues!! His "Sorrows" give us concern only upon one account,—which is that we have been obliged to read about them. Peter seems to think himself hardly used that he has not been rewarded by a pension for his services. We certainly do wonder that for those services he was not provided with a lodging at least. He seems to have a great longing for a suite of apartments in the British Museum; but, with all due submission, we are of opinion that we could point out for him a place of residence much more suitable to his merit. To speak with this severity is painful to us, because Peter once displayed talents of no common kind.

The Poetical Works of William Julius Mickle; including several original Pieces, with a new Life of the Author. By the Rev. John Sim, A. B. late of St. Alban-Hall, Oxford. Small 12mo. pp. 188.

Mr. Sim is assuredly a perfect novice in the art of making a big book out of scanty materials; or, in plain words, the art of picking pockets without running the risk of punishment. A resolute book spinner would have made a large quarto at least, perhaps two, out of what Mr. Sim has squeezed into a duodecimo volume. In the name, however, of every lover of

poetry, we thank Mr. Sim for his unassuming edition of Mickle's poems. Mickle is entitled to no humble station on the British Parnassus. This edition of his works is calculated to make his name and merits as extensively known as they deserve to be. The life is full and satisfactory, and is neatly written.

The Lyre of Love. Small 8vo. 2 Vols. pp. 355.

"The Lyre of Love," is a selection from the whole mass of English amatory poetry. A chronological arrangement is followed, and a brief notice given of each author. The number of authors from whom extracts have been taken amounts to ninety-eight. In the execution of his task, the editor has displayed much taste and judgment. His discrimination in selecting can seldom be questioned; and his biographical sketches, though of necessity concise, are spirited and correct. At the end of the second volume he has inserted some original poems, of his own composition, which are worthy of praise for their animation and elegance.

Nugæ Poeticæ. Consisting of a serio-comic Poem, on the Pursuits of Mankind; with several small original Pieces, on various Subjects. By W. A. Hailes, Writing Master, and Teacher of various Branches of the Mathematics. 8vo. pp. 88.

Mr. Hailes, as appears from his preface, may claim the merit of having, under very disadvantageous circumstances, acquired a considerable share of knowledge. By his own unaided exertions he made himself master of some branches of the mathematics, and obtained an insight into Latin and Hebrew. For this he deserves praise. His verses we cannot praise. They

are very flat and very lame. We do not advise him never to write verse again, but we seriously advise him to forbear from committing any more of his verses to the press.

Simonidea. Small 8vo. pp. 98.

We should have been much better pleased with the author of these poems if he had kindly made them more easy, than they are, to be understood. He seems, in numerous instances, to make the puzzling of his reader a point of honour. Why, if he meant to be unintelligible, did he not at once make use of hieroglyphics? Obscure, however, as he is, he possesses a large share of poetical talent. There are many beautiful passages in his little volume, and he might, without any trouble to himself, have increased their number.

Cromer, A descriptive Poem. Small 8vo. pp. 57.

"Cromer," though it cannot rank among our best descriptive poems, is not devoid of merit. The author is an observer of nature, and a man of a benevolent mind. Some of his delineations are conceived and executed with spirit. His versification is in general sufficiently flowing. We must, however, remind him that Alexandrine lines ought never to be found in blank verse.

Half an Hour's Lounge; or Poems, by Rickmal Mangnall. Crown 8vo. pp. 80.

Half an hour may, doubtless, be worse spent than in reading these poems, most of which were, perhaps,

written in a shorter time. Some of them are entitled to an appellation often bestowed by ladies—that of pretty.

Eulogies, or Political Characteristics: a Poem, embracing several Topics: with some Sketches of Grenville, Pitt, Fox, &c. By the Author of Hezekiah. 8vo. pp. 55.

SHOULD any person hear that the author of these "Eulogies" intends to bepraise him, he will act wisely in begging, or even buying, himself off from so much disgrace. The author of "Hezekiah," and of these charming "Eulogies," is one of the most miserable scribblers that ever wasted pens, ink and paper.

The Muses' Tribute. A Monody, to the Memory of that most illustrious of Statesmen, the Right Hon. William Pitt, late Chancellor of his Majesty's Exchequer, &c. &c. &c. By J. B. Orme, Esq., Author of the Pursuit of Happiness, &c. With Notes, biographical and explanatory; forming a Compendium of his Life and great national Achievements; extracted from the Opinions of several Political Writers of Eminence. With the Debates in Parliament, on the Merits of his long and ardent Administration. 8vo. pp. 52.

THIS tribute manifestly comes from those Muses who inspire the bellman at Christmas, and who have blessed Mr. Orme with all the fullness of their inspiration. If our readers wish for a hearty laugh, we advise them to purchase Mr. Orme's monody. The notes from "political writers of eminence," are extracted from the magazines and newspapers!

A Tribute to the Memory of the Right Hon. William Pitt, with an Essay on his Character and Endowments. By Thomas Shirley. Dedicated, by Permission, to the Right Hon. Lord Hawkesbury, &c. &c. 8vo. pp. 29.

MR. SHIRLEY is a worthy rival of Mr. Orme. It would be a difficult task to decide which has the greatest quantum of demerit. To those who like such stanzas as the following, Mr. Shirley's poem may afford pleasure.

"Sublime, in awful pow'r Pitt rul'd the state,
In life's long labours Hercules outshone,
Crush'd faction's snakes, and valorous as great,
Rais'd his strong shield before his monarch's throne."

"He met the danger, He sublimely shone,
The wond'rous rival of a Tully's name;
E'en Envy's self his matchless virtues own,
And blend his honours with the Roman's fame."

These are not the worst stanzas in the pamphlet. The prose is of equal value with the verse.

The Pursuits of Painting; or poetical Portraits from that distinguished Assemblage of Beauties, the Exhibition of 1805; *humbly dedicated to the Author of the Pursuits of Literature.* 4to. pp. 26.

THIS poem seems to be the careless production of some person who can write better. It was, most probably, composed in little more time than is required to read it. Several passages, nevertheless, are both polished and spirited.

Sir Christopher Hatton's Ghost; or, a Whisper to the Fair. By Simon Susurr, Esq. of the Middle Temple. 4to. pp. 24.

THIS is a very pleasant poetical attack on the modern fashion among the ladies, of increasing their stock of scientific knowledge, or rather of scientific jargon, and of diminishing, to the least possible quantity, the articles of dress which they wear. The author is evidently a man of wit and general knowledge.

The Love of Glory. A Poem. 4to. pp. 56.

READER, you shall be treated with a specimen or two of this lovely and glorious poem, called "The Love of Glory," for we have no churlish wish to keep all the good things of the world to ourselves.

"The name of Cyrus in the sacred page
Is mention'd, as the chosen of the Lord
To execute his will upon the earth,
And send his people to their holy land,
Jerusalem. The first year of his reign
Saw their return: its temple was rebuilt,
And rose more beauteous than before its fall."

A little farther on the author tells us that—

"The choicest cedars were cut down and hew'd,
To build the temple of Jerusalem.
But far from thence the masons squared the stones,
And joiners fitted or shap'd out the wood.
For neither "hammer, axe, nor any other tool
Of iron," in the temple was to sound
From its foundation till it were complete."

What the deuce! reader, are you dosing already? Fast asleep, by Jove! Come, come, rouse up! If fourteen lines produce such an effect upon you, think what

a powerful effect 975 lines, all equally soporific, must have produced upon us. Ah! reader, never, for the future, wonder that critics are such crabbed fellows.

The Bees. A Poem, in Four Books. With Notes, moral, political, and philosophical. By John Evans, M. D. F. R. M. S. Edinb. Book I. 4to. pp. 79.

Dr. Evans is the first English author who has written a regular poem on the subject of Bees. The Bees are fortunate in their bard. Dr. Evans is an elegant, amusing, and instructive writer. We may expect to receive much pleasure from the remaining books of his poem.

Vaccinia; or the Triumph of Beauty. 4to. pp. 18.

The concluding line of the motto, which the author of this poem has selected from Pope, tells us that "none can compass more than they intend." We are decidedly of opinion that the fallacy of Pope's assertion is fully proved by the author of "Vaccinia," who assuredly did not intend to make himself be considered as one of the worst writers in the world, but who has, nevertheless, compassed it in the most effectual manner.

An Elegy on the Death of Henry Kirke White, who died, at St. John's College, Cambridge, October 19, 1806. 4to. pp. 14.

This is a most unpoetical tribute to the memory of a youth who possessed high poetical talents. The author requests the critics to "attribute his poetical errors to the honest warmth of his feelings, which, perhaps, prevented him from arranging his images

with due regard to beauty of expression, and harmony of numbers!" A more strange sort of apology was surely never made. Warm feelings have generally been thought to be favourable to poetical expression.

Daylesford. A Poem. Dedicated to Mrs. Hastings. 4to. pp. 12.

DAYLESFORD is the seat of Warren Hastings, Esq. We understand that it is a beautiful place; but, if we may judge from the poem before us, its inspiring power on the bard is not very strong. The present bard, however, though he can boast little poetical merit, has a large share of gratitude. He has received benefits from Mr. Hastings, and he acknowledges them with a praise-worthy warmth of affection.

Ulm and Trafalgar. 4to. pp. 10.

THIS little poem seems to be the hasty composition of a writer of taste and genius. It contains several passages that are at once elegant and vigorous.

The Fight off Trafalgar. By G. D. Harley, Comedian. Author of Poems, Ballad Stories, Holyhead Sonnets, &c. &c. 4to. pp. 24.

THERE are some good ideas, and some good lines, in this poem; and there is also much affectation and bad taste. The defects of the composition heavily preponderate. Mr. Harley has chosen his worst stanza as a motto, and it affords a complete specimen of the faults of his style.

The Battle of Trafalgar. Stanzas. By the Rev. James Beresford, A. M. Fellow of Merton College, Oxford, To which is added, Nelson's last Victory: a Song, By a Friend. 4to. pp. 11.

MR. BERESFORD cannot be congratulated on the success of his attempt to sing the triumph and fall of the gallant, the glorious Nelson. His stanzas are difficult to read, and still more difficult to remember. The Song, by a friend, is equally unpoetical.

The Death of the Hero. Verses to the Memory of Lord Viscount Nelson. 4to. pp. 8.

THE author of these verses has done wisely not to put his name to them. Trash more worthless we never read, and that is saying not a little. The author indeed seems, on the contrary, to think his production a valuable commodity. He makes us pay a shilling for a pamphlet of eight pages, containing only 101 lines. We are, however, not disposed to quarrel with him for giving such a scanty quantity.

Verses on the Death of the late Right Hon. Horatio Nelson, Viscount and Baron Nelson of the Nile, &c. &c. By Richard Lowe, Master of the Academy, Panton Square, Haymarket. 4to. pp. 8.

ANOTHER shilling's worth of metre on the death of our lamented Nelson! The verses, though much better than those called "The Death of the Hero," are too dear at a shilling. There is nothing in them new or striking. Mr. Lowe would, we think, have done wisely had he sent them to a magazine, instead of publishing them in their present form.

SATIRE.

Signs of the Times; or a Dialogue in Verse. 8vo. pp. 45.

THE author of this dialogue has a talent for satirical composition. There is great spirit in many parts of his poem, and his objects of satire are properly chosen. His title is injudicious, as it leads the reader to imagine that the author has taken a wider scope than he has really done. His versification is sometimes harsh and negligent.

Corruption. A Satire; with Notes. By Thomas Clio Rickman, Author of the Fallen Cottage, Poems in Two Volumes, Letter to Mr. Pitt, &c. &c. Inscribed to those whose Country is the World, and whose Religion is to do good. 8vo. pp. 46.

CORRUPTION we always, on public grounds, detested. We have now a private reason also for our detestation of it. If corruption had not existed, we should not have been under the necessity of reading Mr. Clio Rickman's satire. One bad thing generates another. Mr. CLIO Rickman is as dull a writer as ever blotted paper. He is a living proof that Mr. Shandy's theory on the efficacy of well-chosen names is without foundation. Had he been called *Bavius* or *Mævius*, instead of Clio, he could not have been a worse scribbler of rhimes.

NEW EDITIONS OF ANCIENT ENGLISH POETS.

Specimens of Early English Metrical Romances, chiefly written during the early Part of the fourteenth Century; to which is prefixed an historical Introduction, intended to illustrate the Rise and Progress of romantic Composition in France and England. By George Ellis, Esq. 3 Vols. Crown 8vo. pp. 1210.

THE name of Mr. Ellis in the title page of a book is a sufficient security for the goodness of the remainder of the volume. Few persons can boast such a happy combination of wit, taste, talent and knowledge as he is acknowledged to possess. All these qualities are amply displayed in his present work, which forms an admirable and necessary companion to his "Specimens of early English Poets."

The Poetical Works of Sir David Lyndsay of the Mount, Lion King at Arms, under James V. A new Edition, corrected and enlarged: with a Life of the Author, prefatory Dissertations, and an appropriate Glossary. By George Chalmers, F. R. S. S. A. Crown 8vo. 3 Vols. pp. 1314.

MR. CHALMERS, who is a very pains-taking sort of gentleman, has here presented the public with a good edition of Sir David Lindsay's poetical works. The life and dissertations are satisfactory; and the glossary will be found of great use.

Popular Ballads and Songs, from Tradition, Manuscripts, and scarce Editions; with Translations of similar

Pieces from the Danish Language, and a few Originals by the Editor. By Robert Jamieson, A. M. and F. A. S. 8vo. 2 Vols. pp. 780.

THIS collection of Popular Ballads and Songs forms a proper supplement to Mr. Scott's "Minstrelsy," and other works of a similar kind. Mr. Jamieson has performed the task of an editor with diligence and fidelity. His own translations and originals are not unworthy of praise.

TRANSLATIONS.

The Iliad of Homer: translated into Blank Verse, with Notes. By P. Williams, D. D. Archdeacon of Merioneth, Chaplain to the Bishop of Bangor, and Rector of Llanbedrog, Caernarvonshire. Book I. Small 8vo. pp. 94.

ARCHDEACON WILLIAMS is a learned and a modest man, and we therefore feel pain in telling him that his version of Homer will not gain him any reputation. He has completely failed in his attempt "to represent the noble bard in a characteristic English dress." "I hope," he says too, "that the style will not be found bald, nor the verse tame or uncouth." In this hope he is disappointed. A more bald style, and uncouth versification we have never seen. Lines nearly as bad as the following occur in almost every page,—"Infallible and inevitable." "Yea, by this sceptre doomed never to produce." There is also in some parts a vulgarity of expression which makes Homer look quite ludicrous. Agamemnon "rudely sent off" Calchas,

" I'm off for Phthia," says Achilles. " With even braver men than you," says Nestor, " I've dealings had, and they ne'er held me cheap." The notes to the translation are the only part of the translator's labours which can claim any praise.

Translations; chiefly from the Greek Anthology, with Tales and miscellaneous Poems. Crown 8vo. pp. 288.

THE author now before us shines with equal lustre in translation and original composition. His volume is one of the most pleasing which we have since the commencement of our work had occasion to notice. He displays at once learning, vigour, and elegance. Nor is his prose at all inferior to his verse. It has indeed a more than common portion of merit. We hope an author so capable as the present of blending information with amusement will not suffer his pen to remain inactive.

The Satires of Aulus Persius Flaccus: translated into English Verse, with the Latin Text, and Notes. 8vo. pp. 276.

THIS is the sixth translation of Persius which has appeared in our language. A perfect English version of the Roman poet still, however, remains to be made. The present translator, though not without merit, is, on the whole, inferior to some of his predecessors.

Miscellaneous Poetical Translations; to which is added, a Latin Prize Essay. By the Rev. Francis Howes. pp. 158.

THIS little volume has so much merit, that we shall not be sorry to see another from the same author.

Mr. Howes translates with spirit and elegance; and this, be it known, is not to be done quite so easily as some persons seem to imagine.

The Inferno of Dante Alighieri. Canto XVIII.—XXXIV. *With a Translation in English Blank Verse, Notes, and a Life of the Author. By the Rev. Henry Francis Cary, A. M.* Small 8vo. pp. 318.

In the Poetical Register for 1805, we noticed, with due praise, the first volume of Mr. Cary's translation. He has now completed the Inferno, and has executed the latter part of his task with the same spirit and fidelity which characterized the former. In closeness of translation he has even gone beyond what he before effected. The English version of the last seventeen cantos of the Inferno occupies fifty-six lines less than the original!

Select Icelandic Poetry; translated from the Originals, with Notes. Part Second. By the Hon. W. Herbert. 8vo. pp. 89.

The first part of this work was noticed, with the praise which it deserved, in the volume for 1804. The same praise is justly due to the second. There is no man more capable than Mr. Herbert of naturalizing in England the northern poetry, and we trust that he will not slacken in his exertions towards effecting that desirable purpose.

Translations from the Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, German, &c. To which is added, Miscellaneous Poetry. Part Second. By the Hon. W. Herbert. 8vo. pp. 112.

Of this work, also, the first part was noticed in our volume for 1804. As a translator, Mr. Herbert ranks high; and this is no mean praise. As an original writer, likewise, he displays both elegance and animation.

Some of Ossian's lesser Poems, rendered into Verse; with a preliminary Discourse, in answer to Mr. Laing's critical and historical Dissertation on the Antiquity of Ossian's Poems. By Archibald M'Donald. 8vo. pp. 284.

The preliminary discourse, prefixed by Mr. M'Donald to his translations, occupies 195 pages of his volume; and is, without exception, one of the worst pieces of writing in the world. Glad indeed were we when we reached the end of it. The translations are nearly as bad as their companion the discourse. Mr. M'Donald has committed most cruel murder upon Ossian.

DRAMA.

UNACTED PLAYS.

The Falls of Clyde, or the Fairies. A Scotish Dramatic Pastoral. In five Acts. With three preliminary Dissertations. 8vo. pp. 241.

This dramatic pastoral excites considerable interest and contains many passages of poetical merit. The characters are well imagined and supported. The author is evidently a man of feeling, taste, and infor-

mation. His preliminary essays, and the notes to the essays and poems are written with neatness and spirit, and show that he has studied the subject upon which he writes.

Dion. A Tragedy; and Miscellaneous Poetry. By G A. Rhodes, Esq. Small 8vo. pp. 193.

THE perusal of this volume will afford pleasure to the lovers of poetry and the drama. The characters of the tragedy of Dion are drawn with spirit, the language is poetical, and the interest of the piece is well sustained. The miscellaneous poetry is elegant and animated.

The Fall of the Mogul. A Tragedy; founded on an interesting Portion of Indian History, and attempted partly on the Greek Model: with other occasional Poems. By the Author of Indian Antiquities. 8vo. pp. 153.

THIS tragedy is better calculated for the closet than the stage. For the latter it has not sufficient plot and incident. It will afford gratification in the perusal, as the sentiments are elevated, and expressed in language which is highly poetical. The chorusses, which are in blank verse, are among its finest passages. The occasional poems are worthy of the writer.

The Sultana; or the Jealous Queen. A Tragedy. By William Gardiner. Crown 8vo. pp. 92.

THIS tragedy is one of the most ludicrous productions it has ever been our chance to read. The plot is poorly contrived, and the characters are faintly drawn. But what shall we say of the language and versifica-

tion? They almost beggar description. The language sometimes crawls, and sometimes takes such flights as are far beyond mortal ken. Of the versification we may say that, "none but itself can be its parallel." To read Mr. Gardiner's verse is as laborious a task as to walk over ploughed ground or frozen waggon ruts. Mr. Gardiner every now and then puts us off with a line of four or five syllables; but we must say that, like an honest man, he takes care we shall, on the whole, lose nothing in quantity, for he never fails to balance his short lines by other lines of fourteen or fifteen syllables. Some good ideas may be found in this play, but they are disfigured by the language in which they are conveyed.

The Honest Soldier. A Comedy. In Five Acts. 8vo. pp. 172.

We can assure our readers that we have honestly performed our duty of reading the whole hundred and seventy-two pages, containing the comedy of the Honest Soldier. As one task of the kind in a man's life is quite sufficient, we never mean to read them again; and if our readers have any reliance upon our judgment, they will not read them at all. If any person should, however, resolve to encounter such a trial, we can only say that we wish him a good deliverance.

The Laughable Lover. A Comedy. In Five Acts. By Carol O'Caustic. 8vo. pp. 100.

This comedy was rejected by the manager on account of its political allusions, and it is our opinion that he acted perfectly right. The author, of course, is highly dissatisfied; so much so that he has thought proper to vent his spleen in a "prefatory dialogue," which ac-

cuses the theatre of corrupting the taste of the town. In the comedy itself there are some good scenes, and the dialogue is often lively and well written. We do not, however, think that it would have succeeded on the stage.

ACTED PLAYS.

Adelgitha; or the Fruits of a single Error. A Tragedy, in Five Acts. By M. G. Lewis. 8vo. pp. 127.

THIS tragedy, we believe, was offered to those wiseacres, the managers, and, with their accustomed taste, rejected! It was afterwards acted for a benefit, and was warmly applauded by the public. To the applause which it received it is justly entitled. The interest which it excites is powerful, and is sustained to the very last scene; the characters are forcibly drawn, and both the language and versification are highly poetical. The moral, likewise, is unexceptionable. "Adelgitha" will certainly be numbered among the stock plays of the British theatre.

Edgar; or Caledonian Feuds. A Tragedy. Now performing with universal Applause, at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden. By George Manners, Esq. 8vo. pp. 101.

THANKS to our gracious stars! we did not see and hear this tragedy. To read it we have found quite a sufficient toil. Yet it excites pity and terror very strongly—pity for the time which the author has wasted, and made us waste, on this precious drama,

and terror at the thought that perhaps we may, for our sins, be doomed to peruse other tragedies from the same inimitable pen. It is, indeed, a lamentable composition. But it is dead, "dead as a door nail," and we ought not to speak ill of the dead. Peace to its ashes. May it never "revisit the glimpses of the moon, making night hideous."

A Hint to Husbands. A Comedy, in Five Acts, now performing at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden. By Richard Cumberland, Esq. 8vo. pp. 100.

THIS comedy, though not equal to several of Mr. Cumberland's dramas, is greatly superior to the common run of comedies. It seems, however, to be better calculated for the closet than the stage. For the latter it appears not to have sufficient incident. The dialogue, in blank verse, is elegant and animated, and the wit of the piece is pointed and chaste.

Adrian and Orilla; or a Mother's Vengeance. A Play, in Five Acts. By William Dimond, Esq. of the Honourable Society of the Inner Temple, Author of the Hero of the North, &c. &c. &c. &c. As now Performing at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, with universal Applause. 8vo. pp. 91.

THIS is by no means a faultless drama, or nearly so; but it is not without considerable merit. It excites a strong interest, the characters are well supported, and the dialogue is generally written with neatness and spirit. Mr. Dimond has improved his style. It is not so inflated as in some of his former plays.

The Vindictive Man. A Comedy, in Five Acts, as it was performed at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane. By Thomas Holcroft. 8vo. pp. 84.

A SOLEMN verdict of the public has condemned "The Vindictive Man" to perpetual banishment from the theatre. We see no reason whatever to consider the verdict as unjust. It appears also to us that the culprit will not be more fortunate in the closet than he was on the theatre.

Five Miles off; or, the Finger Post. A Comedy, in three Acts; as acted at the Theatre Royal, Haymarket. Written by T. Dibdin, Author of the Jew and Doctor, Birth Day, &c. &c. &c. 8vo. pp. 56.

THIS comedy is little able to bear any severity of criticism, and we will, therefore, in mercy dismiss it with very few words. It was first brought out in the year 1806, and we dare say will not be performed in any other year. Yet, like all Mr. Dibdin's plays, it has many laughable and pointed passages. It would not make a bad farce. The epilogue, by Mr. Colman, is a witty performance.

The Travellers; or Music's Fascination. An operatic Drama, in five Acts, as performed at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane. By A. Cherry, of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, Author of the Soldier's Daughter, &c. 8vo. pp. 82.

INDEED, indeed, Mr. Cherry, it is too bad to burden the press with such wretched stuff as this operatic drama. We shall, we suppose, shortly see published the dialogue spoken by the itinerant showmen in the

characters of Punch, Joan, and the Devil. On second thoughts, however, we confess that *you* are not so much in the wrong. You got something for your copy-right, and the blame must, therefore, rest on the shoulders of those Gothamites who have given your drama a sale of several editions!!

Tekeli; or the Siege of Montgatz. A Melo-drama, in three Acts, as performed with distinguished Success at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane. Written by Theodore Edward Hook, Esq., Author of the Soldier's Return, &c. &c. 8vo. pp. 47.

From a melo-drama, which is a thing meant, it seems, only to feast the eyes and tickle the ears, much ought not to be expected by the mere reader. "Tekeli" is as good, perhaps, as most of such compositions. The character of the joking coward, *Bras de Fer*, is not badly drawn. We beg leave to remind Mr. Hook, who prints all his witty passages in italics, that true wit does not stand in need of the assistance of italics.

Catch Him Who Can! a Musical Farce, in two Acts, performed with distinguished Success at the Theatre Royal, Haymarket. Written by Theodore Edward Hook, Author of the Soldier's Return, Invisible Girl, &c. 8vo. pp. 53.

This piece was not, we suppose, written to be read, but only to be acted. It has little plot, and no character. There is, however, plenty of bustle, and bustle seems generally allowed to compensate, in a musical piece, for the absence of plot and character. Mr. Hook has an intolerable love of punning, against which we beg leave to caution him. A pun may now

and then be borne, but a pun every third line is intolerable.

The Invisible Girl. A Pièce in one Act, as performed at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane. Written by Theodore Edward Hook, Author of the Soldier's Return. 8vo. pp. 38.

"WHO breaks a butterfly upon the wheel?" This little piece is only a theatrical butterfly; and we feel no inclination to treat it with roughness. Indeed, there is no real occasion to do so, for the butterfly is a pretty one.

Criticisms.

1807.

POETRY.

EPIC AND HEROIC POEMS.

Saul; a Poem, in two Parts. By William Sotheby, Esq. 4to. pp. 190.

Of varied and strongly-drawn character there is not much in the poem of Saul. In incident, and consequent interest, it is more rich. Its descriptive parts are, in general, eminently beautiful. The description of Saul's madness, of the shrine and rites of Ashtaroth, of the visit of Saul to the witch of Endor, some of the proems to the books, and numerous other passages, display the hand of a master. The poem is written in blank verse, and, as might be expected from Mr. Sotheby, the versification has, with a few exceptions, both strength and melody. Whenever it wants these qualities, the fault is occasioned by too great a number of short sentences succeeding each other.

The Exodiad, a Poem. By the Authors of Calvary and Richard the first. Book I to IV. 4to. pp. 224.

From the perusal of this poem we have not received the pleasure which we flattered ourselves we should

receive. In truth we have, on the contrary, undergone some fatigue. In " the Exodiad" there is little that compels or induces the reader to proceed. We do not mean to deny that it contains fine passages. The wonder would be, if it did not. But, as a whole, at least as far as we have yet the power of examining, it is tedious. There is nothing of pathos, not much of sublimity, little of character, and even the versification is faulty, as being frequently harsh and prosaic. " The Exodiad" may furnish extracts to a future edition of the " Elegant Extracts," and may thus be kept in some degree of remembrance, but we fear that, as a poem, it will meet with scarcely any attention.

Exodus; an Epic Poem: in thirteen Books. By Charles Hoyle, M. A. of Trinity College, Cambridge; and Domestic Chaplain to his Grace the Duke of Marlborough. . 8vo. pp. 400.

Mr. Hoyle's poem displays occasionally much vigour of conception, much command of poetical language, and much power of versification. Many passages might be extracted from it highly worthy of applause. But, as a whole, we cannot speak in its praise. It is tedious; and this fault is a fatal one. Mr. Hoyle, nevertheless, possesses talents which may enable him, by some future work, to acquire a lasting reputation.

MISCELLANEOUS POETRY.

Richmond Hill; a descriptive and historical Poem; illustrative of the principal Objects, viewed from that beauti-

ful Eminence. Decorated with Engravings. By the Author of Indian Antiquities. small folio. pp. 166.

It has often been a subject of wonder to us that, while Cooper's Hill, Grongar Hill, and other hills, have had their bards, Richmond Hill still remained unsung. At length the latter delightful spot has found a poet capable of doing justice to its beauties. Mr. Maurice's poem, is, in a high degree, at once elegant and vigorous, and we have no doubt that it will be read with pleasure by every lover of true poetry.

The Crusaders, or the Minstrels of Acre. A Poem, in six Cantos. 4to. pp. 152.

This poem is sometimes feeble and sometimes rugged, but in spite of its defects, it is evidently not the production of an ordinary writer. The author frequently displays a vivid imagination, and no small powers of language. He uses the irregular style of versification employed by Mr. Scott; and he manages it in a way which proves him to have a good ear. We shall be pleased to see a second and corrected edition of the poem.

Luctus Nelsoniani. Poems on the Death of Lord Nelson, in Latin and English, written for the Turtonian Medals; and dedicated, by Command, to his Royal Highness George, Prince of Wales. 4to. pp. 216.

The Latin poems in this collection not coming within the limits of our review, we shall not give any opinion upon their merits. The English poems are only two in number. We are sorry to say that they are not worthy of the subject. The first, on the achievements and fall of Nelson, is, however, not discreditable to its

author. It is too long, and in several parts flat and incorrect; but it nevertheless contains many poetical ideas and spirited passages. The second poem, which bears the title of "Nelson," is a very poor production indeed.

Poems. By the Reverend George Crabbe. 8vo. pp. 260.

THOSE of our readers who have not yet seen Mr. Crabbe's volume are, nevertheless, not wholly unacquainted with his merits. In the Poetical Register for 1805, p. 416, we inserted one of his poems, which had for many years been out of print, and which it was nearly impossible to procure. The poems in the volume which Mr. Crabbe has now given to the world are none of them inferior, and some of them are far superior, to the poem which we re-published. They entitle him to stand high in the list of British poets.

Affection, with other Poems. By Henry Smithers, of the Adelphi. Large 8vo. pp. 225.

THESE poems do honour to the heart of Mr. Smithers, but they are not calculated to gain him the name of a poet. "Affection" is written in blank verse, and the most indifferent sort of blank verse. Nor is there any thing striking either in its sentiments or language. The smaller poems are below mediocrity.

Hours of Idleness, a Series of Poems, original and translated. By George Gordon, Lord Byron, a Minor. 8vo. pp. 197.

THAT Lord Byron should have made such good use, as this volume testifies him to have done, of his hours of idleness, is much to his honour. We wish many

titled personages, who shall be nameless, would employ their idle hours in a manner half as creditable. Many of Lord Byron's poems are certainly incorrect, and some are uninteresting; but others have great merit both in sentiment and expression. The collection, on the whole, gives promise, we think, of future excellence.

Metrical Legends, and other Poems, by Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, Esq. 8vo. pp. 107.

THE poems of Mr. Sharpe are both polished and animated. They will be read with pleasure by the lovers of poetry. "The fiend with mantle grey," which is the first legend in the volume, is one of the most interesting *tales of terror* that we ever read. "Sir Hugh," also, which is of the same stamp, is well imagined and narrated. "False Lord Carleil and the fair Lady Alice" is told with much sweetness and pathos. There is, indeed, not one of the poems which is without merit.

The Lay of an Irish Harp; or Metrical Fragments. By Miss Owenson. Crown 8vo. pp. 199.

IN most of these little poems there is great elegance, fancy, command of language, and melody of versification. Their chief fault is an occasional glitter and gaudiness, which, in her future compositions, Miss Owenson will do well to avoid. Let her beware of devoting herself to ridicule, by enlisting in the band of Della Cruscan rhymes. She has talents to entitle her to hold a respectable rank among female authors.

The Harp of Erin, containing the Poetical Works of the late Thomas Dermody. Crown 8vo. 2 Vols. pp. 615.

In the second volume of the Poetical Register we gave our opinion of Mr. Dermody's poetical talents. At a future period it is our intention to give to our readers a sketch of his life and character, and we shall, therefore, content ourselves at present with recommending "The Harp of Erin," as a handsome edition of his poetical works.

The Poetical Works of the late Mrs. Mary Robinson: including many Pieces never before published. Crown 8vo. 3 Vols. pp. 1112.

This is a complete and elegantly printed collection of Mrs. Robinson's works. It contains many pieces highly creditable to the abilities of their author. Mrs. Robinson had a brilliant imagination, and a considerable command of language, but she was deficient in taste. A great number of her compositions are rendered disgusting by affectation and meritricious ornament. It is, however, but justice to say that her later poems are written in a much purer style than those which she published during the period of the Della Crusca madness.

Poems, in two Volumes, by William Wordsworth, Author of Lyrical Ballads. Small 8vo. pp. 329.

Than the volumes now before us we never saw any thing better calculated to excite disgust and anger in a lover of poetry. The drivelling nonsense of some of Mr. Wordworth's poems is insufferable, and it is equally insufferable that such nonsense should have been writ-

ten by a man capable, as he is, of writing well. But Mr. Wordsworth is a System maker. He has formed an out of the way, incomprehensible system of poetry; and on the altar of that system he sacrifices melody, elegance, spirit, and even common sense. Whenever he deviates from his monstrous system he writes like a man of genius. His volumes contain abundant proofs that he possesses no mean poetical powers. It is to be hoped that he will see his error, and not persist in making murderous attacks upon his own literary reputation.

The Warrior's Return, and other Poems, by Mrs. Opie. Small 8vo. pp. 185.

In the writings of Mrs. Opie there is an unaffected elegance, a graceful simplicity, which cannot fail to charm every reader of taste. She never, like the painter who not being able to make his Venus beautiful was determined to make her fine, hides a poverty of thought under a profusion of tawdry ornament. Still less, if possible, does she imitate those persons who present to us an idiot in rags, as a specimen of native grace and proper decoration. We sincerely hope that, in the course of our labours, we shall have frequent occasion to bear testimony to her merits.

Beachy Head: with other Poems, by Charlotte Smith. Now first published. Small 8vo. pp. 219.

It is a melancholy reflexion that the poems which are now before us are the last we shall ever read from the pen of their accomplished author. This volume will not do any discredit to her established reputation. "Beachy Head" contains much picturesque descrip-

tion, and is written in blank verse, which is flowing and spirited. The smaller poems are such as might be expected from the pen of Mrs. Smith.

Love's Lyrics, or, Cupid's Carnival, Original and translated. By J. Scott Byerley, Esq. Small 8vo. pp. 174.

We are always happy when, consistently with our duty, we can grant any favour which is requested by an author. Mr. Byerley desires the critics to damn his book; and we do damn it, most willingly and soundly. We even wish that there was for the purpose some regular formula, like Ernulphus's curse. Mr. Byerley affirms that this act of kindness, on the part of our critical fraternity, will certainly make his volume successful; but of the truth of his affirmation we must beg leave to doubt. Our readers may be assured that our readiness to oblige Mr. Byerly has not been displayed at the expence of justice. His volume has a full and undoubted claim to damnation: it is, in a superlative degree, vulgar, stupid, and obscene: it sets rhyme, reason, and decency, equally at defiance.

Travelling Recreations. By William Parsons, Esq. Small 8vo. 2 Vols. pp. 540.

For the pieces contained in these volumes the author does not expect any great share of praise. He humbly describes them as "short and unlaboured effusions, the solace of post chaises, inns, and temporary lodgings, his occasional refuge from the Demon of Ennui, or sometimes his peripatetic amusements in visits to the city, to call on his poetical banker, or his philological stock broker." The two volumes;

however, contain many pleasing and elegant compositions. The collection would, perhaps, have been better, had the author, by selecting more rigidly, compressed it into one volume. Our readers by referring to pp. 336 and 347 of our last volume may form an estimate of Mr. Parsons's poetical talent.

Legendary Tales. By Eaglesfield Smith. Small 8vo. pp. 139.

We sincerely hope that Mr. Smith will never again write, or at least, never publish, verses of any kind. To read through his "Legendary Tales" we have found to be no trifling task. The Muses seem to regard him with perfect antipathy.

The Dramatic and Poetical Works of the late Lieut. Gen. J. Burgoyne, to which is prefixed, a Memoir of the Author. Small 8vo. 2 Vols. pp. 479.

In this collection the works of General Burgoyne are, for the first time, brought together, and are presented to the public in a convenient form, and elegant manner. The dramas are the Heiress, the Lord of the Manor, the Maid of the Oaks, and Richard Cœur de Lion. A probationary Ode, and the Westminster Guide, are the two longest and best of his poems. The general was one of that band of wits which produced the Rolliad, and the Probationary Odes; satires still read with pleasure, notwithstanding the subjects of them were merely temporary. The life of Burgoyne, prefixed to the volumes by the editor, is the only satisfactory account of the General which is any where to be found.

Contemplation, a Poem; with Tales, and other poetical Compositions. By John Penwarne. Small 8vo. pp. 217.

"CONTEMPLATION" has many good lines and ideas; but it is not a poem capable of exciting an interest in the reader. The minor pieces are more praiseworthy. We think that the talent of Mr. Penwarne is displayed to more advantage in his comic than in his serious compositions. The tale of "No tricks upon travellers" is truly laughable. The serious pieces, however, are by no means without merit.

Poems, chiefly amatory. By David Carey, Author of the Pleasures of Nature, Reign of Fancy, &c. &c. Small 8vo. pp. 138.

WE have had more than one occasion to mention, in terms of praise, the poetical talents of Mr. Carey; nor will his present volume compel us to speak a different language. It contains many elegant pieces. A few poems, however, we advise him to expunge, whenever his volume reaches a second edition. It is not when he adopts *a certain* amatory style that he is most successful.

Poems, original and translated. By P. J. Ducarel, Esq. Small 8vo. pp. 188.

SOME of the poems in the volume of Mr. Ducarel are very pleasing and elegant. He is, however, a slovenly writer. Many of his lines are scarcely metre. This defect evidently arises from laziness or want of attention; not from want of ear. But he has another fault, which is even worse. It is his pedantic introduction of classical mythology. In the most interest-

ing part of his tale of "Gunilda," the speech of the dying Gunilda, we are annoyed by the impertinent intrusion of "Lydian Tantalus," "helpless Progne," and "the Chelidonian gales." In the tale of "Frederic and Matilda," Mr. Ducarel sins still more insufferably in this way. Frederic, bending over Matilda, who has fainted, prays to the sun, alludes to its Egyptian name of Horus, and talks of hanging a garland in the fane of Isis! Nothing can be more unnatural than this, or in a more vicious taste. Should his volume reach a second edition, we seriously advise Mr. Ducarel to root without mercy, from his original pieces, all their trite and disfiguring mythology.

The Progress of Love. A Poem. By Martin Kedgwin Masters. Small 8vo. pp. 149.

Mr. Masters is not one of those who plead "request of friends" as the cause of their publishing their poems. He tells us, and we honour him for his candour, that he publishes with the hope of obtaining literary reputation. That his present work will accomplish his purpose we dare not say: but it will not do him any discredit. It contains many passages which are highly polished, and possess a great share of the spirit of poetry.

Poetical Recreations. By Anthony Harrison. Small 8vo. 2 Vols. pp. 368.

Mr. Harrison seems to be terribly afraid of Critics, and in truth, he has some reason for his fears. He is very often flat and incorrect. As, however, he is not wholly devoid of talent, we shall not treat him, on this occasion, with severity; and we hope that our lenity will have the good effect of inducing him to

cultivate his taste, and produce something more worthy, than his present volumes, of public approbation. He can do better if he will heartily resolve to do it.

Tenby, the Navy of England, and other occasional Poetry. By George Baker, A. M. late of C. C. College, Oxon. Small 8vo. pp. 120.

"TENBY," the principal poem in this volume, is of the descriptive kind, and does credit to the talents of its author. It contains much pleasing and picturesque imagery; and is written in spirited verse. The smaller poems are elegant compositions.

Letters and Sonnets, on Moral and other interesting Subjects. Addressed to Lord John Russel. By Edmund Cartwright, D.D. Prebendary of Lincoln, and Chaplain to his Grace the Duke of Bedford. Small 8vo. pp. 210.

MR. CARTWRIGHT has long been known as the author of "Armine and Elvira," and of other elegant poems. The Sonnets contained in the present volume, though not equal in merit to his former productions, may be read with pleasure.

Conversation: a didactic Poem, in three Parts. By William Cooke, Esq. Small 8vo. pp. 92.

MR. COOKE's poem is not unworthy of a place in the library of a lover of poetry. It contains many sensible precepts, delivered in easy and polished verse.

Poems, written at Lanchester; by John Hodgson, Clerk. Small 8vo. pp. 133.

THE principal piece in this collection is a descriptive and moral poem, entitled "Woodlands," the subject of which is a spot near Lanchester, in the county of Durham. It contains many picturesque and spirited passages. The author, however, has not bestowed sufficient labour upon its correction. Several parts are flat, and the verse frequently limps. Alexandrines are not admissible into blank verse, yet Mr. Hodgson has frequently introduced them. His smaller poems are not without merit.

Juvenile Poems, by Thomas Romney Robinson. To which is prefixed a short Account of the Author, by a Member of the Belfast Literary Society. Small 8vo. pp. 136.

THESE poems are wonderful instances of poetical precocity. Some of them were written when the author was only seven years old; and none of them at a later age than thirteen. They are not merely praiseworthy for the correctness of the versification. The ideas are such as could hardly be expected from a child. If the author proceeds in his career with the same spirit he has begun it, we may hope that he will rank high among literary characters.

Oxford Prize Poems: being a Collection of such English Poems as have at various times obtained Prizes in the University of Oxford. Second Edition. Small 8vo. pp. 151.

THIS collection consists of eight Poems, three of which have been inserted in the Poetical Register;

namely, " the Love of our Country," by Bishop Butson, " the Aboriginal Britons," by Mr. Richards, and " Palestine," by Mr. Heber. The other poems, in the volume now before us, are entitled to considerable praise, with the exception, however, of that by Mr. Lipscombe, " on the beneficial effects of inoculation," which is below mediocrity.

The Slave, and other Poetical Pieces; being an Appendix to Poems, by the Rev. Richard Mant, M. A. late Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford. Small 8vo. pp. 63.

The " Slave" is a poem honourable both to the feelings and the talents of Mr. Mant. The language is chaste and poetical, and the versification flowing. The smaller pieces may be read with pleasure.

Lyrics on Love. With Translations and Imitations from the French and Italian Languages. Small 8vo. pp. 109.

The anonymous author of these Lyrics is of the school of Thomas Little. His compositions, however, are not quite so glowing as those of his master; neither are they quite as highly polished. Some of them have, nevertheless, no mean portion of spirit and elegance.

The Mountain Bard; consisting of Ballads and Songs, founded on facts and legendary Tales. By James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd. 12mo. pp. 225.

The labouring class of society has, of late years, teemed with poets, and would-be poets. If it should much longer display the same fertility, there will not be a single trade or calling which will not have

produced a bard. Mr. Hogg is the poet of the Shepherds; and is really an honour to them. Shepherds, be it remembered, were always a poetical tribe. The Ballads of Mr. Hogg are in the true style of that sort of writing. They are simple and natural, and contain many spirited and picturesque ideas and descriptions, and, occasionally, strokes of genuine humour. The songs also are good. Prefixed to the poems is a well-written sketch of the author's life, from his own pen.

The Moorland Bard; or, Poetical Recollections of a Weaver, in the Moorlands of Staffordshire; with Notes. 2 Vols. 12mo. pp. 338.

The "Moorland Bard," as he calls himself, seems a worthy man, and, most probably, is an expert weaver. Unfortunately, however, something more is required to make a poet than goodness of heart and expertness in weaving. That something the Moorland Bard does not possess. His "recollections" are not "poetical;" and, therefore, ought not to have been published.

Pros and Cons, for Cupid and Hymen: in a Series of Metrical Satiric Dialogues: Exhibiting the Horrors and Delights of being over Head and Ears in Love; with the Supreme Felicity and Wretchedness of Matrimony. To which are added several other Pieces. By Jenkin Jones, Author of "Hobby Horses," and "the Philanthropist," and Editor of "Love and Satire." 12mo. pp. 292.

THERE is much room for amendment in the style of Mr. Jenkin Jones; yet we would, by no means, discourage him from writing. He certainly possesses talent,

but his taste is not cultivated. His versification, though sometimes very negligent, is generally smooth and musical. We advise him for the future to revise his works more than once before he commits them to press, and carefully to avoid being too indulgent.

Mirth and Metre: consisting of Poems, Serious, Humourous, and Satirical; Songs, Sonnets, Ballads, and Bagatelles. Written by C. Dibdin, Jun. of Sadler's Wells. 12mo. pp. 260.

Mr. C. Dibdin, like his father, has a happy knack at song-writing. Many of his songs have a large portion of humour and pleasantry. Almost every body has been excited to laughter by his "Abraham Newland." Had, however, a few of the songs been omitted the volume would have gained by the omission. In serious composition Mr. Dibdin is not quite so much at home as in a lighter kind; yet many parts of his "Age, a Satire" have point and vigour.

The Alarum, a Poem. Humbly Dedicated to Britons of all descriptions, who love their King, and venerate the happy Constitution of their Country. 8vo. pp. 51.

This Poem, as by a terrible misnomer it is denominated, is some of the most despicable trash that ever fell from the press. It is just such stuff as the dullest bellman might write after he had got muddily drunk with adulterated ale; yet the modest author regrets that he could not get some of his compositions translated, to animate the Continent to resistance against Buonaparte!! On consideration, however, we are sorry that he did not succeed. If he could have

prevailed on the French Soldiers to read his works they would have been much too sick to fight.

A Monody on the Death of the Right Honourable Charles James Fox, By Richard Payne Knight. 8vo. pp. 15.

THIS is an affectionate and not ill-written tribute to the memory of a man whose talents, though once, we think, misdirected, were certainly of the highest order, and whose death ought to be considered as a public misfortune. Never did Great Britain stand more in need of the aid of great talents than at the moment when the tomb closed "its ponderous and marble jaws" upon some of her most eminent characters.

An Evening Walk in the Forest: a Poem, descriptive of Forest Trees. By a Lady. 12mo. pp. 36.

THIS poem is a very unpolished production. It may, nevertheless, be of service to those who wish to learn something of the natural history of Forest Trees. Many poems, which we are condemned to read, have less merit; for they afford neither pleasure nor information.

SATIRE.

The Epics of the Ton; or, Glories of the Great World: a Poem, in Two Books, with Notes and Illustrations. The third Edition, with considerable Additions. 8vo. pp. 280.

IF the author of this volume be a writer of established reputation, he will not have done any injury to

that reputation by his "Epics of the Ton;" and if he be a new writer he is an acquisition to the poetical corps. His characters are drawn with great strength, and strikingly coloured, though certainly not, in general, in a manner very flattering to the originals. He is, however, negligent in his style. His prose is good.

Stultifera Navis. The Modern Ship of Fools. Small 8vo. pp. 315.

THE plan of this volume is borrowed, as the author owns, from the Stultifera Navis of Sebastian Brandt, which was translated into English by Alexander Barclay. An excellent work might have been built on such a foundation. The vices and follies of the age present an ample mark for the shafts of Satire. But the writer of the Modern Ship of Fools wants skill to use his weapons. His book is as dull as one of the old homilies, and will be as little read.

St. Stephen's Chapel: A Satirical Poem. By Horatius. 8vo. pp. 51.

THIS poem is written by a partizan of the Whig administration. It contains several lines good enough to make us wonder that the author should have composed so many insufferably bad ones as are to be found in his pages. The good lines, however, are not numerous enough to keep his satire from sinking into the gulph of oblivion.

Inns and Outs; or the State of Parties. A Satirical Poem. By Chrononhotonthologos. 8vo. pp. 29.

THE author confesses that this poem was "hastily written." It bears, indeed, the obvious marks of hasty

composition; yet, on the whole, it is not unworthy of perusal. The author is evidently capable of writing satire with considerable spirit, and he does not disgrace himself by vulgar abuse.

Gr——le Agonistes, a Dramatic Poem. 8vo. pp. 24.

A FEW good lines are scattered through this poem; but they are like "two grains of wheat hid in two "bushels of chaff; you shall seek all day ere you find "them, and when you have them, they are not worth "the search." If Fate have decreed, that a change of ministry must always produce such an inundation of bad verse as the present change has done, critics ought to deprecate a change of ministry more than they would a pestilence.

The Britanniad, or the Choice of Ministers, written in 1806. *The Hiberniad, or the Change of Ministers, written in* 1807. *A Satirical Poem, in two Parts.* 4to. pp. 38.

READER, you shall, from a few specimens, judge for yourself as to the merit or demerit of these two satirical poems, as they are called. We have not picked out the worst parts.

"If infidelity was not the cause
Lost you the people's, and the King's applause;
Was it disloyalty, then? No such thing—
The Church was not in danger, nor the King—

"May all our subjects as ourselves, agree,
Happy in harmony, in friendship free,
By union saved, and blest with unanimity."

"Those priests bear rule—what then remains to do,
If you my people love to have it so?"
Inverted persecution feel we thus,
We tol'rate them, who do not tol'rate us."

" Well, reader, what say you?" " Say! why, that such stuff would make a dog sick. Send it instantly to the trunkmakers."

All the Talents; a Satirical Poem, in Four Dialogues. To which is added, A Pastoral Epilogue. By Polypus. Nineteenth Edition; embellished with a characteristic Frontispiece. 8vo. pp. 155.

THE Nineteenth Edition!!! Mercy on us! If this be true, there is more folly in the world than we supposed. The sale of nineteen editions of such a production is an absolute disgrace to the taste of the age. Perhaps, however, (for booksellers are happy fellows at a trick) perhaps *only the title-page* has gone through nineteen editions. " All the Talents" has no pretensions to wit or humour, elegance or strength. Instead of these we are treated with clumsy sarcasm, and virulent abuse. Let us, however, be just. In one instance we must praise the author's judgment: that instance is in his choice of a *name*. A Polypus, as our readers well know, is the name both of a troublesome excrescence that ought to be extirpated, and of a worthless insect which ranks in one of the lowest classes of animated nature.

All the Blocks! or, An Antidote to " All the Talents." A Satirical Poem. In Three Dialogues. By Flagellum. 8vo. pp. 96.

THIS poem is a very severe satire upon—the author. In demerit it is a formidable rival to "All the Talents." If all the Blocks in the world had clubbed together all their stupidity, they could not have written any thing worse. What will the reader say to such lines as the following—

" Such is the case with P—r—c—v—l, Sir; for,
Though good as lawyer, he's no chancellor.

" Leaving *no Talents*—Talents to supplant,
And, though found guilty, spare the defendant."

" In B—df—rd's shoes now marches on R-ch—*mend;*
Who late sail'd over the salt-water pond."

Yet, Mr. Flagellum, with such Midas's ears as he evidently and eminently possesses, has the impudence to call himself " a judge and lover of good verse," and to abuse Mr. Polypus for " faulty measure, couplets void of rhime." To prove the latter accusation, he wisely quotes two lines, terminated by " the double rhime end ont, and defendant;" and sneeringly says, " a rhime it may be called, if *on't* and *ant* can be so denominated!!" Butler, however, who was rather a better and wittier writer than Flagellum, thought this censured rhime a good one. On one subject Flagellum is not ignorant. He is conscious that his Pegasus is of the dray-horse breed. He accordingly apostrophizes it by " Gee ho Pegasus! get on, get on!" The prose of Mr. Flagellum is as witty and as correct as his verse.

Flagellum flagellated: A Satirical Poem: with Notes. By Ben Block. 8vo. pp. 49.

Ben Block, as well as his antagonist Flagellum, is a notable instance of a man making a rod for his own bottom. His satire, like the gun of an awkward sportsman, knocks down nothing but himself. If he be capable of taking good advice, we exhort him to take that, which, in the last line of his own unmetrical trash, he gives to Flagellum—

" Go mend thy manners, language, and thy style."

All the Talents in Ireland! A Satirical Poem; with Notes. By Scrutator. 8vo. pp. 44.

THIS poem is just as abusive and libellous as its fellows in the same cause. It is, however, much better written than most of them. The author has some little ear, and some share of satirical talent.

All the Talents' Garland: or, A few Rockets let off at a celebrated Ministry. Inscribed to the Hon. William Hill. 8vo. Two Parts. pp. 112.

IN this collection there are few, very few, rockets. The rest are squibs, and squibs of the worst-made kind; that give less blaze than a farthing rush-light, and less sound than a pop-gun: Or, the collection may be compared to a large garland of weeds intermixed with half-a-dozen flowers. The editor might have made a respectable shilling pamphlet, had he had taste to select such pieces as were worthy preservation; but his deplorable dullness has led him to heap into a four shilling volume all the doggrel and all the nonsense which his perverse diligence could discover. The two concluding pages, by the sapient editor, contain one of the most barefaced, awkward puffs that ever issued from the press.

The Groans of the Talents; or, Private Sentiments on Public Occurrences. In Six Epistles from certain Ex-Ministers to their Colleagues, most wonderfully intercepted. To which are added, Notes critical, explanatory, and edifying. 8vo. pp. 75.

THROUGH the seventy-five pages of this pamphlet, we have looked, with the utmost care, in search of wit and humour, but, unfortunately, our search has

not been successful. It does not appear to us that the author is likely ever to go mad. If his rhymes were not generally correct, a silly note (not one of his *edifying* notes, which, by the bye, we have not been lucky enough to discover) would lead us to believe him ignorant of what constitutes rhyme.

The Second Titan War against Heaven; or, The Talents buried under Portland Isle. A Satirical Poem. By the Author of the Rising Sun. 8vo. pp. 63.

> "One scribbler to another still succeeds,
> Another, and another after that,
> And the last fool's more stupid than the former!"

SHOULD any of our readers resolve to peruse the eleven hundred lines which compose the poem called "the Second Titan War," we must beg leave to give them some advice, which they will find highly serviceable. In the first place we recommend to them to lay in a more than common stock of patience; and, in the next, to guard against a dislocation of the jaw, a misfortune which has sometimes been occasioned by immoderate yawning.

REPUBLICATIONS OF BRITISH POETS.

Sir Tristrem; a Metrical Romance of the thirteenth Century; by Thomas of Ercildoune, called the Rhymer. Edited from the Auchinleck MS. by Walter Scott, Esq. 8vo. pp. 509.

THE lovers of ancient poetry are under great obligations to Mr. Scott, for this elegant edition of Sir

Tristrem. No man is more capable than he is of performing such a task with accuracy and taste. The dissertation, notes, and continuation, which he has added, are highly valuable.

The Poems of Richard Corbet, late Bishop of Oxford and of Norwich. The fourth Edition, with considerable Additions. To which are now added, "Oratio in funus Henrici Princeps," from Ashmole's Museum, Biographical Notes, and a Life of the Author. By Octavius Gilchrist, F.S.A. 8vo. pp. 340.

THIS is a very neat and correct edition of an old writer, whose works well deserve the pains which Mr. Gilchrist has bestowed on them. We hope that Mr. Gilchrist will receive encouragement to undertake the correction and publication of others of our ancient poets.

Specimens of the Later English Poets, with Preliminary Notices. By Robert Southey. Crown 8vo. 3 Vols. pp. 1533.

THE task of collecting these "Specimens" appears, we think, not to have been of Mr. Southey's own chusing. He has certainly not exerted upon it that degree of taste and judgment which he might, and doubtless would, have done, had he laboured with a good will. In many instances the selections are glaringly ill chosen, and several of the preliminary notices are any thing except satisfactory and well written.

TRANSLATIONS.

The Metamorphoses of Publius Ovidius Naso. In Blank Verse. Translated by J. J. Howard. 8vo. 2 Vols. pp. 627.

THOUGH this translation of the Metamorphoses is, perhaps, not qualified to become the standard English translation of that work, it is not without a respectable share of merit. The translator has frequently done great justice to his author. His verse, which is blank verse, is not inharmonious.

Ten Epistles of Ovid, translated into English Verse, by the late Rev. William Windsor Fitzthomas, A. M. with the Latin and Notes. To which are subjoined, the Epistles of Hero to Leander, and Leander to Hero, by a different hand; that of Sappho to Phaon by Pope; and of Dido to Eneas by Dryden. 12mo. pp. 382.

THE reader of this neat and cheap volume will regret that Mr. Fitzthomas was prevented, by death, from completing a version of all Ovid's Epistles: a work which it was his intention to perform. Mr. Fitzthomas's translations are faithful, elegant, and spirited. His "Introduction," which is long, and well-written, contains good translations of Ovid's Elegy on the death of Tibullus, and of his Epistle to his wife.

The Elegies of C. Pedo Albinovanus, a Latin Poet of the Augustan Age; with an English Version. Small 8vo. pp. 121.

THE frigid elegies of C. Pedo Albinovanus have little original merit; nor has their translator conferred on

them any additional graces. The translation is, in truth, more than commonly spiritless and inharmonious. In some parts it is even ludicrous. An elegy ought not to excite laughter; but who can help laughing at such lines as—

> " Then in a pet, he calls mere virtue,—" stuff!"
> " Hardens his heart and says, " I've pray'd enough!"

The Inferno of Dante Alighieri, translated into English Blank Verse. With Notes, historical, classical, and explanatory, and a Life of the Author. By Nathaniel Howard. Small 8vo. pp. 325.

THIS is the work of a man of taste and talent. On the whole, however, we prefer Mr. Cary's version. Mr. Howard has sometimes borrowed, though perhaps unconsciously, from his predecessors. The life ought to have been more copious.

The Triumphs of Petrarch; translated into English Verse, with an Introduction and Notes. By the Rev. Henry Boyd, A.M. Chaplain to his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, and to the Right Hon. the Earl of Charleville; Translator of Dante, &c. &c. Small 8vo. pp. 284.

THE merit of Mr. Boyd, as a translator from the Italian, is well known; nor will his present labour detract from his reputation. But though " The Triumphs" certainly contain many beautiful passages, we do not think them equal to the other works of Petrarch. We regret that Mr. Boyd did not turn his attention to the Sonnets and Odes, very few of which have appeared

in an English dress. No person is more capable than Mr. Boyd of doing them justice.

Music. A Didactic Poem, in Five Cantos. Translated from the Spanish of Don Tomas de Yriarte, into English Verse, by John Belfour, Esq. Royal 8vo. pp. 223.

THOUGH many lame lines and awkward passages occur in this translation, some parts of it are not badly executed. Yet it is not a poem which excites an interest in the reader. There is, on the contrary, a tediousness, which prompts him to lay down the book, without a wish to recommence the perusal.

The Henriade of M. de Voltaire. Translated by Daniel French, Esq. 8vo. pp. 336.

THOUGH the Henriade has, indisputably, many fine parts, we confess that we never could read it through without feeling thoroughly tired. Even the two opening lines are as un-epic as any two lines can possibly be: they are more fit for the commencement of a genealogy than of an epic poem. But if the Henriade be tedious in the original, what must it be in an indifferent translation! Mr. French has generally translated the meaning of the author, but he has left all the poetry behind.

DRAMA.

UNACTED PLAYS.

The Fall of Mortimer, a Tragedy, in Five Acts. By the Right Honourable Morris Lord Rokeby. 8vo. pp. 70.

In some future edition of the "Royal and Noble Authors," this tragedy will probably obtain Lord Rokeby a place. This is all we can venture to say of it, without being severe.

The Caitiff of Corsica, or the Universal Banditto: An Historical Drama, in Five Acts, exhibiting the Characters, moral and political, of the principal Personages throughout the French Revolution. With their Portraits, reduced from the original Oil Paintings in the Museum at Paris. 8vo. pp. 284.

If any man wishes to undertake a trial of patience, let him read this "Historical Drama," as it is called, and his wish will be fully gratified. We have, as our duty compelled us, read "the Caitiff of Corsica," and have made a serious vow never to read it again.

Three Comedies, translated from the Spanish. 8vo. pp. 361.

After being sickened almost to death by the silly, drivelling, productions of Messrs. A. B. C., and a hundred other scribblers, who, by courtesy, are called writers of comedy, it is quite refreshing to take up

dramas which have some pretension to wit, and incident, and plot. We have been much gratified by these "Comedies from the Spanish," and we think that they might be accommodated to the English stage, with little difficulty. The translator has performed his task well. We wish, however, that, instead of translating these plays into prose he had translated them into the free, flowing blank verse of our old dramatists.

ACTED PLAYS.

The Curfew: a Play. In Five Acts. As performed at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane. By the late John Tobin, Esq. Author of the Honey Moon. 8vo. pp. 62.

It is impossible to see the name of Tobin without feeling sorrow for his loss, and anger that talents like his should have been suffered to remain unnoticed, till he was no longer able to enjoy the meed of fame. The world really seems to think that the works of a *good* author are not good for any thing till he is dead. With respect to bad authors, it appears to adopt a diametrically opposite mode of thinking. As Mr. Tobin is no more, his dramas will certainly become stock-pieces. The Curfew is not unworthy of his pen. It displays in almost every part of it the hand of a master.

Faulkener: a Tragedy. As it is performed at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane. By William Godwin. 8vo. pp. 80.

THE force of folly can no further go! What could induce Mr. Godwin to write such a tragedy, and what could induce the managers to accept it? To account for the writing of it is, perhaps, not impossible; but to account for the acceptance of it is entirely so. It has nothing, absolutely nothing, to recommend it to notice. Among tragedies it holds a somewhat lower rank than is held among comedies by "Gammer Gurton's Needle."

Town and Country. A Comedy, in Five Acts. As performed at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden. By Thomas Morton, Esq. 8vo. pp. 96.

THIS is a Comedy of that sort which is not intended for posterity, but for a single season. Several of the characters are over-strained. Poetical justice too, is, in one instance, glaringly violated. Plastic, a most infamous villain, is allowed to escape without suffering any punishment; unless, indeed we are to consider as a punishment the disappointment of his schemes. "Town and Country" contains, however, some neat and pointed dialogue, and some interesting scenes.

Times a Tell-Tale; a Comedy in Five Acts, as performed at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane. By Henry Siddons. 8vo. pp. 67.

THIS comedy does credit to Mr. Siddons. Though it does not stand in, or near, the first class of comedies, it is above mediocrity. The dialogue is neat, the cha-

racters are correctly drawn, and the piece is not without interest. We hope that the author will proceed in his labours for the stage.

The Fortress; a Melo-Drama, in Three Acts, from the French: as performed with great Success at the Theatre Royal, Haymarket. Written by Theodore Edward Hook, Esq., Author of Tekeli, Catch Him Who Can, &c. &c. 8vo. pp. 68.

By the help of music, scenery, &c. &c. this piece may, perhaps, be rendered bearable. Without such helps it is not bearable. It is heavy beyond the usual heaviness of modern dramas. After saying this, it is unnecessary for us to say any thing more.

False Alarms, or my Cousin: a Comic Opera, in Three Acts, performed at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, on Monday, Jan. 12, 1807. By James Kenney. 8vo. pp. 86.

This opera does credit to the abilities of Mr. Kenney. The plot is skilfully contrived, the incidents are natural and comic, and the dialogue is neat and spirited. We consider Mr. Kenney as a dramatic writer of much promise.

Peter the Great: or, The Wooden Walls. An Operatic Drama. In Three Acts. As now performing at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, with distinguished Approbation. By A. Cherry, Author of the Soldier's Daughter, The Travellers, Spanish Dollars, &c. &c. &c. 8vo. pp. 74.

Mr. Cherry asserts that this thing, called an operatic drama, was performed with distinguished ap-

probation. If in a play bill announcing "Peter the Great," we had seen such an assertion we should have disbelieved it—and for this plain reason, that managers are in the habit of saying as much in favour of pieces which have been unequivocally damned. But as Mr. Cherry seriously affirms that his piece was performed "with distinguished approbation," we will believe him; and only say that he was lucky in having audiences either very indulgent or very—something which shall be nameless. "Fit audience find though few," says Milton. If Mr. Cherry found a *fit* audience, we hope for the sake of the public character, that it was not a numerous one.

Whistle for it. A Comic Opera. In Two Acts. As performed at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden. By the Hon. G. Lambe. 8vo. pp. 43.

The songs in this Opera are elegant. They are all that we can praise. The Opera itself is a very indifferent one. We cannot conceive why the epithet "comic" was given to it. Never was there a more complete misnomer. It is full of terrific situations, and ends with a prospect of a dozen or two of persons being hanged.

The Young Hussar, or, Love and Mercy, an Operatic Piece, in Two Acts. By the Author of Adrian and Orrilla, &c. As performed at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, with distinguished success. 8vo. pp. 40.

In his preface Mr. Dimond speaks very modestly of this Operatic Piece. "In representation it only pretends," he says, "to afford an idle hour's amusement to the public, and in production, it has been little

more than an idle hour's amusement to the author. "To praise it highly is impossible, but to censure it severely would be ill-natured." We think that it certainly would be ill-natured to censure it severely, or even to deny it a tolerable share of praise; for the plot, though simple, is well contrived, the language is neat, and the interest excited for the principal character is strong, and is kept up to the close of the piece.

CATALOGUE.

1806—1807.

DEMETRIUS the Impostor, a Tragedy. From the Russian of A. Soumarokove. 8vo.

A TRIP to Margate, with a Description of its Environs. By W. Robinson, Esq. 4to.

THE Reign of Philanthropy; or, The Auspices of the New Ministry. A Poem. With characteristic Notes. 4to.

ODE on the Battle of Trafalgar. By Captain Wingrove. 4to.

THE British Eclogue for 1805. A Satirical Poem. By W. J. Andre, Esq. 8vo.

A TRIBUTE the to Memory of the late Right Hon. W. Pitt. By R. Rylance.

THE Battle of Copenhagen, fought April 2, 1800, by Lord Nelson. With Notes. By T. Rodd. 8vo.

A COLLECTION of Songs, moral, sentimental, instructive, and amusing. Selected and revised by the Rev. James Plumptre, M.A. 2 vols. 12mo.

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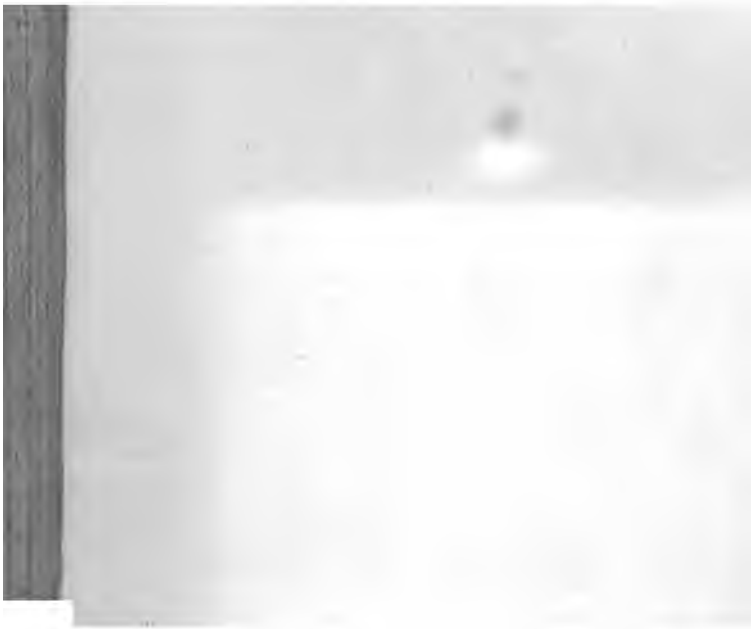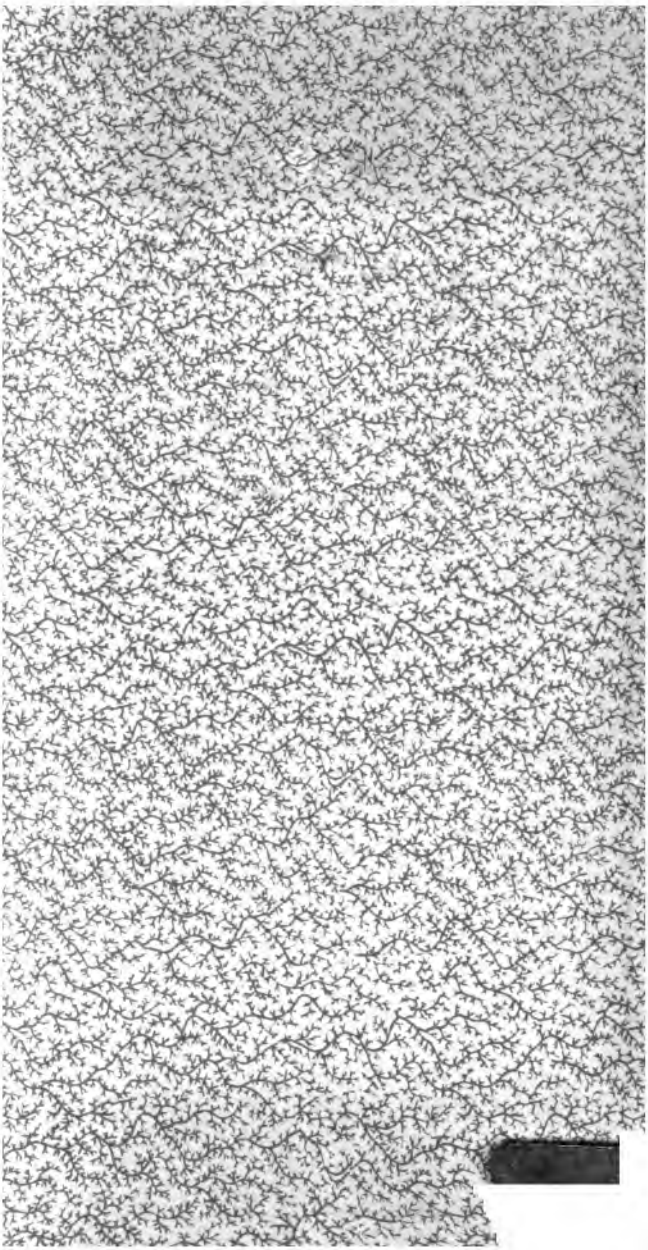
Printed by Law and Gilbert, St. John's Square, London.